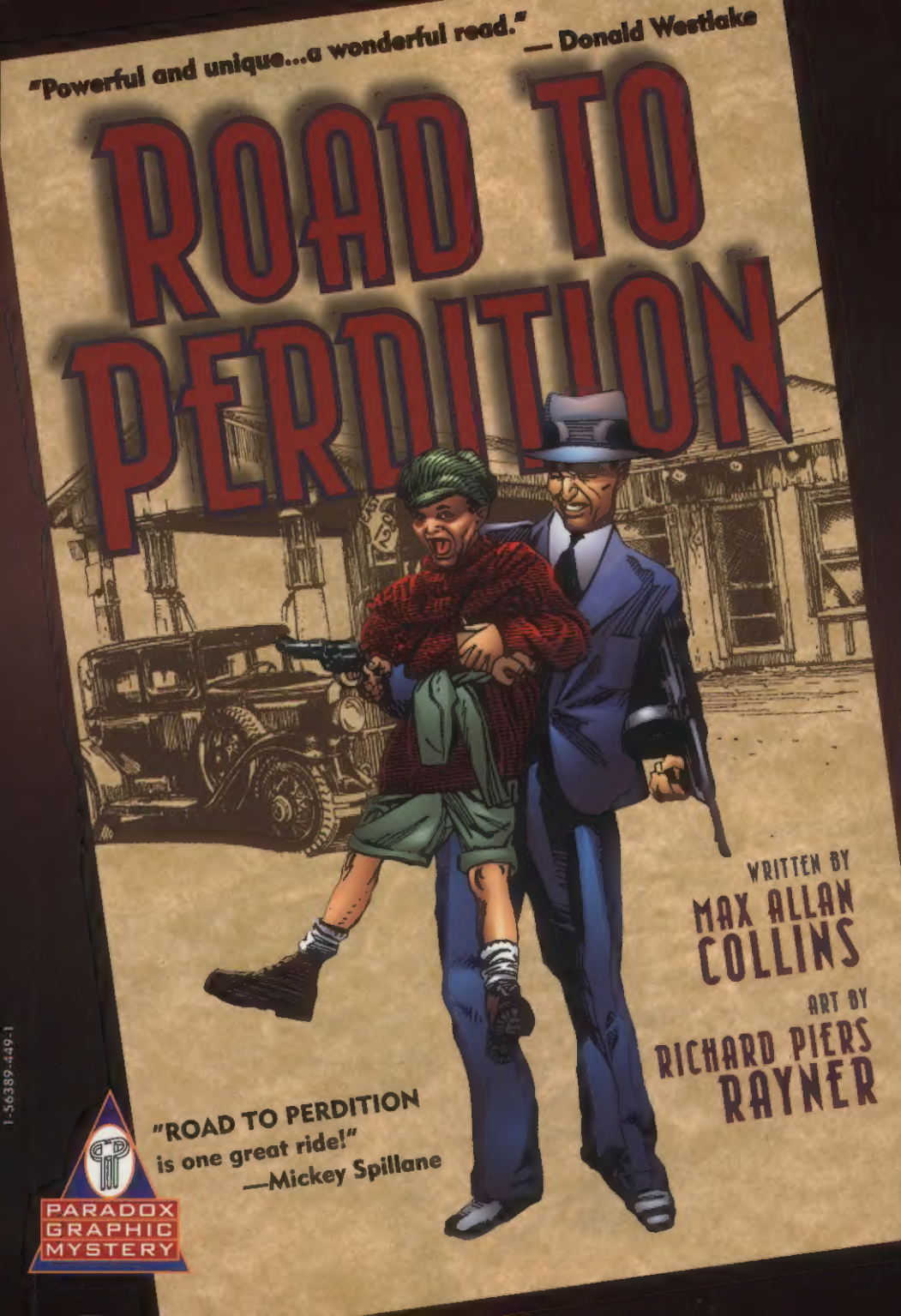
"Powerful and unique...a wonderful read." — Donald Westlake

# ROAD TO PERDITION



WRITTEN BY
MAX ALLAN COLLINS

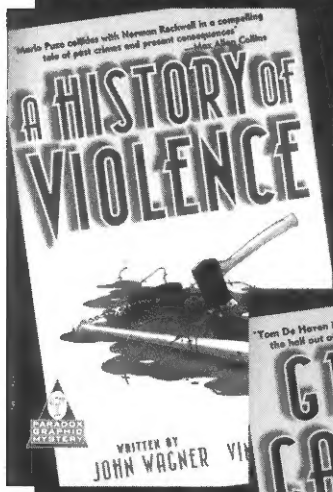
ART BY
RICHARD PIERS RAYNER

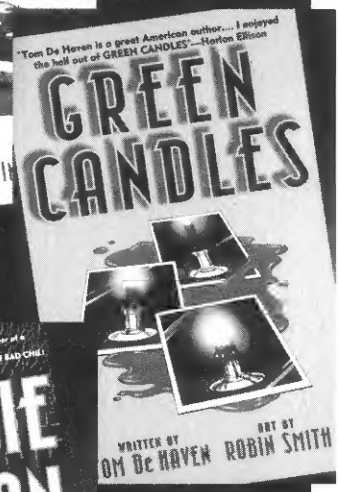
"ROAD TO PERDITION is one great ride!"
—Mickey Spillane

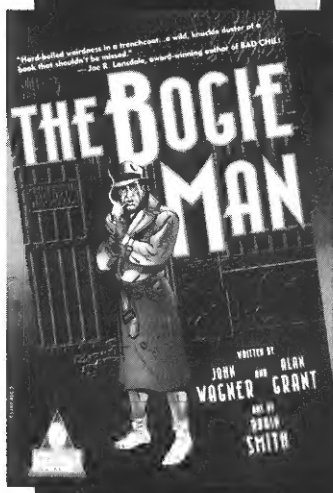
PARADOX GRAPHIC MYSTERY

1-56389-449-1

# ALSO AVAILABLE




PARADOX GRAPHIC MYSTERY

## Praise for ROAD TO PERDITION and Max Allan Collins:

"ROAD TO PERDITION shows, better than anything I've seen, just how powerful and unique a storytelling form the graphic novel can be. This book fulfills the basic requirement of art: it is both surprising and inevitable. And a wonderful read."

**Donald Westlake**

"Collins has an outwardly artless style that conceals a great deal of art."

**The New York Times**

"ROAD TO PERDITION represents the final evolution of the form once known as the "comic book," a combination of tough, canny writing and exquisite graphics brought together to tell a story that's 100% American. It's the best movie I've seen in years."

**Loren D. Estleman**
**(author *The Witchfinder* and *Journey of the Dead*)**

"Collins is a master."

**Publisher's Weekly**

"I know mysteries, and I know comics — and ROAD TO PERDITION is one great ride!"

**Mickey Spillane**

"No one can twist you through a maze with the intensity and suspense of Max Allan Collins."

**Clive Cussler**

"ROAD TO PERDITION is above all a fine and gripping work of fiction. The artwork is marvelous and the prose masterful. I turned the pages fast enough to get them hot, then went back and savored the illustrations, each like a still from the best of film noir."

**John Lutz**
**(author *Single White Female*)**

"One of the new masters of the genre."

**Atlanta Constitution**

"Collins is the James M. Cain of the '90s!"

**Roger L. Simon**

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Printed in Canada. First Printing.

Cover illustration by Richard Piers Rayner

# ROAD TO PERDITION

WRITTEN BY
MAX ALLAN COLLINS

ART BY
RICHARD PIERS RAYNER

LETTERING BY BOB LAPPAN

PARADOX PRESS
NEW YORK

To my son, Nathan

—MAX ALLAN COLLINS—

To Richard and Jimmy—
because fathers love their children.

—RICHARD PIERS RAYNER—

"You must

choose

a road

for yourself."

-Kazuo Koike

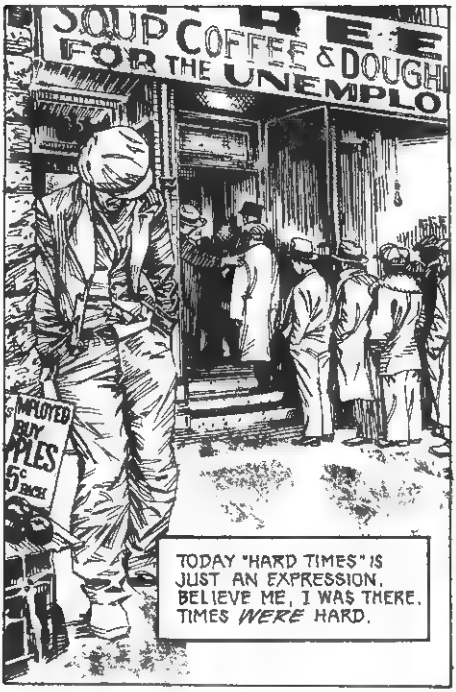
## CHAPTER ONE:

# ARCHANGEL OF DEATH

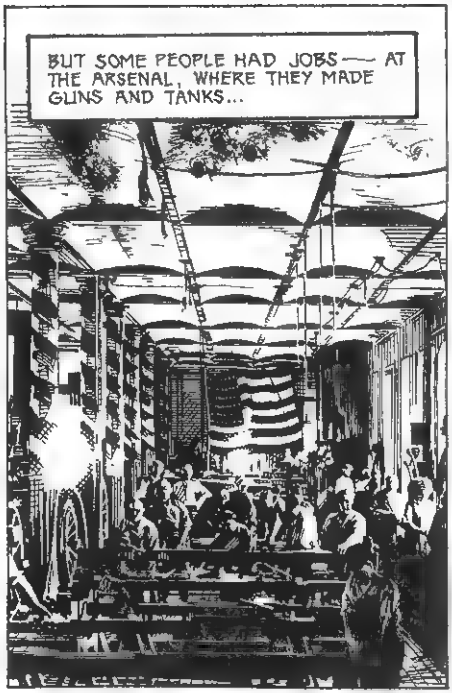
My memories, like some people's dreams, are in black and white

I KNOW WE HAD SUMMER, IN THE TRI-CITIES, BUT WHEN I REMEMBER MY CHILDHOOD, IT'S ALWAYS WINTER...SNOW AND SLUDGE AND SLEET MIXED WITH DIRT AND CINDERS. *THAT* WINTER, OF 1930...

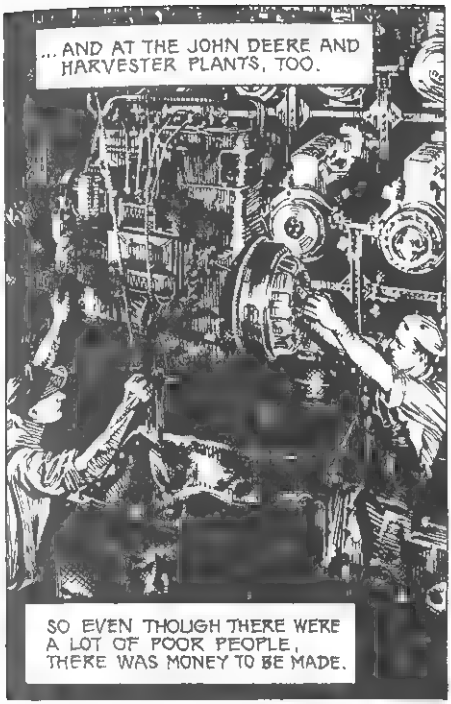
WE LIVED IN ROCK ISLAND — THE OTHER TWO-THIRDS OF THE TRI-CITIES WERE MOLINE AND, ACROSS THE RIVER IN IOWA, DAVENPORT.




TODAY "HARD TIMES" IS JUST AN EXPRESSION. BELIEVE ME, I WAS THERE. TIMES *WERE* HARD.

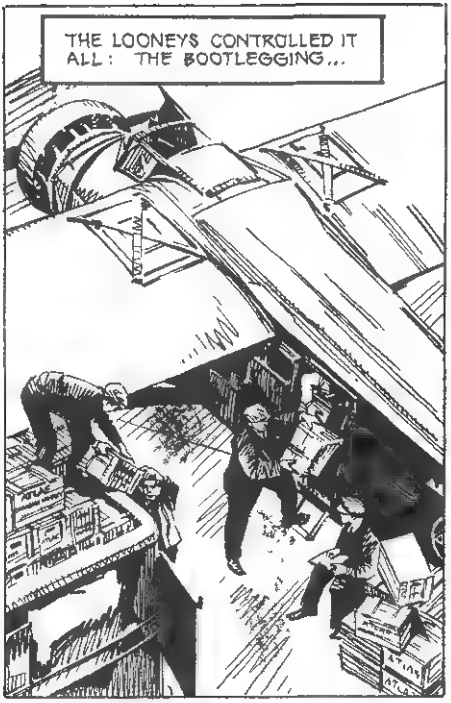


BUT SOME PEOPLE HAD JOBS — AT THE ARSENAL, WHERE THEY MADE GUNS AND TANKS...

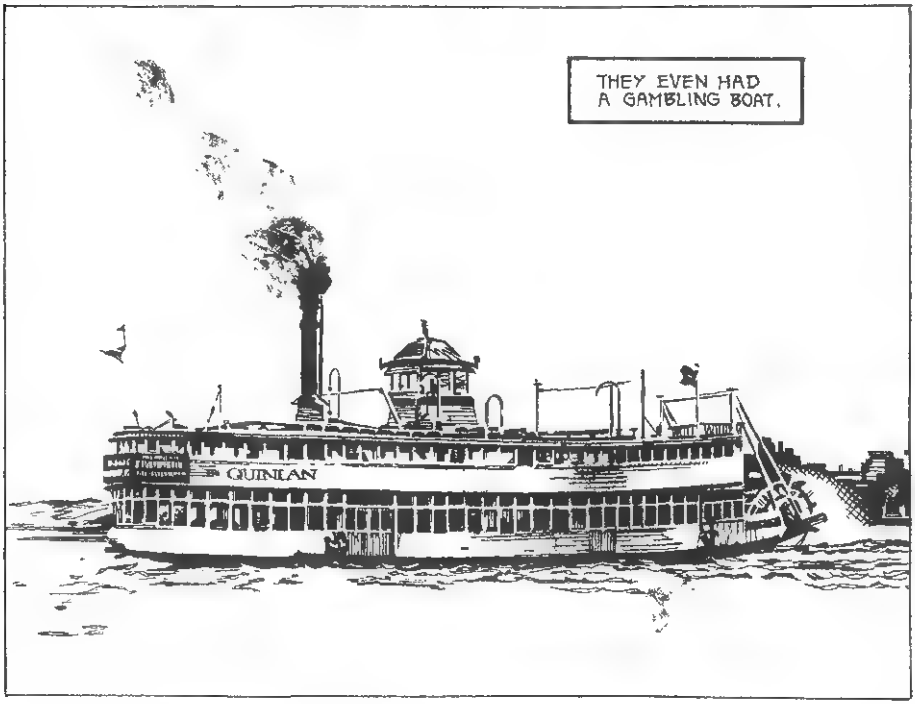

...AND AT THE JOHN DEERE AND HARVESTER PLANTS, TOO.
SO EVEN THOUGH THERE WERE A LOT OF POOR PEOPLE, THERE WAS MONEY TO BE MADE.

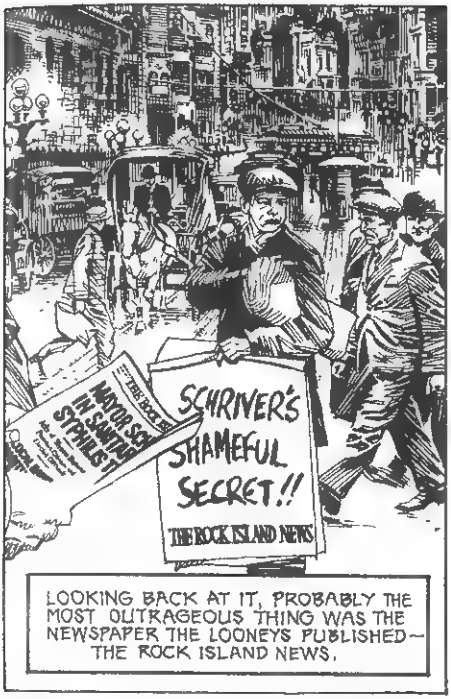
THIS WAS 1930 — A YEAR INTO THE DEPRESSION, REMEMBER... AND PROHIBITION WAS STILL GOING STRONG.

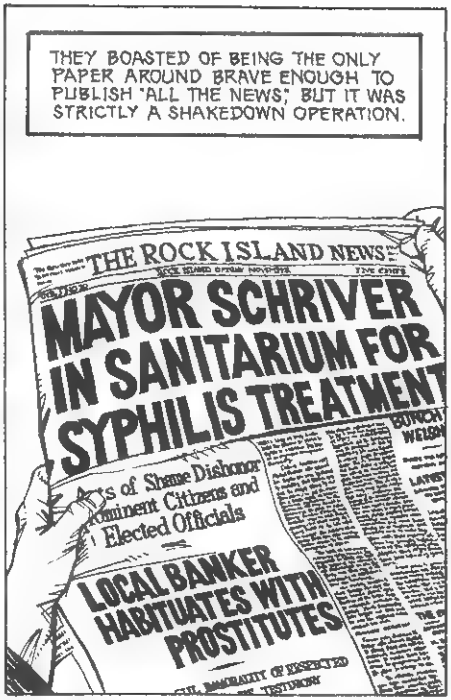
THE LOONEY GANG CONTROLLED THE TRI-CITIES. THOUGH IRISH, THEY HAD AN ALLIANCE WITH THE POWERFUL CAPONE GANG IN CHICAGO.
OLD MAN JOHN LOONEY, A SELF-TRAINED LAWYER, AND HIS CRAZY SON CONNER — WHO USED TO BE HIS POP'S CHAUFFEUR — HAD THE COPS IN THEIR POCKETS.

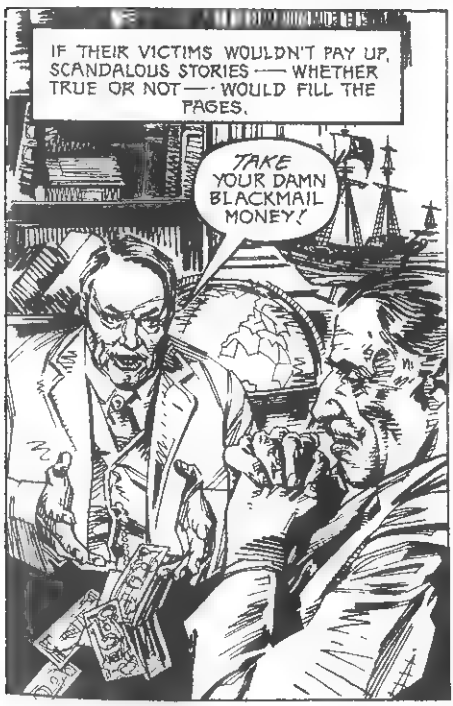

THE LOONEYS CONTROLLED IT ALL: THE BOOTLEGGING...

THE BROTHELS...


THEY EVEN HAD A GAMBLING BOAT.
GUINLAN


SCHRIVER'S SHAMEFUL SECRET!!
THE ROCK ISLAND NEWS
LOOKING BACK AT IT, PROBABLY THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS THING WAS THE NEWSPAPER THE LOONEYS PUBLISHED— THE ROCK ISLAND NEWS.


THEY BOASTED OF BEING THE ONLY PAPER AROUND BRAVE ENOUGH TO PUBLISH "ALL THE NEWS;" BUT IT WAS STRICTLY A SHAKEDOWN OPERATION.
THE ROCK ISLAND NEWS
MAYOR SCHRIVER IN SANITARIUM FOR SYPHILIS TREATMENT
Acts of Shame Dishonor Prominent Citizens and Elected Officials
LOCAL BANKER HABITUATES WITH PROSTITUTES


IF THEIR VICTIMS WOULDN'T PAY UP, SCANDALOUS STORIES —— WHETHER TRUE OR NOT —— WOULD FILL THE PAGES.
TAKE YOUR DAMN BLACKMAIL MONEY!

FARMERS WERE EASY TARGETS. ONE OF LOONEY'S PROSTITUTES WOULD THROW HER ARMS AROUND SOME POOR BUMPKIN AND A PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD JUST HAPPEN TO BE THERE TO CAPTURE THE MOMENT FOR POSTERITY..
APARTMENTS
...UNLESS, OF COURSE, THE RUBE CHOSE TO PAY THE PRICE.

IN RETROSPECT, IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE MY FATHER BEING PART OF ANY OF THAT.

HE WAS QUIET, MY FATHER, AND THE MOST HONORABLE MAN I EVER KNEW. HE WAS WHAT THEY USED TO CALL A FAMILY MAN.

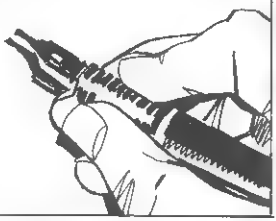
HE DIDN'T DRINK. HE DIDN'T WHORE. MAYBE YOU THINK HE DID, AND JUST DIDN'T TELL ME... BUT I KNOW HE DIDN'T. HE LOVED HIS ANNIE — MY MOTHER.

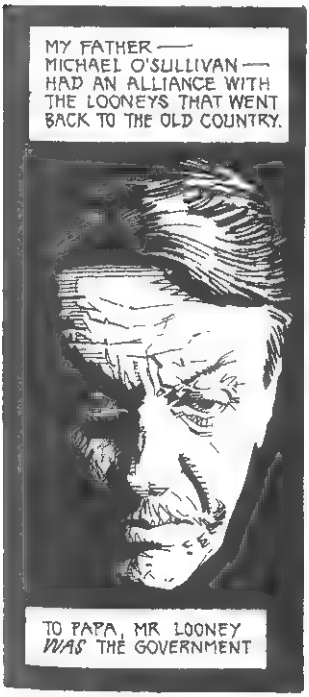
BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER SIDE TO MY FATHER — THOUGH HE NEVER SPOKE OF IT, HE WAS A PROUD VETERAN OF THE GREAT WAR.

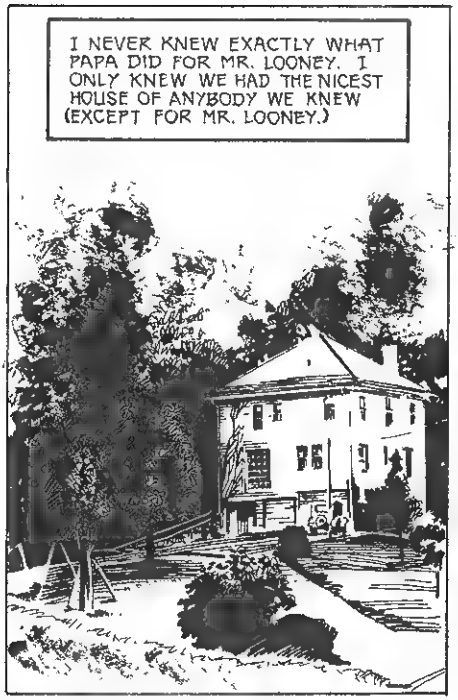
AND I SUPPOSE THAT WAS WHY HE WAS SUCH A LOYAL SOLDIER TO MR. LOONEY.

HERE'S THE ADDRESS. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, MICHAEL, M'BOY.

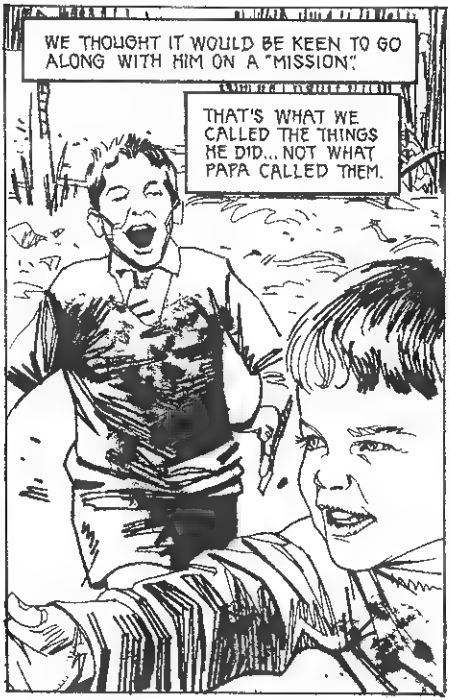
*Immigrants in America — whether Irish or Italian or Jewish — soon learned that local government ignored them; the only real government was what the Black Hand-type mobs provided*






I NEVER KNEW EXACTLY WHAT PAPA DID FOR MR. LOONEY. I ONLY KNEW WE HAD THE NICEST HOUSE OF ANYBODY WE KNEW (EXCEPT FOR MR. LOONEY.)

AND I KNEW PAPA DID SOMETHING... EXCITING. HE HAD A GUN, LIKE TOM MIX, THAT HE TOOK WITH HIM.
I GUESS MY BROTHER PETER AND ME SORT OF IDOLIZED PAPA.

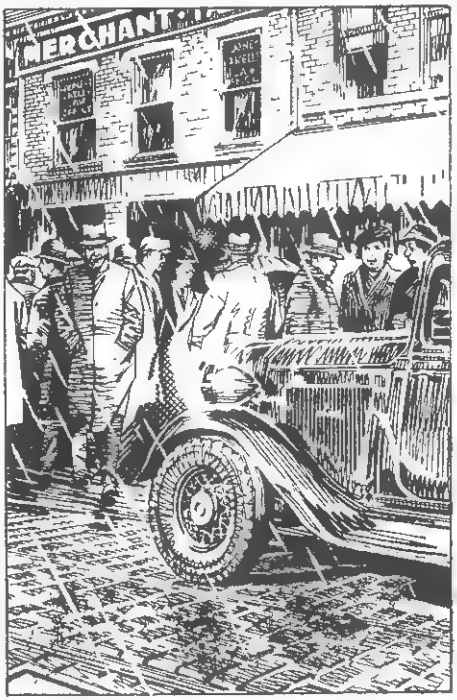

WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE KEEN TO GO ALONG WITH HIM ON A "MISSION".
THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED THE THINGS HE DID... NOT WHAT PAPA CALLED THEM.

PAPA DIDN'T CALL THEM ANYTHING.
BE CAREFUL, DEAR.

FINALLY, PETER DARED ME.

PETER KEPT PAPA BUSY...
YOU GONNA BRING US CANDY ?

MAYBE YOU THINK YOU DESERVE CANDY? WHERE'S YOUR BROTHER ?
UH... HE'S STUDYING, I THINK
GOOD.



YOU'RE LATE.

NO. I'M EARLY.
MAYBE THIS THING IS FAST. OR MAYBE IT'S JUST *ME!*

I *LIVE* FOR THIS

DID YOU KNOW THIS GUY GABEL USED TO BE A COP?
YES.

ONCE A CROOK— DOES HE REALLY THINK HE CAN BRING IN CHEAPER HOOCH FROM OUTSIDE?
DOES HE REALLY THINK HE CAN GET AWAY WITH DENYING MY POP HIS PROTECTION GREASE?

SO IT SEEMS
GOT A *SURPRISE* COMIN', DON'T HE?

PARK IN THE ALLEY. THEY SHOULD BE UNLOADIN' A SHIPMENT FROM THOSE PUNKS FROM ELGIN...

SHAKE A LEG, YOU MUGS...WE DIDN'T PAY OUR PROTECTION THIS MONTH.

YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WISE?

WELL, WELL... CONNOR LOONEY, THE BOYO DETERMINED TO LIVE UP TO HIS LAST NAME. DO YOUR *WORST*, SON——

AND *MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN* HIMSELF... FATHER LOONEY'S *ARCHANGEL OF DEATH*...

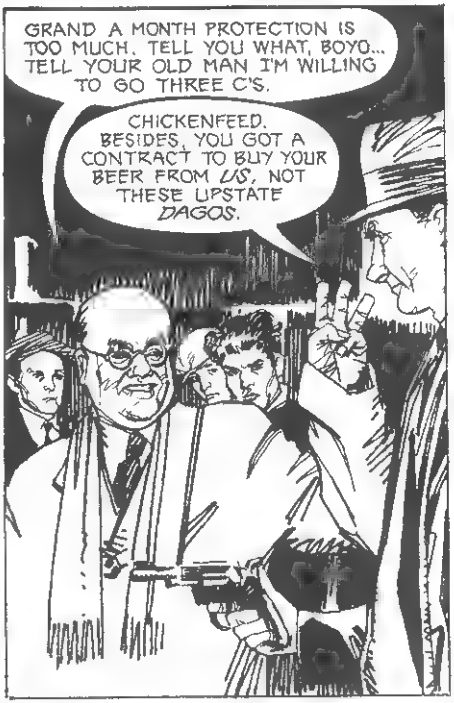
YOU'RE AWFUL *COCKY* FOR A *DEAD* MAN, GABEL—

ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, CONNOR BOY, YOU AND YOUR GREEDY OLD POP'LL BE DANCIN' WITH THE *FEDS*...

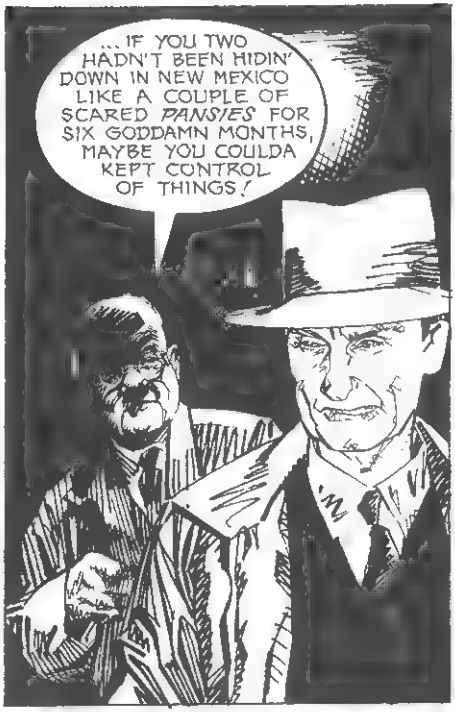
TELL YOUR OLD MAN HE OUGHTA STICK WITH STRICTLY *CASH* TRANSACTIONS... I GOT TWELVE CANCELED CHECKS WITH YOUR OLD MAN'S *ENDORSEMENTS* ON 'EM TUCKED AWAY...

THEN PAPA AND CONNOR LOONEY LED THE MEN INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE...MY HEART WAS POUNDING...THIS WAS TERRIBLE, AND EXCITING...

I HAD TO SEE MORE... SO ONCE THEY WERE INSIDE...


GRAND A MONTH PROTECTION IS TOO MUCH. TELL YOU WHAT, BOYO... TELL YOUR OLD MAN I'M WILLING TO GO THREE C'S.
CHICKENFEED. BESIDES, YOU GOT A CONTRACT TO BUY YOUR BEER FROM *US*, NOT THESE UPSTATE *DAGOS*.

YOU AND YOUR POP SHOULDN'TA LEFT TOWN AFTER THE MARKET SQUARE RIOT...


...IF YOU TWO HADN'T BEEN HIDIN' DOWN IN NEW MEXICO LIKE A COUPLE OF SCARED *PANSIES* FOR SIX GODDAMN MONTHS, MAYBE YOU COULDA KEPT CONTROL OF THINGS!

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

JESUS.
WHO ARE YOU CALLIN' A PANSY, NANCY BOY?!? HUH? HAH?!

YOU CAN STOP KICKING HIM. HE'S DEAD.
YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME?

I... I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU GOTTA DO.

BLAM

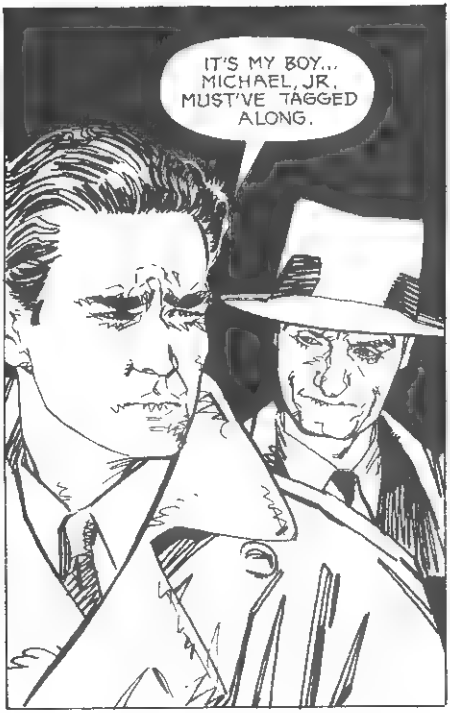
KA-BLAM

BLAM

RAT TAT TAT TAT

RAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT
HEY. LOOK OVER HERE.
WE GOT A WITNESS!

NO!
HUH?


IT'S MY BOY... MICHAEL, JR. MUST'VE TAGGED ALONG.

I DIDN'T RUN. ONCE PAPA HAD SEEN ME, THAT WAS THAT. HE WAS A KIND FATHER. NEVER STRUCK ME ONCE. SO I WASN'T AFRAID... EXACTLY.

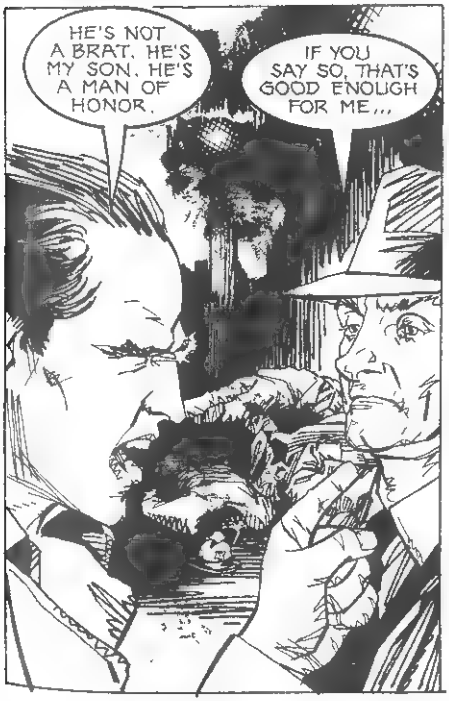
STAND UP.
YES, SIR.

YOU SAW EVERYTHING?
YES, SIR.

YOU MUST NEVER SPEAK OF IT TO ANYONE BUT ME.
YES, SIR.

THIS IS *YOUR* KID?
YES, HE'S GIVEN ME HIS WORD HE'LL NEVER SPEAK OF THIS

YOU'RE SAYIN' THIS BRAT KNOWS NOT TO SQUEAL?


HE'S NOT A BRAT. HE'S MY SON. HE'S A MAN OF HONOR.
IF YOU SAY SO, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME...

...I'M TAKIN' OFF ON FOOT. YOU TAKE YOUR... SON HOME. 'KAY?
'KAY.

I HADN'T KNOWN WHO, OR WHAT MY FATHER WAS; IN THE INTERVENING YEARS, I'VE LEARNED MORE

ACCORDING TO SOME HISTORIANS OF CRIME, PAPA WASN'T JUST JOHN LOONEY'S CHIEF ENFORCER...

IN THE GREAT WAR, YOU MADE ALL OF US PROUD -- NOW YOU WILL BE MY SOLDIER OF SOLDIERS.

I WILL NEVER ASK YOU TO EMPLOY YOUR TERRIBLE TALENTS ON THE INNOCENT. ONLY THE *DISLOYAL* -- OR OTHER SOLDIERS, SOLDIERS OF MY ENEMIES -- WILL BE VISITED BY MY MICHAEL, MY ARCHANGEL OF DEATH...

...HE WAS OFTEN LOANED OUT TO OTHER, AFFILIATED GANGS AROUND THE COUNTRY, INCLUDING CAPONE'S. BY ALL ACCOUNTS, HE WAS EFFICIENT, UNFLAPPABLE

WAS IT HIS SOMBER, ALMOST REGRETFUL EXPRESSION THAT MADE THEM CALL HIM THE *ANGEL?*

BY THE TIME WE GOT HOME, THE RAIN HAD TURNED TO SNOW.

MICHAEL!

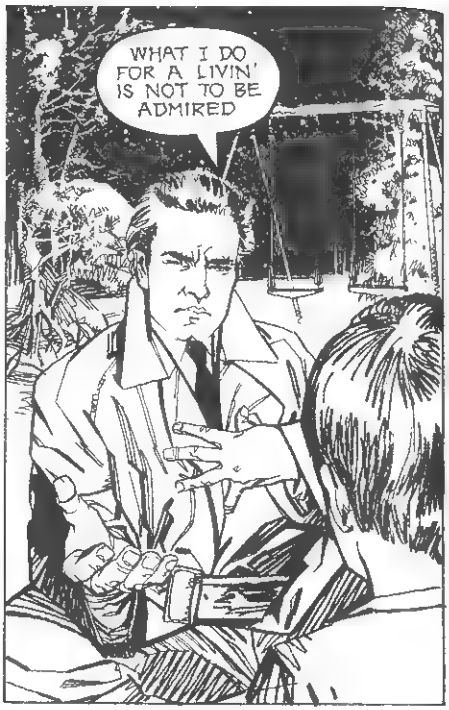
MICHAEL...

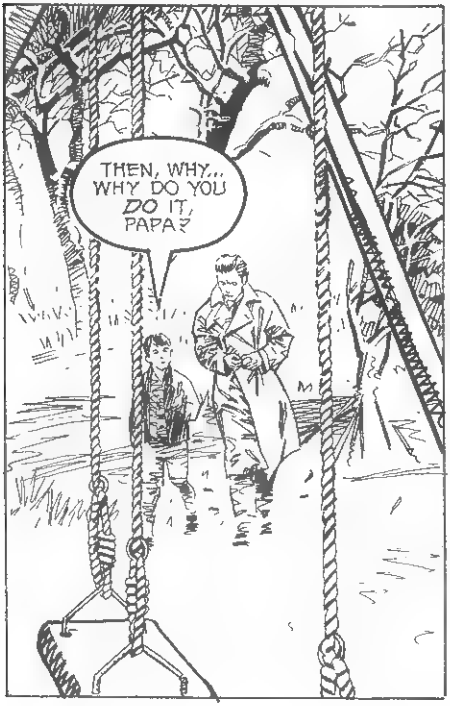
MICHAEL.

I JUST... JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU IN... IN *ACTION*...

I WANTED TO BE *PROUD*...

IT'S NATURAL FOR A BOY TO WANT TO BE PROUD OF HIS FATHER—BUT, SON...


WHAT I DO FOR A LIVIN' IS NOT TO BE ADMIRED


THEN, WHY... WHY DO YOU *DO* IT, PAPA?

YOU KNOW WHAT A SOLDIER IS?
SURE,

I'M LIKE A SOLDIER, AND A SOLDIER DOES HIS DUTY.

EVEN... KILLING?

THAT'S WHAT SOLDIERS DO.

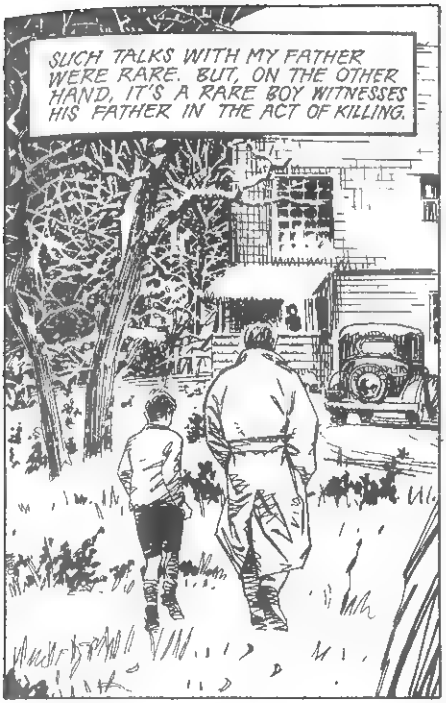
IT SEEMS, WRONG THE CHURCH TEACHES US THOU SHALT NOT KILL....

THE CHURCH IS RIGHT. BUT I HAVE A DUTY TO MY FAMILY, AS WELL THAT MEANS I HAVE TO WORK.

AND BEIN A SOLDIER, SON -- THAT'S THE ONLY WORK I KNOW

I... I DON'T *WANT* TO BE A SOLDIER...

GOOD.


SUCH TALKS WITH MY FATHER WERE RARE. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S A RARE BOY WITNESSES HIS FATHER IN THE ACT OF KILLING.

MICHAEL WAS WITH YOU?! I'M SO RELIEVED!

YOUR BROTHER WOULDN'T SAY WHERE YOU WERE! DID HE KNOW WHERE YOU WERE?

MAYBE I WASN'T A GANGSTER LIKE MY FATHER, BUT I WAS NO SQUEALER.
I SNEAKED OUT. PETER DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

WHERE DID YOU *FIND* HIM? HE WASN'T WITH *YOU*, WAS HE?

I'VE SPOKEN TO THE BOY HE WON'T DO IT AGAIN. NO MORE QUESTIONS
BUT. .

WE'LL NOT SPEAK OF IT AGAIN.

*AND WE DIDN'T.*

THE VIOLENCE I'D WITNESSED WAS STILL VERY MUCH WITH ME; AND I WAS CERTAINLY CONFUSED. BUT IN THAT MOMENT, WHEN MOTHER GATHERED HER SKIRTS AND MOVED UP THE STAIRS...

MEN!

...A COVENANT WAS FORMED BETWEEN MY FATHER AND ME.

DID YOU *TELL* ON ME?

OF COURSE NOT.

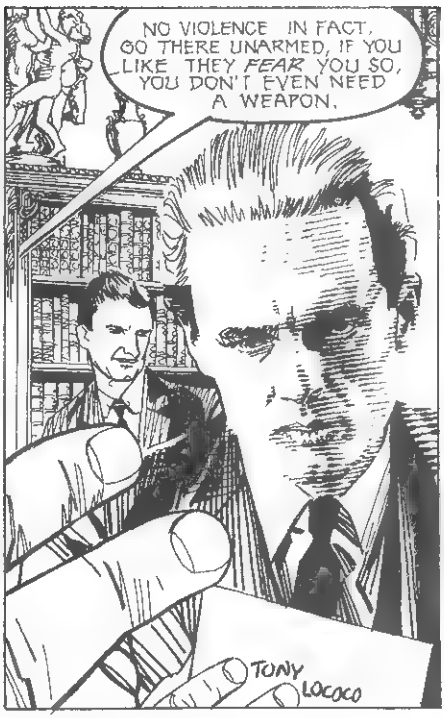
WHAT WAS IT LIKE? DID YOU SEE ANYTHING? WAS IT LIKE THE MOVING PICTURES? WAS IT LIKE TOM MIX?
CUB

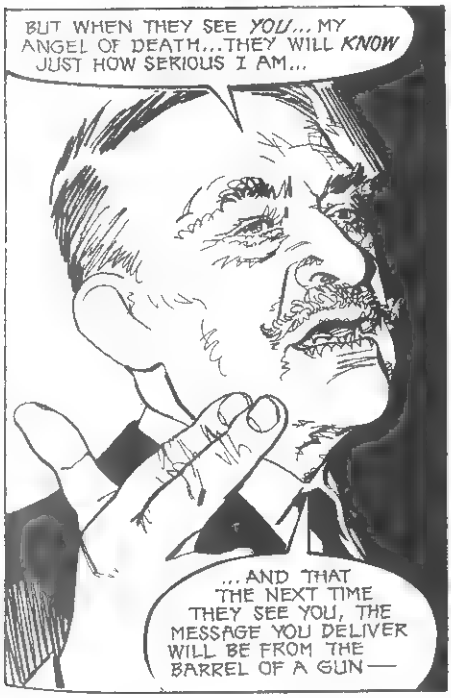
IT WASN'T ANYTHING. PAPA JUST HAD A BUSINESS MEETING.
A BUSINESS MEETING?

YES. AND HE CAUGHT ME IN THE BACKSEAT, AND I WAS LUCKY HE DIDN'T GET ME IN TROUBLE WITH MAMA GOOD NIGHT.
UH... GOOD NIGHT.

I HADN'T SQUEALED ON PETER, AND I WASN'T GOING TO SQUEAL ON PAPA, EITHER... NOT EVEN TO PETER. I PROMISED PAPA I WOULD NEVER TELL ANYONE WHAT I SAW HIM DO THAT NIGHT. AND UNTIL I BEGAN WRITING THIS NARRATIVE, I NEVER DID.

I CAN ONLY RECONSTRUCT, FROM THE WRITINGS OF OTHERS, AND IMAGINE, FROM WHAT I KNOW OF MY FATHER, WHAT OCCURRED NEXT...
I NEED YOU TO DELIVER THIS MESSAGE TO OUR "FRIENDS" IN ELGIN


NO VIOLENCE IN FACT, GO THERE UNARMED, IF YOU LIKE THEY FEAR YOU SO, YOU DON'T EVEN NEED A WEAPON.
TONY LOCOCO


BUT WHEN THEY SEE YOU... MY ANGEL OF DEATH...THEY WILL KNOW JUST HOW SERIOUS I AM...
...AND THAT THE NEXT TIME THEY SEE YOU, THE MESSAGE YOU DELIVER WILL BE FROM THE BARREL OF A GUN—

YOU'RE NOT GOIN' WITH ME?
NO. POP'S GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE FOR ME TO DO....

"...YOU GET TO TAKE IN LOCOCO'S ROADHOUSE BY YOUR LONESOME."

FRIED CHICKEN
STEAKS & DINNERS

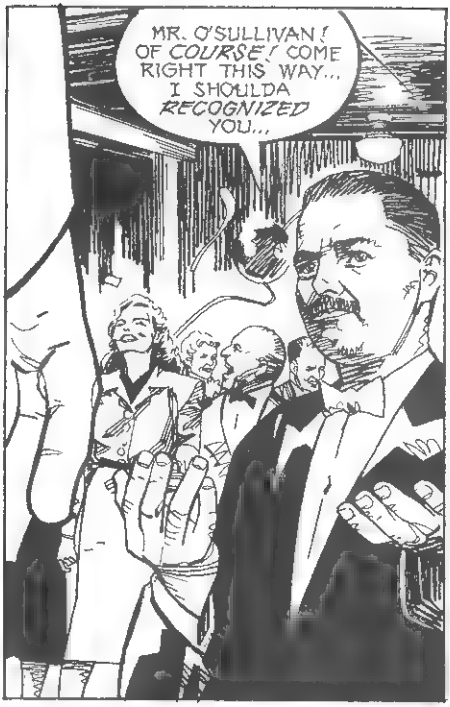
RENDEZVOUS HOTEL

HELP YA, SIR--?--OR JUST LOOKIN'?

TELL BIG TONY I'M HERE.

YEAH? AND JUST WHO THE HELL ARE *YOU*? MR. LOCOCO DON'T SEE JUST *ANY*BODY...

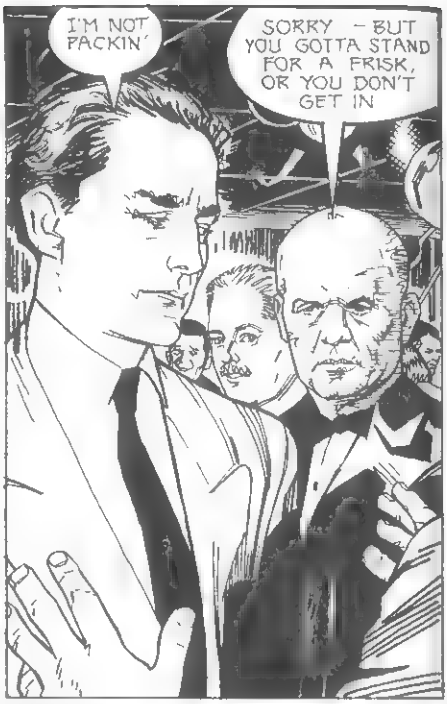
MIKE O'SULLIVAN I WORK FOR MR LOONEY.

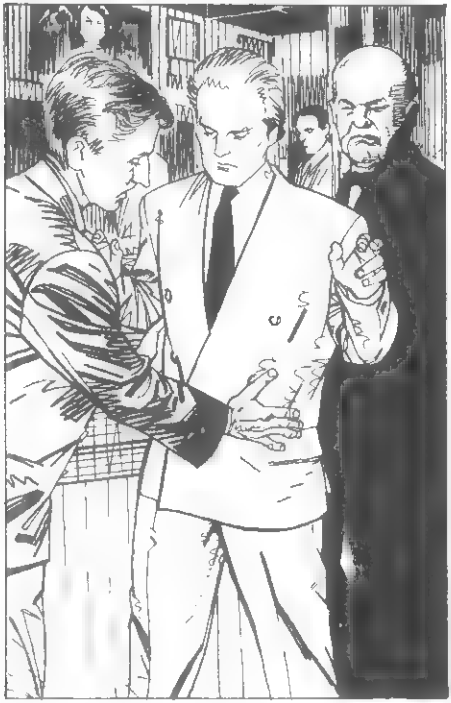

MR. O'SULLIVAN! OF COURSE! COME RIGHT THIS WAY... I SHOULDA RECOGNIZED YOU...

WHY? HAVE WE MET?

NO, NO, BUT EVERYBODY'S HEARD OF THE ANGEL — IF YOU DON'T MIND MY CALLIN' YOU THAT
JUST TELL BIG TONY I'M HERE.

NO OFFENSE, MR O'SULLIVAN— BUT *NOBODY* GOES IN TO SEE MR LOCOCO WITHOUT FIRST WE PAT 'EM DOWN.
TIPPING IS UNAMERICAN KEEP YOUR CHANGE

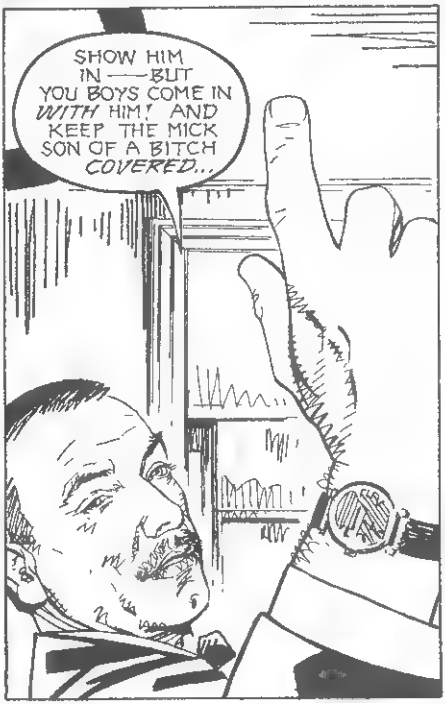

I'M NOT PACKIN'
SORRY — BUT YOU GOTTA STAND FOR A FRISK, OR YOU DON'T GET IN



MR LOCOCO — IT'S LOONEY'S ENFORCER — WANTS TO SEE YOU ...

O'SULLIVAN?! WHAT'S HE WANT?
FIGHT MAGAZINE
New Year's Eve
family
PUBLIC ENEMY

I DUNNO, BUT HE'S CLEAN.


SHOW HIM IN — BUT YOU BOYS COME IN WITH HIM! AND KEEP THE MICK SON OF A BITCH COVERED...

FIGHT
MAGAZINE
A FOX Parody picture
coming soon
PUBLIC ENEMY

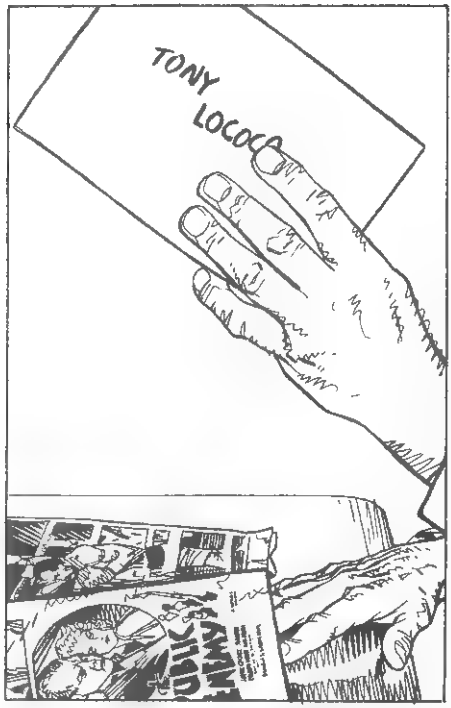
THESE COLORED BOYS REALLY TEAR UP THE JOINT— BUT THEY'RE *LOUDER*'N HELL....

"COME ON-- THE BOSS IS READY FOR YA. I'LL SHOW YOU IN, MR. O'SULLIVAN."

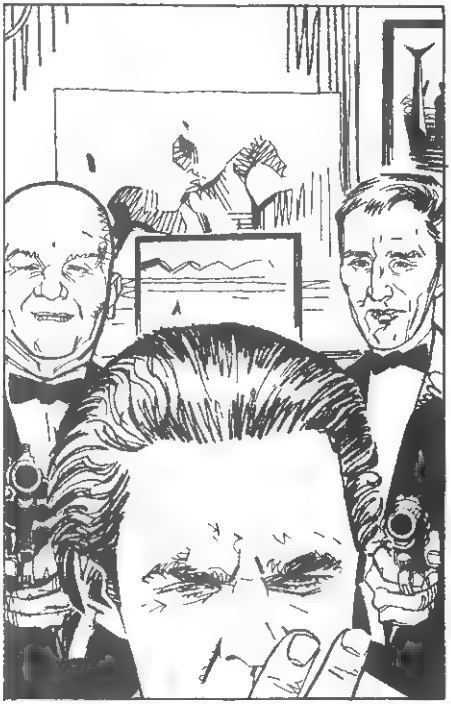
MR. LOCOCO — I HAVE A MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM MR. LOONEY IT'S IN MY INSIDE POCKET...

MY BOYS SAY YOU AIN'T HEELED GO AHEAD, TAKE IT OUT....

....BESIDES, I *TRUST* YOU. WE *ALL* TRUST THE ANGEL, DON'T WE, BOYS?


TONY
LOCOCO

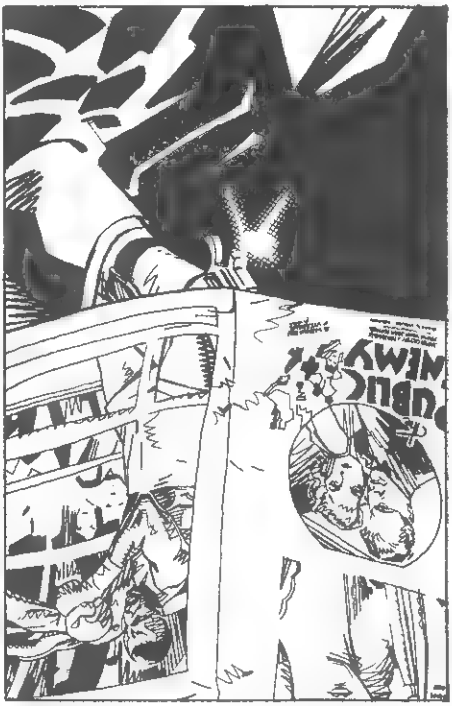
TONY
LOCOCO



INTERESTING....

KILL O'SULLIVAN AND ALL SINS ARE FORGIVEN

TELL YOUR BOSS HIS TERMS ARE ACCEPTABLE....



OH
WHEN THE SAINTS
PRIVAT
KRAK

GO MARCHIN
IN

KRAK
KRAK

BLAM

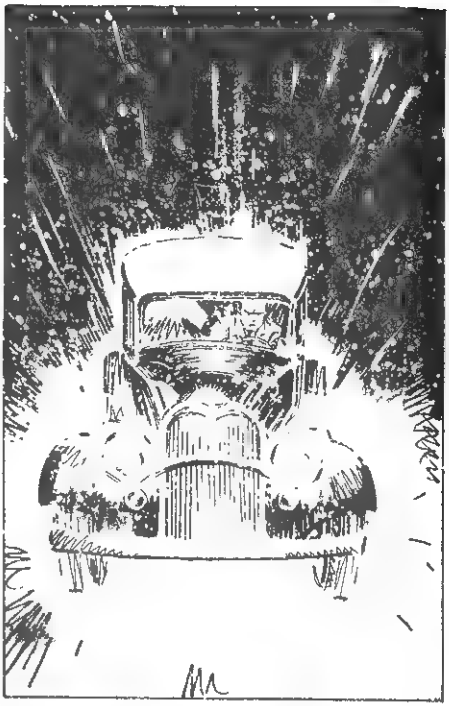
BE IN THAT NUMBER

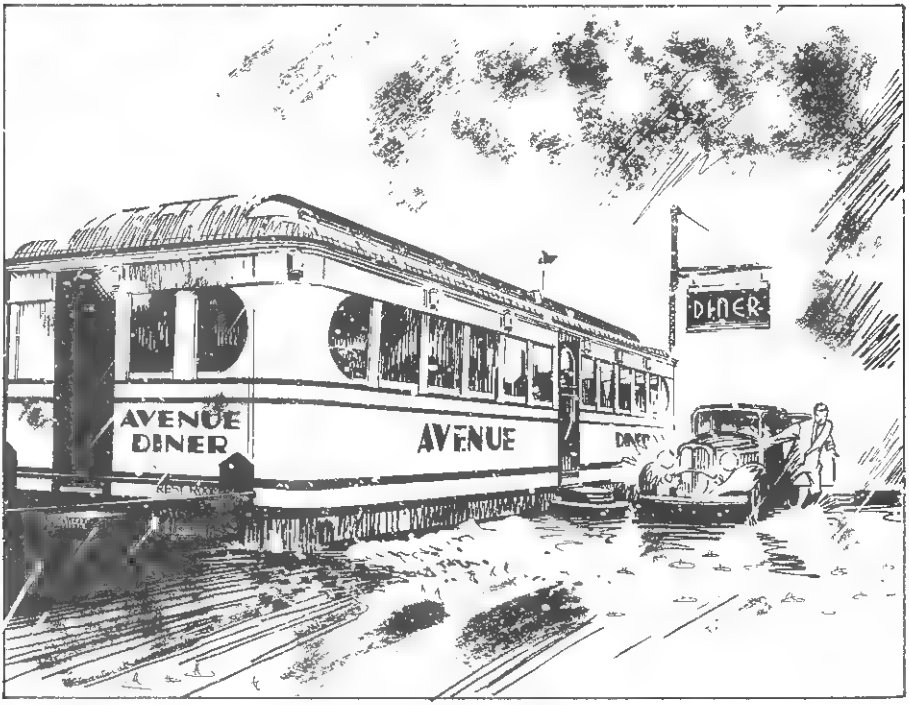
KILL O'SULLIVAN
AND ALL SINS
ARE
FORGIVEN

PUBLIC ENEMY
family
picture
family
soon

YES. HE ASKED NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

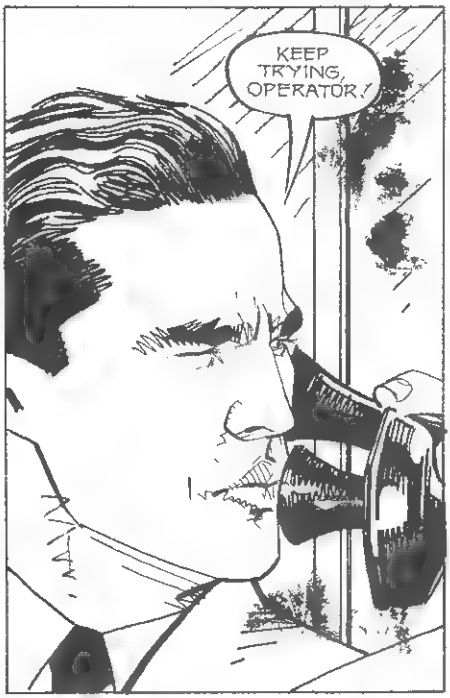
EVERYTHING GO OKAY WITH MR. LOCOCO?
TAPPING IS UN-AMERIC
KEEP YOUR

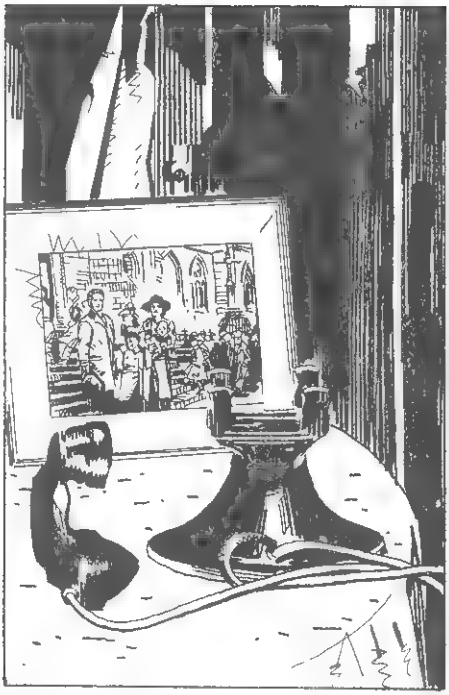



AVENUE
DINER
AVENUE
DINER

YOU GOT A PHONE?
NO PUBLIC PHONE, MAC. NEAREST ONE'S ABOUT THREE MILES...

I NEED TO MAKE A BRIEF LONG-DISTANCE CALL TO THE TRI-CITIES.
IT'S RIGHT BY THE REGISTER...
OF AMERICA


KEEP TRYING, OPERATOR!



MAMA — PLEASE DON'T TELL PAPA I WAS FRIGHTENED.

WE *ALL* HAVE BAD DREAMS, DEAR, FROM TIME TO TIME....

I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PAPA'S AWAY... AND MICHAEL SHOULD BE *HOME* BY NOW!

I WAS AWAY, THE NIGHT IT HAPPENED, A BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR A FRIEND... I'VE FORGOTTEN WHO... SO MANY YEARS AGO... BUT I DO REMEMBER I WAS IN THE BASEMENT OF ST. PETE'S, PLAYING PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY OR MAYBE EATING CAKE WHEN IT HAPPENED...

I THINK I HEAR YOUR BROTHER NOW — OR COULD THAT BE YOUR *FATHER*, HOME SO EARLY...?

WHICH OF MY MEN *IS* THAT...?

OH IT'S *YOU*, DEAR..

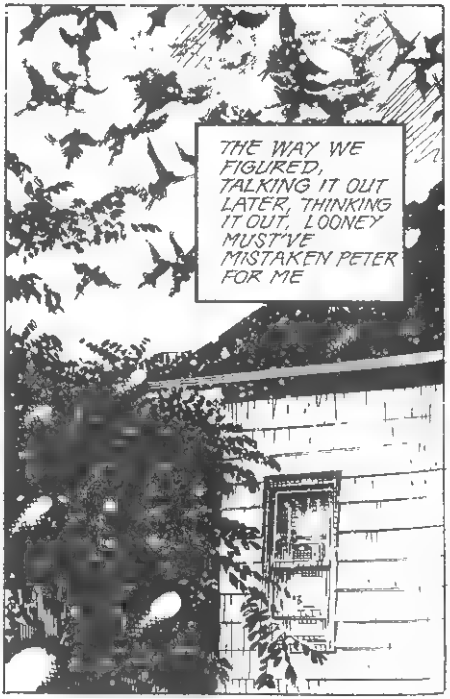
NO IT ISN'T.

BLAM
HACK WILSON 190 RBIs 1929

NOTHIN' PERSONAL, LADY...

MAMA!

I GUESS TO CONNOR LOONEY, ONE KID LOOKED PRETTY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER
THERE'S MY LITTLE SQUEALER...

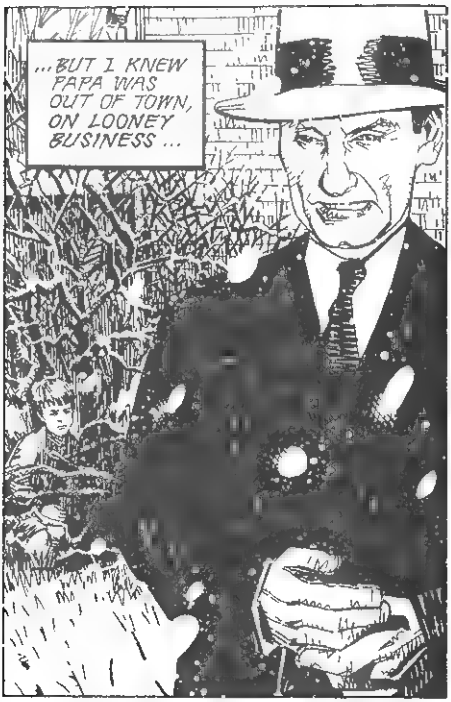

THE WAY WE FIGURED, TALKING IT OUT LATER, THINKING IT OUT, LOONEY MUST'VE MISTAKEN PETER FOR ME

I WAS NEARLY HOME, WHEN I HEARD THE SHOT...BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A CAR BACKFIRING...

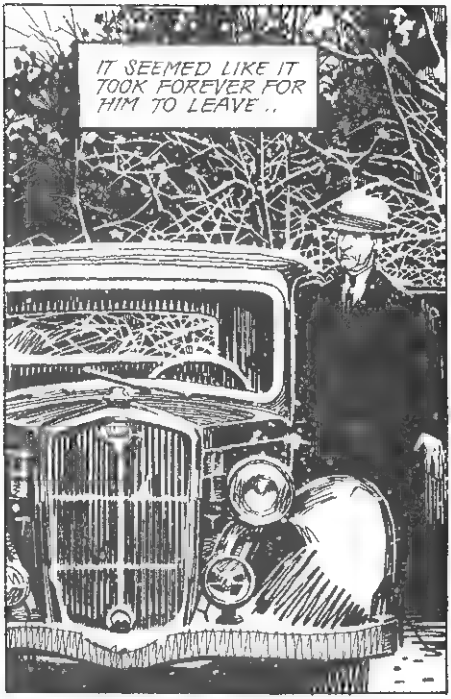
ONLY I KNEW IT WASN'T. AFTER WHAT I SAW AND HEARD AT THE WAREHOUSE, I KNEW GUNFIRE WHEN I HEARD IT.

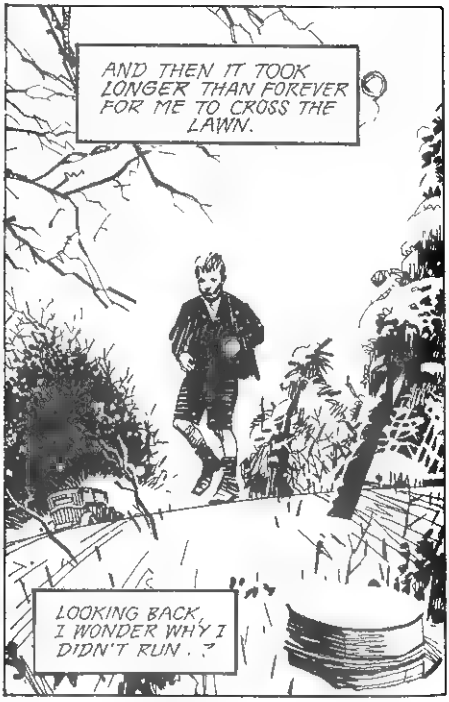
THEN I SAW HIM

WHY DID I HIDE? LOONEY'S SON COULD HAVE BEEN THERE ON BUSINESS HE HAD WITH PAPA...


...BUT I KNEW PAPA WAS OUT OF TOWN, ON LOONEY BUSINESS ...

SO I KNEW THIS HAD TO BE BAD THE SICK FEELING IN MY STOMACH WAS ONLY PARTLY THE TOO-MUCH CAKE I'D EATEN....


IT SEEMED LIKE IT TOOK FOREVER FOR HIM TO LEAVE ..


AND THEN IT TOOK LONGER THAN FOREVER FOR ME TO CROSS THE LAWN.
LOOKING BACK, I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T RUN . ?

IF SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED INSIDE THE HOUSE, WHY DIDN'T I RUSH TO HELP?

MAYBE IT WAS THAT SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT IF SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED... THERE WAS NO HELP THAT COULD BE GIVEN

MY INSTINCTS WERE RIGHT, WEREN'T THEY?

MAMA.
MAMA MAMA
MAMA

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS THERE, WITH THEM.. TALKING TO THEM... COMFORTING THEM, LIKE THEY WEREN'T REALLY DEAD....
...BE ALL RIGHT, PETER. REALLY. IT WILL

BUT I KNEW THEY WERE

I ALSO KNEW NOT TO CALL THE POLICE. THAT WAS NOT WHAT PAPA WOULD HAVE WANTED; I COULD ONLY WAIT THERE FOR...
PAPA?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SON?
I'M FINE, PAPA... FINE.

WERE YOU HERE WHEN THIS HAPPENED?
I WAS COMING HOME FROM THE CHURCH... I *SAW* HIM, LEAVING...

IT WAS THAT CRAZY MAN FROM THE WAREHOUSE! MR *LOONEY'S* SON!

GO TO YOUR ROOM PACK SOME THINGS WE HAVE TO LEAVE
OKAY, PAPA.

PAPA HADN'T EVEN SEEMED SURPRISED, FINDING PETER AND MOTHER, DEAD LIKE THAT.
I REMEMBER WONDERING, WHILE I WAS PACKING, WHY PAPA DIDN'T EVEN SEEM... SAD.
TOM MIX
BUT I WAS WRONG.
DRAW BACK THE COVERS I NEED TO PUT YOUR BROTHER TO BED

PAPA TUCKED PETER IN SO LOVINGLY.

SLEEP WELL, SON.

DID PAPA REALLY THINK PETER WAS ONLY "ASLEEP"?

SAY GOODNIGHT TO YOUR BROTHER

G'NIGHT.

YOU NEED TO SAY GOODNIGHT TO YOUR MOTHER, SON, BEFORE WE GO

MOTHER WAS GONE FROM THE HALLWAY FLOOR....

GO ON, SON.

HE HAD DONE THE SAME FOR MAMA TUCKED HER IN BED.

BID HER GODSPEED NOW, MICHAEL. THERE'LL BE NO ATTENDING THE SERVICES FOR US... NO WAKE...NO GRAVESIDE GOODBYES.

QUESTIONING MY FATHER WAS SOMETHING I SELDOM—IF EVER—HAD DONE. THIS SEEMED DIFFERENT.
BUT...WHY, PAPA?

THE MEN WHO DID THIS WILL COME BACK FOR US.

THEN GIVE ME A GUN! WE'LL WAIT FOR THEM! THIS IS OUR HOME!

WE HAVE NO HOME
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR MOTHER

THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER IS WE WERE IN THE HALLWAY AGAIN...
WE MUSTN'T TARRY, SON — THEY COULD BE BACK ANY MOMENT YOU HAVE YOUR THINGS -- ? A TOOTHBRUSH ?
YES, SIR

THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT, I'M AFRAID, IS NOT YET OVER, SON...

THERE ARE STILL THINGS I MUST DO.

THAT'S *NOT* OUR *HOME* ANYMORE, MICHAEL.

WITH PETER AND YOUR MOTHER GONE... IT'S JUST A HOUSE, UNDERSTAND? JUST AN EMPTY STRUCTURE.

YES, SIR.

PAPA SAID NOTHING AS HE DROVE US OUT OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND ACROSS TOWN.

WHEN HE FINALLY PULLED THE CAR OVER, WE WERE IN A PARK-LIKE AREA, NEAR THE ROCK RIVER. WEALTHY PEOPLE LIVED HERE

I M SORRY, PAPA

SORRY?

I KNOW IT WAS *MY* FAULT THIS HAPPENED.

AND HOW IS IT *YOUR* FAULT?

FOR TAGGING ALONG THIS IS ALL 'CAUSE I SAW WHAT I SAW, ISN'T IT? THAT'S WHY MOTHER IS DEAD AND PETER..

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. UNDERSTAND? NOT *YOUR* FAULT I'M IN THE BUSINESS I'M IN

BUT IF I HADN'T..

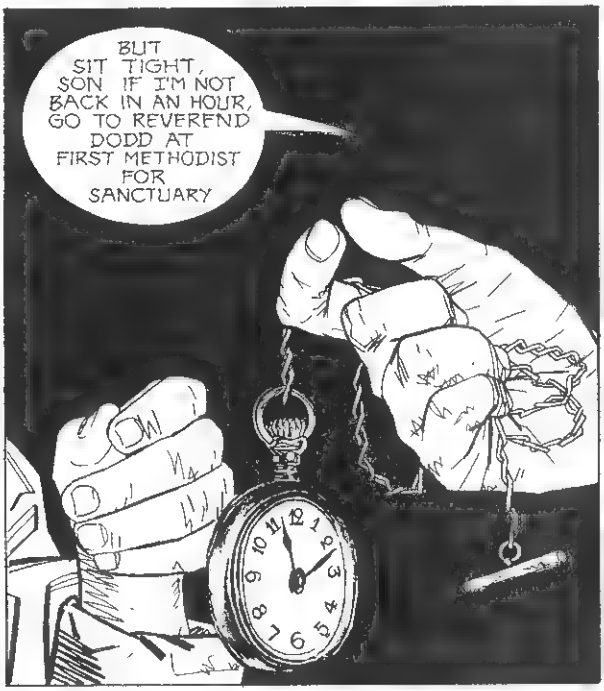
QUIET THE FAULT IS WITH THE BETRAYERS LOONEY AND HIS SON.

YOU ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF YOUR MOTHER AND BROTHER. AND NEITHER AM I
BUT I *AM* RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR RETRIBUTION.
HERE'S THAT GUN YOU ASKED FOR EARLIER..

THAT'S FOR YOUR PROTECTION I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU HERE

LET ME COME *WITH* YOU! I'LL *HELP* YOU!

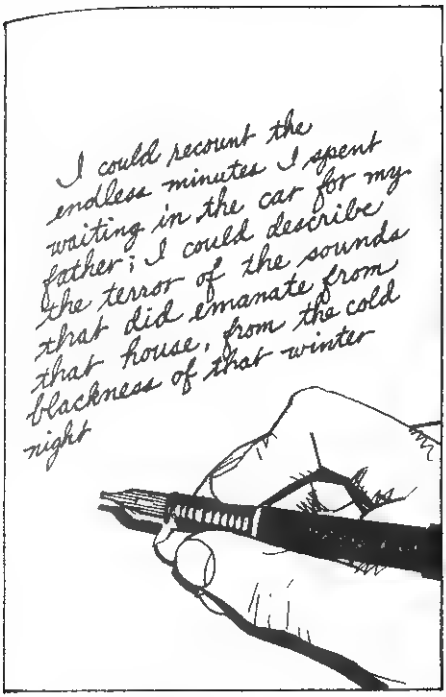
NO. NOW, YOU MAY HEAR THINGS... GUNFIRE, PERHAPS A SHOUT OR TWO...

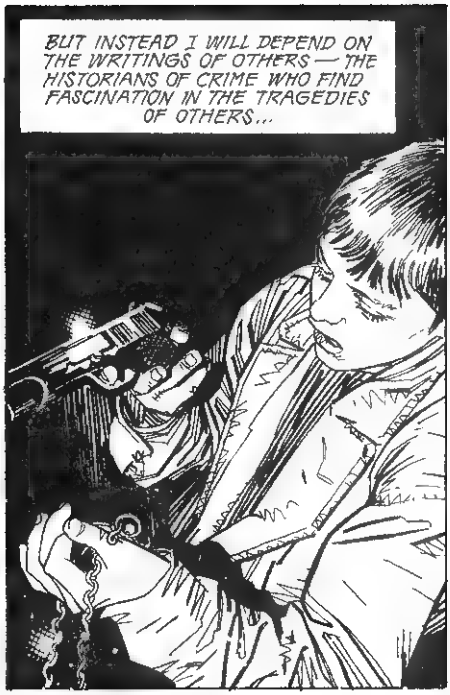

BUT SIT TIGHT, SON IF I'M NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, GO TO REVEREND DODD AT FIRST METHODIST FOR SANCTUARY

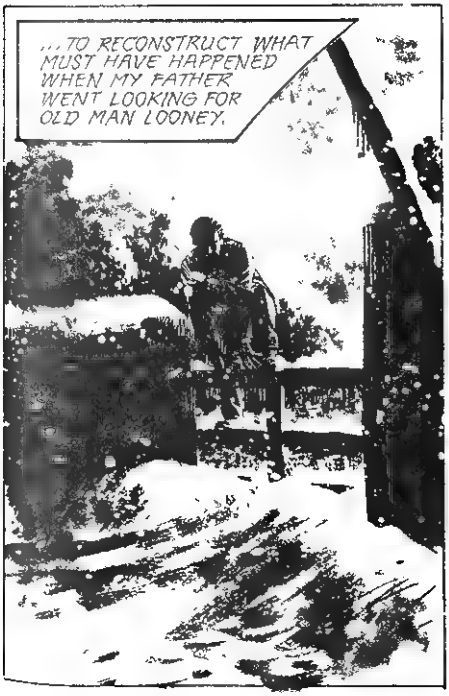
BUT THAT'S A PROTESTANT CHURCH, PAPA! WHY NOT ST. PETE'S, AND FATHER CALLAWAY...?

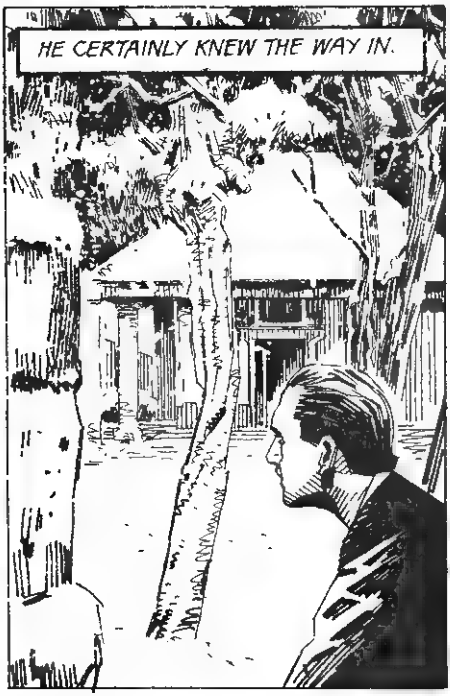
MR. LOONEY'S MONEY BUILT THAT CHURCH, SON... AND SENT THE GOOD FATHER TO ROME LAST SUMMER... YOU'LL FIND NO SANCTUARY THERE.

AND PAPA WOULD FIND NO SANCTUARY IN THE OTHER HOUSE MR LOONEY HAD BUILT, EITHER


I could recount the endless minutes I spent waiting in the car for my father; I could describe the terror of the sounds that did emanate from that house, from the cold blackness of that winter night


BUT INSTEAD I WILL DEPEND ON THE WRITINGS OF OTHERS — THE HISTORIANS OF CRIME WHO FIND FASCINATION IN THE TRAGEDIES OF OTHERS...


...TO RECONSTRUCT WHAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED WHEN MY FATHER WENT LOOKING FOR OLD MAN LOONEY.


HE CERTAINLY KNEW THE WAY IN.

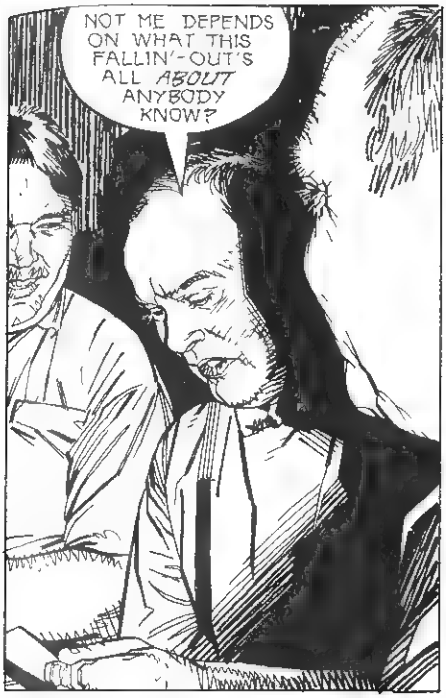
JACKS OR BETTER TO OPEN.

KINDA *NICE* HAVIN' ENOUGH BODIES TO PLAY POKER FER A CHANGE.

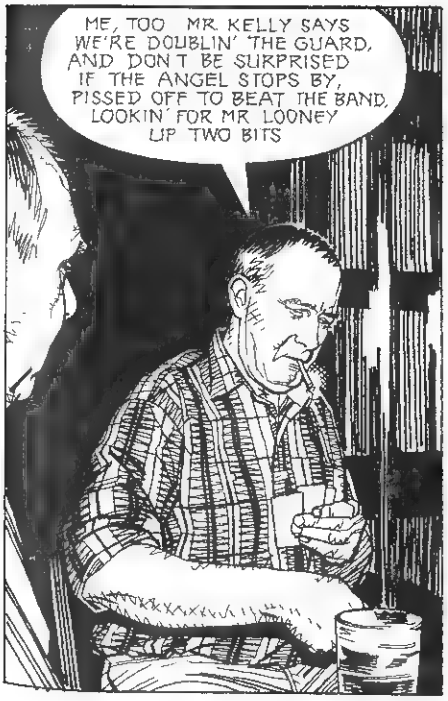
YEAH I GET SICK OF THEM LOUSY TWO-HANDED GAMES... PLAYED ME ENOUGH GIN RUMMY TO LAST A DAMN LIFETIME

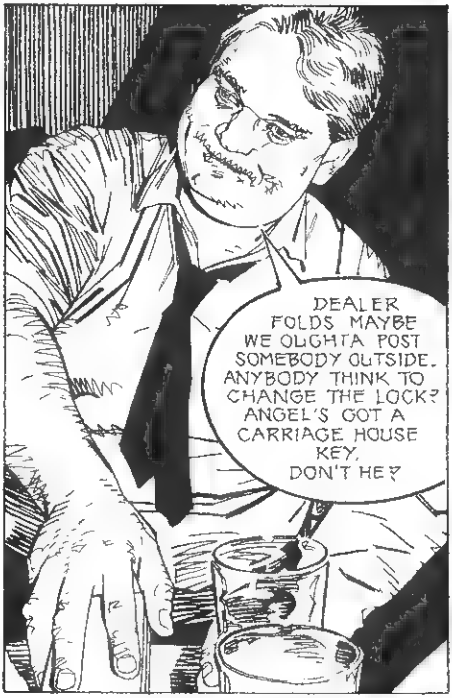
THE BOSS DON'T REALLY THINK THE ANGEL'D JUST COME *WALTZIN'* IN HERE, DOES HE?

THE ANGEL'S TOO *SMART* TO BUCK THE ODDS... SO CAN ANYBODY OPEN?

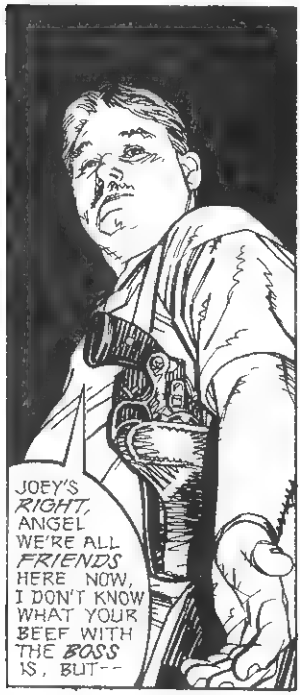

NOT ME DEPENDS ON WHAT THIS FALLIN'-OUT'S ALL *ABOUT* ANYBODY KNOW?

I AIN'T HEARD JUST GOT A CALL FROM MR. KELLY, ROUSTIN' ME OUTTA BED, SAYIN GET MY ASS OVER HERE .. I'LL OPEN FOR TWO BITS.


ME, TOO MR. KELLY SAYS WE'RE DOUBLIN' THE GUARD, AND DON'T BE SURPRISED IF THE ANGEL STOPS BY, PISSED OFF TO BEAT THE BAND, LOOKIN' FOR MR LOONEY UP TWO BITS


DEALER FOLDS MAYBE WE OUGHTA POST SOMEBODY OUTSIDE. ANYBODY THINK TO CHANGE THE LOCK? ANGEL'S GOT A CARRIAGE HOUSE KEY, DON'T HE?

YOU BOYS WANT TO DEAL ME IN?
ANGEL, PAL... DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL *REGRET*, NOW...


JOEY'S *RIGHT*, ANGEL WE'RE ALL *FRIENDS* HERE NOW, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BEEF WITH THE *BOSS* IS, BUT--

MY WIFE AND SON WERE MURDERED TONIGHT

JESUS. *I* HAD NO PART OF THAT... *NONE* OF US DID.

I BELIEVE YOU. SO, YOU DON'T *HAVE* TO DIE...IF YOU CHOOSE NOT TO JUST LEAVE YOUR GUNS ON THE TABLE, AND PUT YOUR HANDS HIGH....

THERE ARE *FOUR* OF *US*, ANGEL... AND YOU'RE *NOT* HOLDIN' A GUN ON US... SOUNDS LIKE A LOSIN' HAND TO ME.

WHY DON'T YOU LET US SEE THOSE MITTS OF YOURS-- AND KEEP IT FRIENDLY...

WELL, I JUST WANTED TO GIVE YOU FELLAS A CHANCE TO SHOW YOUR HANDS.

HERE'S MINE.

JESUS! HE'S GOT A GODDAMN RAZOR!

HELL!

GAAAAAAH!

DON'T KILL ME! DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE QUIET THEN.

WHAP

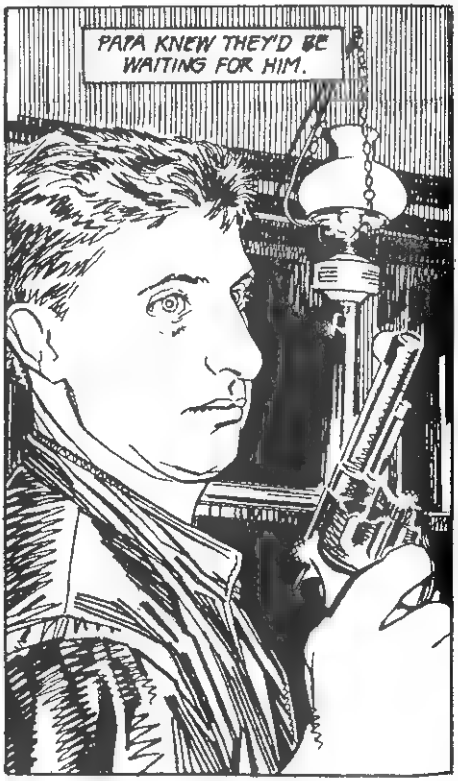
MY FATHER TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO ADD TO HIS ARSENAL...

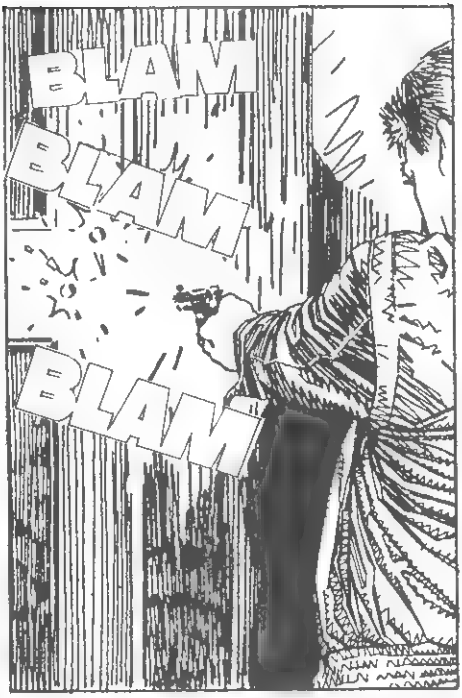
THERE WAS A TUNNEL BETWEEN THE CARRIAGE HOUSE AND LOONEY'S MANSION – OR SO THE CRIME HISTORIANS SAY

THAT'S THE WAY MY FATHER ENTERED, THEY SAY HE NEVER SAID

WHAT COULD HE HAVE BEEN THINKING? FEELING? WAS RAGE UNDER THE COOL MASK?

WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HE THOUGHT -- ONLY WHAT HE DID.


PAPA KNEW THEY'D BE WAITING FOR HIM.


BLAM
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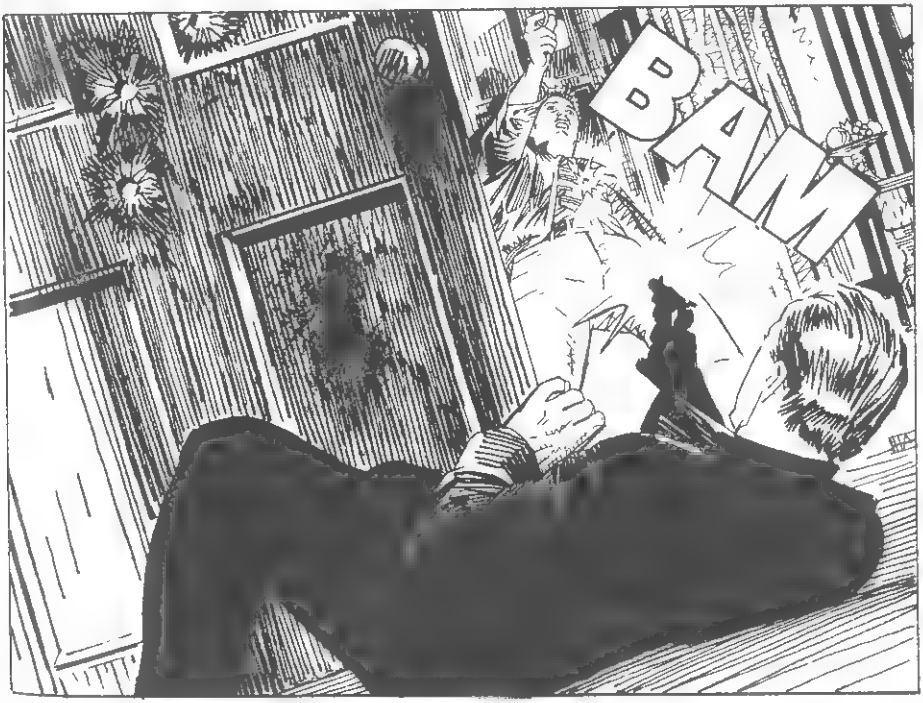
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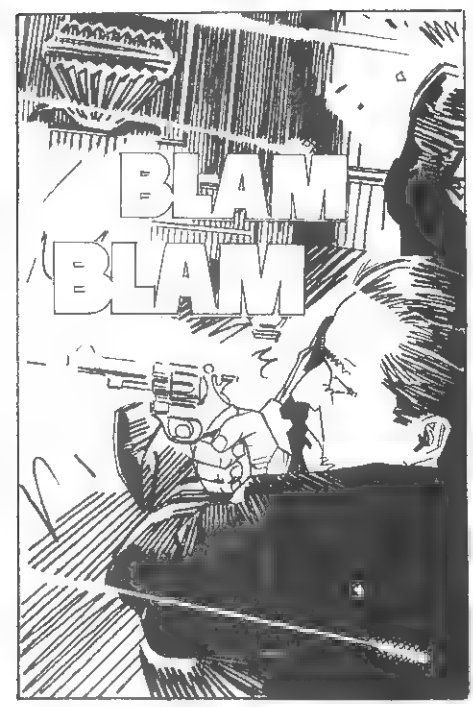
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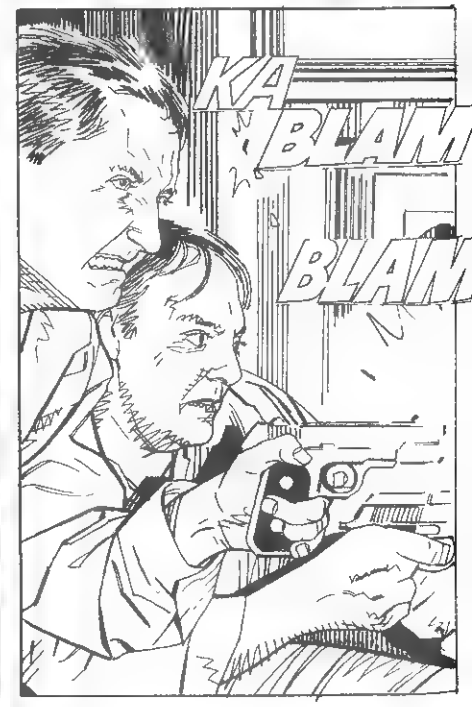
KA
BLAM
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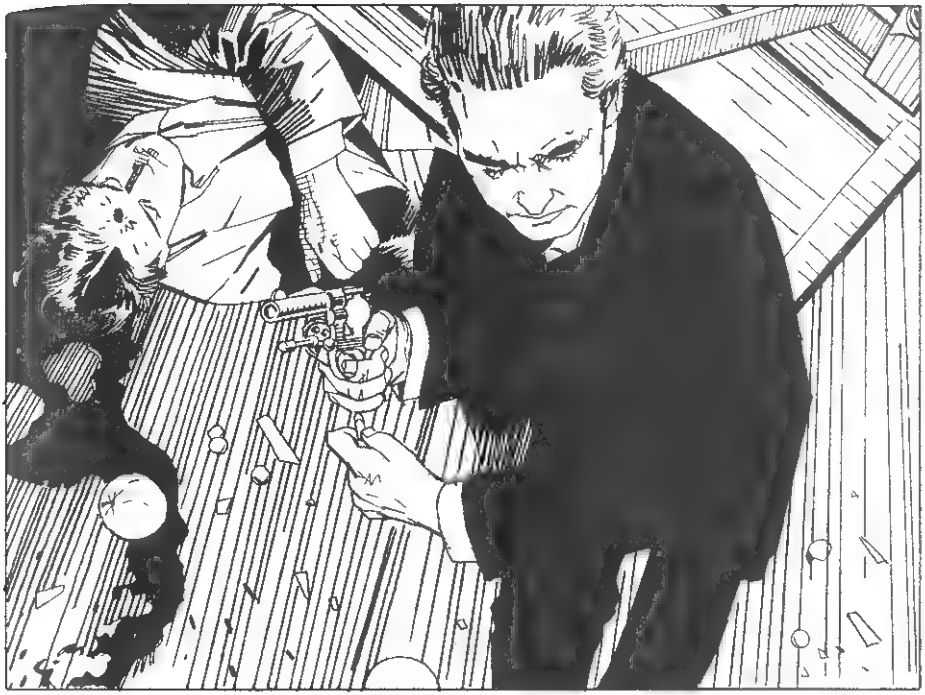
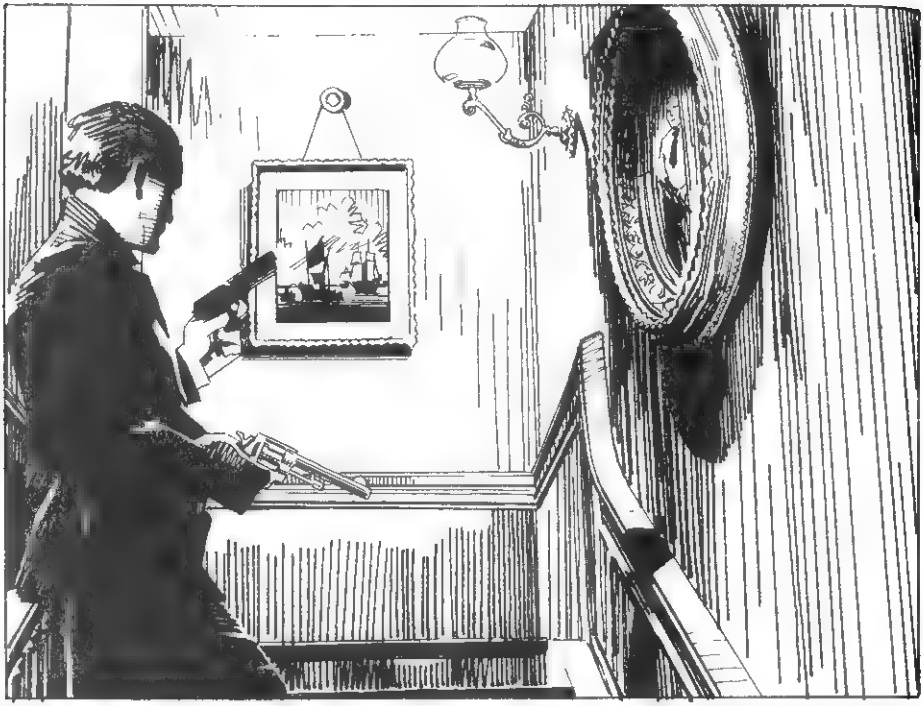
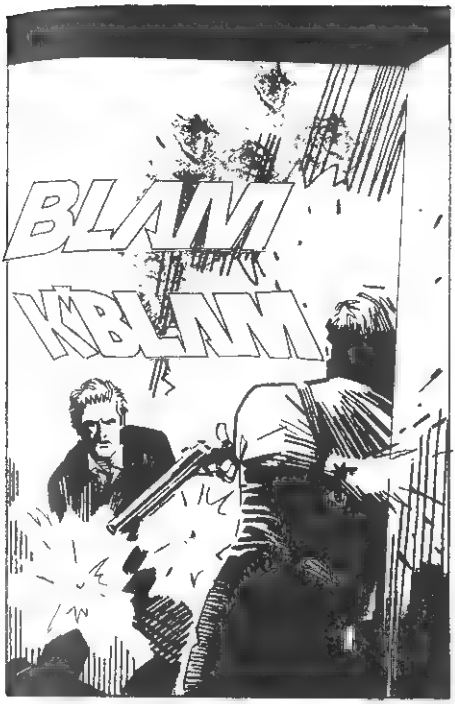
THAT NAILED HIM--
THE HELL IT DID!
BLAM
BLAM





SEE YOU IN *HELL*, ANGEL!


BLAM
KBLAM

SAVE
ME A PLACE
FRIEND

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, MR. O'SULLIVAN

I KNOW YOU'D RATHER HAVE FOUND MR. LOONEY, WAITING FOR YOU... BUT I'LL JUST HAVE TO DO.
I DON'T HAVE BUSINESS WITH FRANK KELLY.

AH, BUT FRANK KELLY HAS BUSINESS WITH YOU.. AS MR LOONEY'S PARTNER — AND HIS LAWYER — I FREQUENTLY REPRESENT HIM. THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING NOW.

HE CAN'T HIDE FROM ME, KELLY

HE'S NOT TRYING TO. HE LEFT TOWN, BY TRAIN, *HOURS* AGO
THERE'S A MAJOR MEETING IN ATLANTIC CITY WITH OTHERS WHO SHARE MR LOONEY'S BUSINESS INTERESTS.

THIS TRIP HAS BEEN SCHEDULED FOR WEEKS TALK OF A NATIONAL COMBINE... VERY EXCITING....

I'M NOT MUCH FOR EXCITEMENT

WHAT *IS* IT ABOUT THE IRISH? EITHER FULL OF BLARNEY, LIKE YOURS TRULY, OR MASTERS OF UNDERSTATEMENT, LIKE YOURSELF. NO IN-BETWEEN, IT SEEMS

AS I SAID, I'M HERE TO REPRESENT MY PARTNER MY CLIENT... TO LET YOU KNOW THAT JOHN LOONEY HAD *NOTHING* TO DO WITH THE UNFORTUNATE.. MIGHT I EVEN SAY, *TRAGIC*... STEPS TAKEN AGAINST YOUR FAMILY

AND I SUPPOSE HE DIDN'T SEND ME TO ELGIN WITH MY OWN DEATH WARRANT SEALED IN AN ENVELOPE

MR. LOONEY DOESN'T *DENY* THAT, BUT HE DID *NOT* ORDER THE DEATHS OF YOUR WIFE AND SON...THAT WAS *CONNOR* LOONEY'S OWN AND MIGHT I SAY, DEPLORABLE DECISION

AN *UNAUTHORIZED* ACTION, I ASSURE YOU!
THEN MR. LOONEY WILL UNDERSTAND WHY I HAVE TO KILL HIS SON.

HE UNDERSTANDS THE *IMPULSE*.. BUT AS A GRIEVING FATHER YOURSELF, YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAS SENT HIS BOY INTO HIDING.. UNTIL IT'S *SAFE* FOR CONNOR TO COME OUT

IN OTHER WORDS. WHEN I'M DEAD.

NOW, I DIDN'T *SAY* THAT... YOU'RE A REASONABLE MAN.

NO, I'M NOT I'M A MAN WHO HAS KILLED ELEVEN OTHER MEN THIS NIGHT.

I'M *NOT* PART OF THIS! I'M MERELY AN EMISSARY...

THEN YOU WON'T MIND GIVING JOHN LOONEY A MESSAGE FOR ME?

NOT AT ALL. THAT'S WHAT I'M *HERE* FOR.

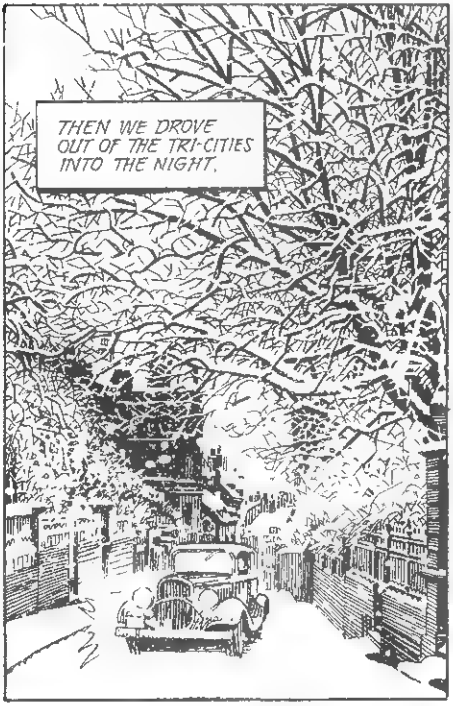
BUT... BUT YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO DELIVER A MESSAGE TO MR LOONEY...
OH AND YOU WILL

BLAM
SO MANY GUNSHOTS IN THE NIGHT! HAD ONE OF THEM TAKEN MY FATHER'S LIFE?

AND THEN I HEARD SOMEONE APPROACHING.

NO ONE BOTHERED YOU, SON?

NO. BUT YOU.. PAPA,.WHAT HAPPENED IN THERE?




PAPA SAID NOTHING FOR A LONG TIME...AT LEAST AN HOUR...

YOUR MOTHER HAS FAMILY I'M TAKING YOU TO THEM

I KNEW ENOUGH NOT TO ARGUE. MAMA HAD A BROTHER WHO HAD A FARM, JUST OUTSIDE PERDITION, KANSAS

BUT NEITHER PAPA NOR I KNEW JUST HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE TO GET US THERE....

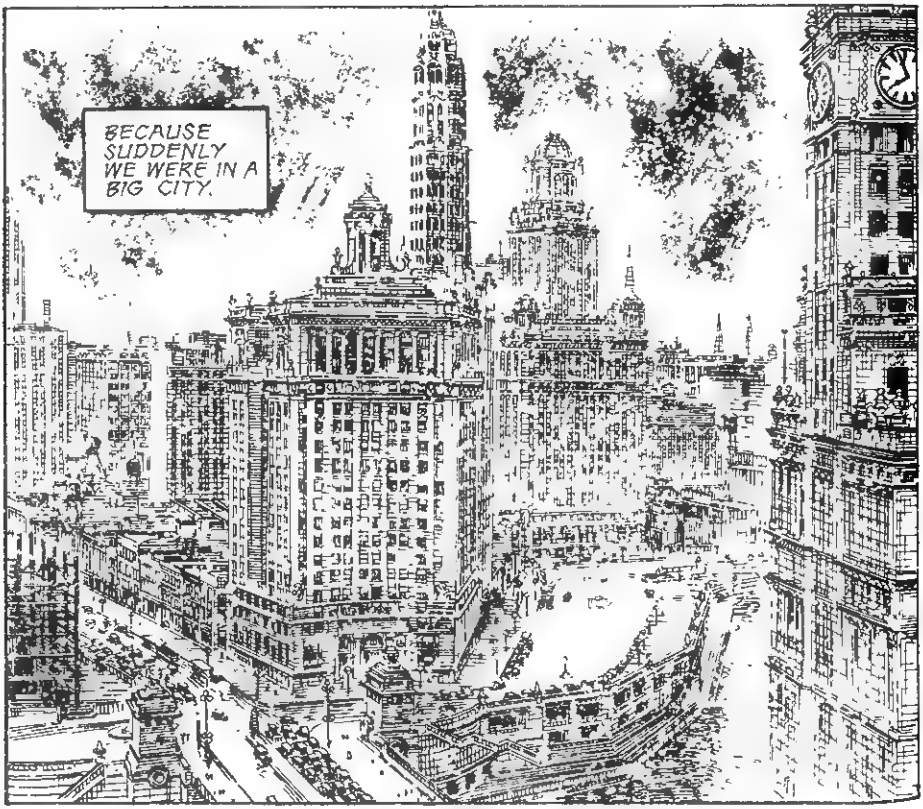
CHAPTER TWO:

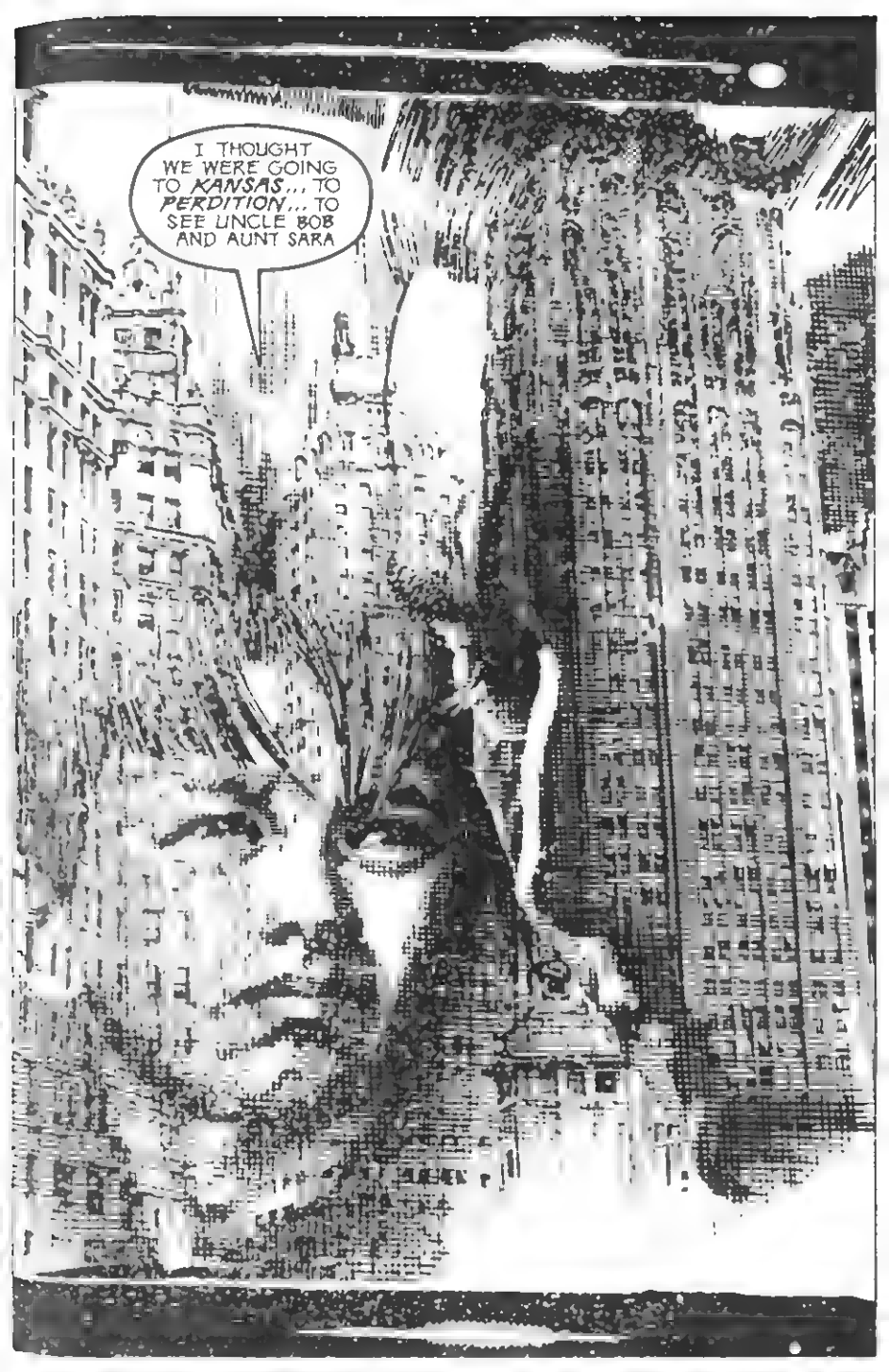
# VILLAGE OF THE DEAD

When I remember that night
my mother and brother Peter
were murdered by Old Man
Looney's crazy son,
Connor

I SLEPT LITTLE, AS MY FATHER DROVE SILENTLY ALONG BACK ROADS, THROUGH MOONLIT COUNTRYSIDE...

BUT, AT SOME POINT, I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP


BECAUSE SUDDENLY WE WERE IN A BIG CITY.


I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO *KANSAS*... TO *PERDITION*... TO SEE UNCLE BOB AND AUNT SARA

"I DECLARED WAR LAST NIGHT," PAPA REMINDED ME.
"WE NEED TO MAKE THIS STOP ALONG THE WAY— TO MAKE SURE EXACTLY WHERE THE BATTLE LINES ARE DRAWN..."
WHAT IS THIS TOWN, PAPA? IT'S SO BIG... IS THIS CHICAGO?
YES.

"THERE'S A MAN HERE WHO RUNS THINGS. I'VE DONE WORK FOR HIM, AT MISTER LOONEY'S BEHEST. I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHERE THIS BIG FELLA STANDS."

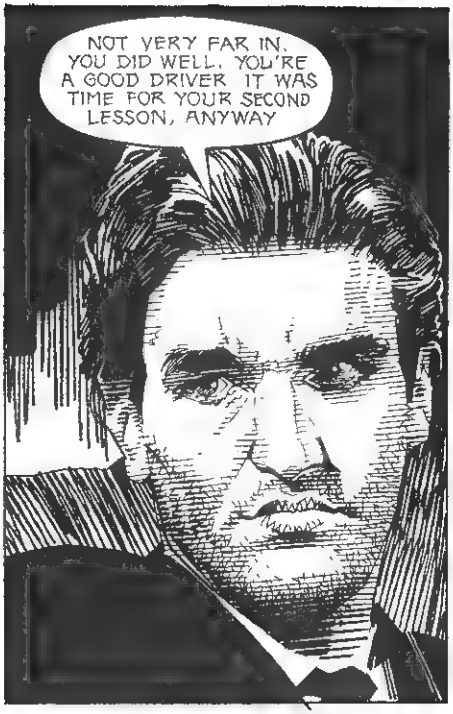
WE PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A BIG HOTEL. I NEVER SAW THE THINGS MY FATHER DID INSIDE OF THERE, THAT MORNING, BUT I'VE READ THE BOOKS, THE RECONSTRUCTIONS BY THE SO-CALLED "TRUE CRIME" WRITERS.

ALL I KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT I SAT OUTSIDE.. AND THAT I FELT BOTH FRIGHTENED, AND PROUD... PROUD THAT MY FATHER TRUSTED ME WITH THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR

YOU WANT *ME* TO DRIVE?

YOU REMEMBER THAT AFTERNOON WE SPENT, DRIVING COUNTRY ROADS? YOU DID FINE.

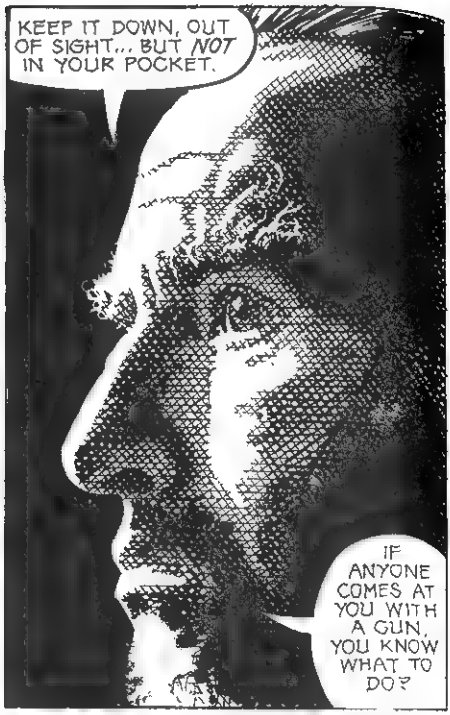
I REMEMBER I DROVE US INTO A *DITCH!*


NOT VERY FAR IN. YOU DID WELL. YOU'RE A GOOD DRIVER. IT WAS TIME FOR YOUR SECOND LESSON, ANYWAY.

IN *CHICAGO--?*

YOU STILL HAVE THAT LITTLE *GUN* I GAVE YOU--?

YES, SIR.


KEEP IT DOWN, OUT OF SIGHT... BUT *NOT* IN YOUR POCKET.
IF ANYONE COMES AT YOU WITH A GUN, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

SHOOT?

YES.

WHERE SHOULD I AIM? COULD I JUST SHOOT AT THEIR LEGS? *TOM MIX* SHOOTS THE GUNS OUT OF PEOPLE'S HANDS.

TOM MIX ISN'T REAL. SHOOT AT THEIR HEADS, IF THEY'RE CLOSE ENOUGH...

...OR THEIR CHESTS, IF YOU NEED A BIGGER TARGET.

WHAT IF A *POLICEMAN* COMES?

THERE *ARE* NO POLICE IN CHICAGO...

...JUST KILLERS IN BLUE UNIFORMS.
IF I'M NOT BACK IN HALF AN HOUR, GO.
GO WHERE, PAPA--?
TO THE FIRST CHURCH YOU SEE IN THE FIRST TOWN THAT ISN'T CHICAGO.
HAVE THEM CONTACT YOUR UNCLE AND AUNT.
PAPA... I'M AFRAID!
GOOD.

HERALD
MACHINE
USES PRESID
AND GIRL TO
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE LEXINGTON HOTEL THAT WINTER MORNING. MY FATHER TOLD ME NOTHING THE "TRUE CRIME" BOOKS PROVIDE SPECULATION.
BUT I KNOW MY FATHER — AND HIS WAYS — BETTER THAN ANY HISTORIAN.
ARE YOU LOST, BUD?
Lexington Hotel
NO.
IF YOU GOT BUSINESS HERE, YOU BETTER STATE IT.

I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MISTER CAPONE.

NO KIDDIN'? WELL, MR. CAPONE AIN'T HERE MR. *CAPONE* IS OUTTA TOWN ON *BUSINESS*.

DID I SAY "CAPONE?" I MEAN *MR. NITTI*. MY MISTAKE

YOU AIN'T ON MY *LIST*.

LIKE TO BE ON MINE?

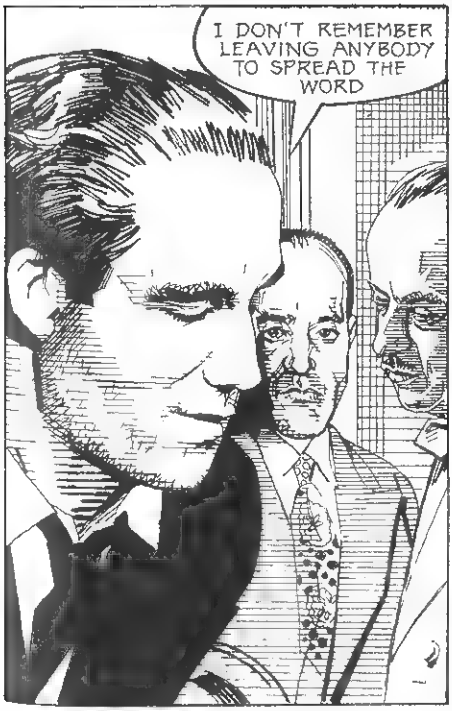
HEY... I *KNOW* YOU!

YOU'RE THE *ANGEL*! TONY— THIS GUY IS THE *ANGEL*...

MY APOLOGIES, MR. O'SULLIVAN.
DON'T MENTION IT

YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF JOBS FOR MR. CAPONE.
AND MR NITTI.

QUITE A REPUTATION YOU GOT.
I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT HAPPENED
HOW DO YOU MEAN?


I DON'T REMEMBER LEAVING ANYBODY TO SPREAD THE WORD

GIN, YOU SON-OF-A--
WE GOT A VISITOR

MEANING NO DISRESPECT, MR. O'SULLIVAN, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO STAND FOR A FRISK.

CLEAN.
LET'S GO TO MR. NITTI'S OFFICE, THEN

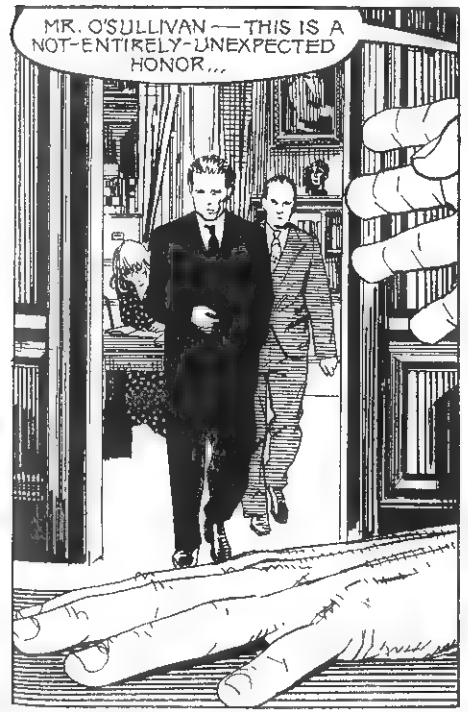
WHY NO HARDWARE?
THIS IS A FRIENDLY CALL. THAT WOULDN'T BE POLITE.

MR. O'SULLIVAN IS HERE TO SEE MR. NITTI.
I DON'T SEE HIM ON THE LIST...
WAIT A MINUTE— I *KNOW* MR. O'SULLIVAN. GO ON IN, SIR

MISS DOOLEY, MR. O'SULLIVAN HAS AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR NITTI
I'M SORRY — I DON'T SEE IT HERE WHEN DID YOU MAKE THIS APPOINTMENT? AND FOR WHAT TIME?
I'M MAKING IT NOW FOR RIGHT NOW.

CHECK WITH MR. NITTI, *O'SULLIVAN.*

SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOU, MR. NITTI, BUT THERE'S A MISTER O'SULLIVAN HERE TO —— *YES*, I'LL SEND HIM RIGHT IN


MR. O'SULLIVAN —— THIS IS A NOT-ENTIRELY-UNEXPECTED HONOR...

TONY! STAY OUTSIDE, WOULD YOU? MR. O'SULLIVAN AND ME, WE WANT OUR *PRIVACY.*

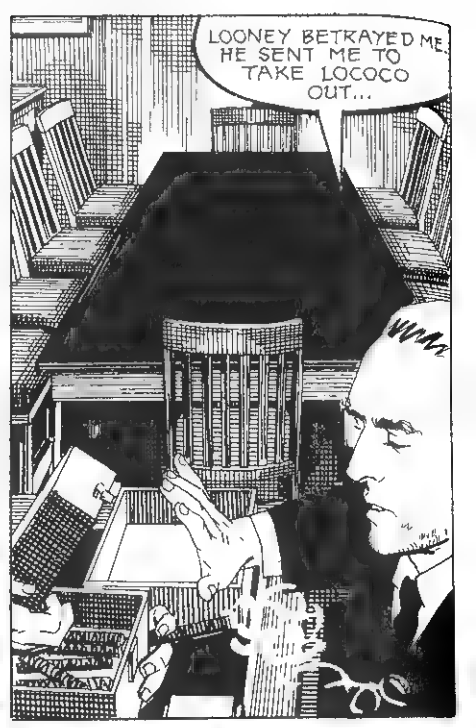
I'M PLEASED THAT IN YOUR TIME OF GRIEF YOU WOULD THINK OF US... OF ME...
PLEASE HAVE A SEAT

MR. CAPONE IS ATTENDING A MEETING AT ATLANTIC CITY. BUT I KNOW HE WILL BE *DISTRESSED* BY YOUR LOSS. HE'S A *FAMILY* MAN, TOO, AL IS...

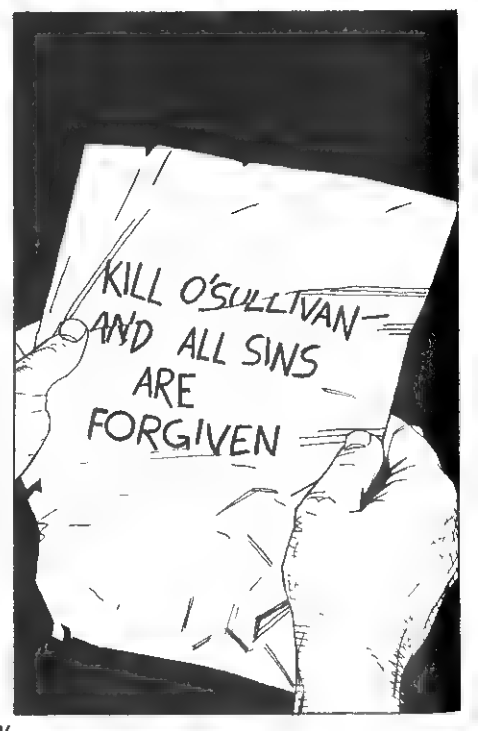
AND MAY I OFFER MY *PERSONAL* CONDOLENCES TO YOU ON YOUR TRAGIC LOSS...

THANK YOU. YOUR MEN DON'T SEEM AWARE OF MY... DIFFICULTIES

I TELL MY PEOPLE ONLY WHAT THEY NEED TO KNOW NOTHING'S HIT THE PAPERS YET... NOT EVEN THAT BUSINESS AT LOCOCO'S ROADHOUSE


LOONEY BETRAYED ME. HE SENT ME TO TAKE LOCOCO OUT...

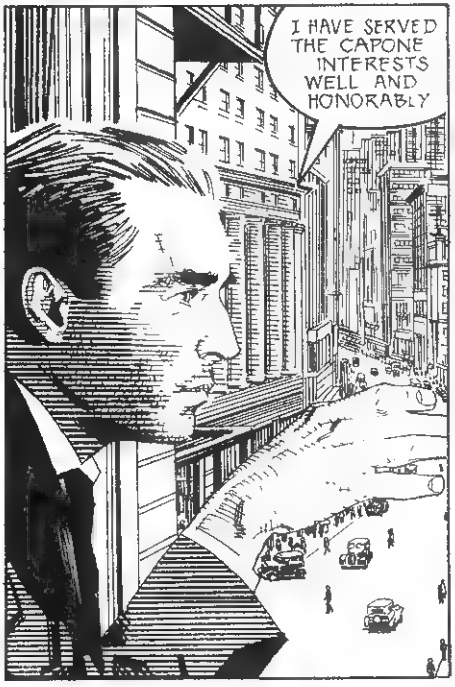
...BUT HE GAVE LOCOCO THIS.

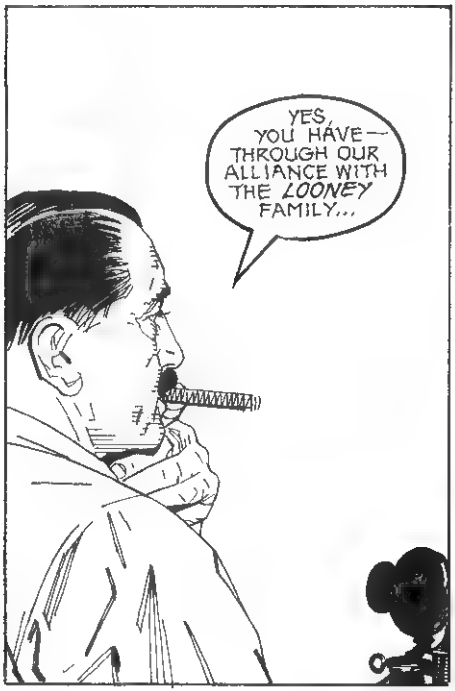

KILL O'SULLIVAN— AND ALL SINS ARE FORGIVEN

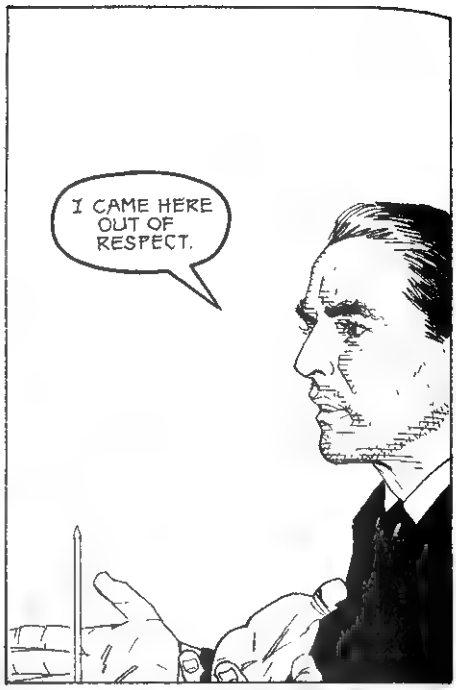
HE SENT YOU THERE TO DIE ..TO BE KILLED.

AND HE SENT HIS CRAZY SON CONNOR TO MY FAMILY. . TO KILL THEM

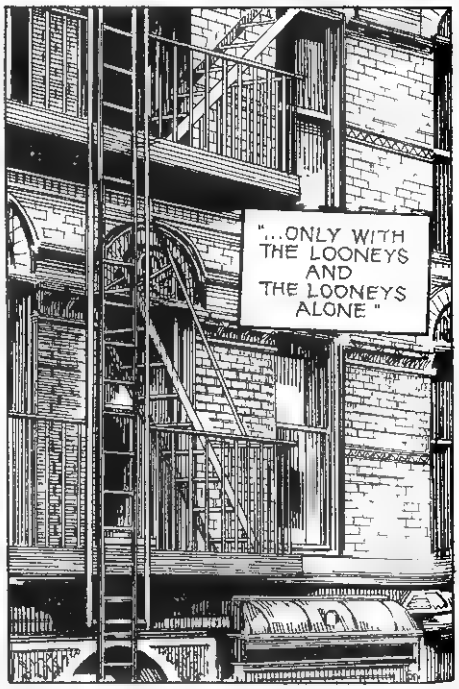
THERE'S NO *EXCUSE* FOR SUCH VICIOUS BEHAVIOR. WE'RE NOT ANIMALS — WE'RE *BUSINESSMEN.*

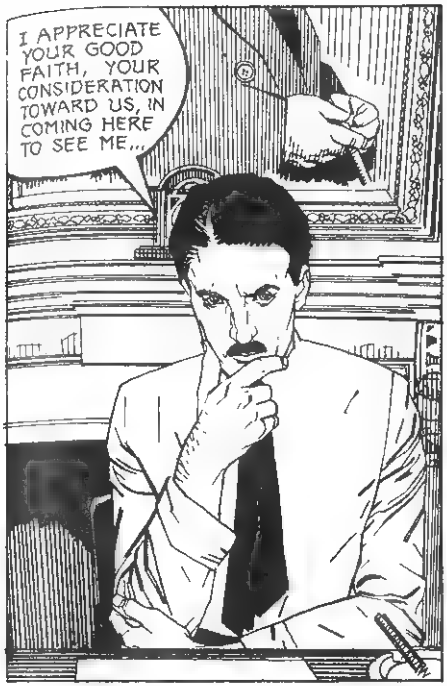

I HAVE SERVED THE CAPONE INTERESTS WELL AND HONORABLY


YES, YOU HAVE— THROUGH OUR ALLIANCE WITH THE *LOONEY* FAMILY...


I CAME HERE OUT OF RESPECT.

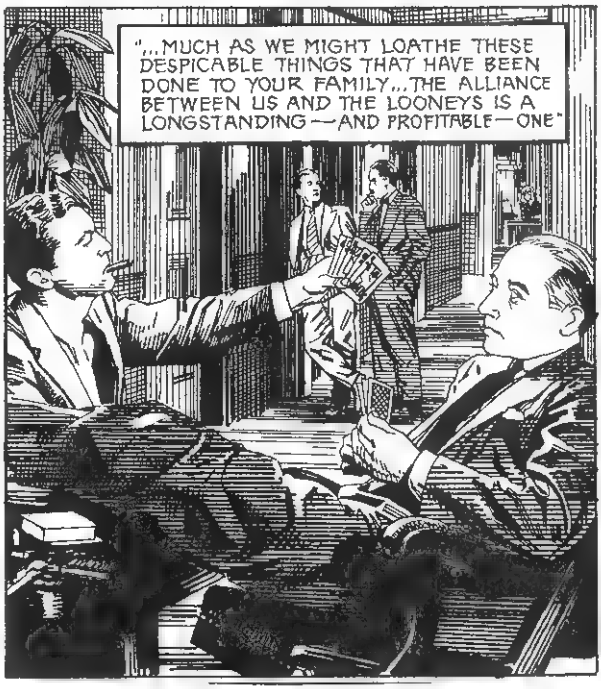
"MR. NITTI, THIS WAR I'VE DECLARED IS *NOT* WITH CHICAGO...


"...ONLY WITH THE LOONEYS AND THE LOONEYS ALONE."

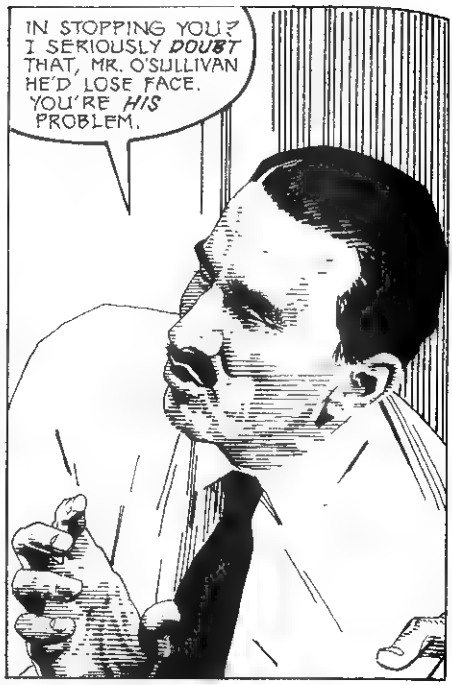

I APPRECIATE YOUR GOOD FAITH, YOUR CONSIDERATION TOWARD US, IN COMING HERE TO SEE ME...

...AND I KNOW *AL* WILL FEEL THIS WAY, TOO. I KNOW HE HOLDS *YOU*, AND YOUR *ABILITIES*, IN GREAT REGARD...

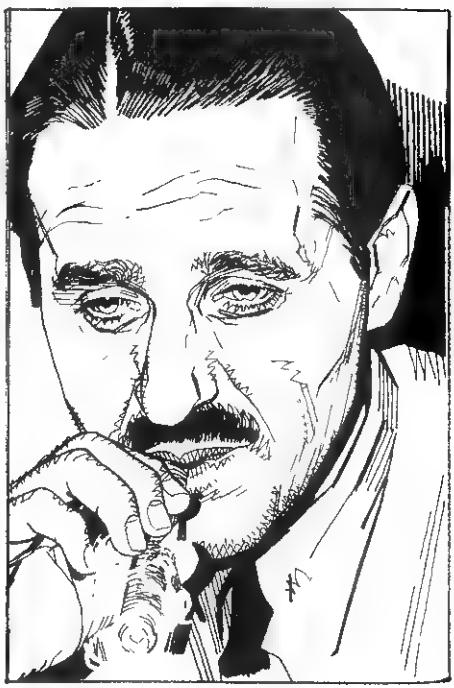
BUT YOU PUT US IN A *DIFFICULT* POSITION...


"...MUCH AS WE MIGHT LOATHE THESE DESPICABLE THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN DONE TO YOUR FAMILY...THE ALLIANCE BETWEEN US AND THE LOONEYS IS A LONGSTANDING—AND PROFITABLE—ONE"

SO, IF LOONEY ASKS YOU FOR *HELP*--


IN STOPPING YOU? I SERIOUSLY *DOUBT* THAT, MR. O'SULLIVAN HE'D LOSE FACE. YOU'RE *HIS* PROBLEM.

BUT HE'LL ASK YOU TO HIDE HIS SON— IF HE HASN'T *ALREADY*--

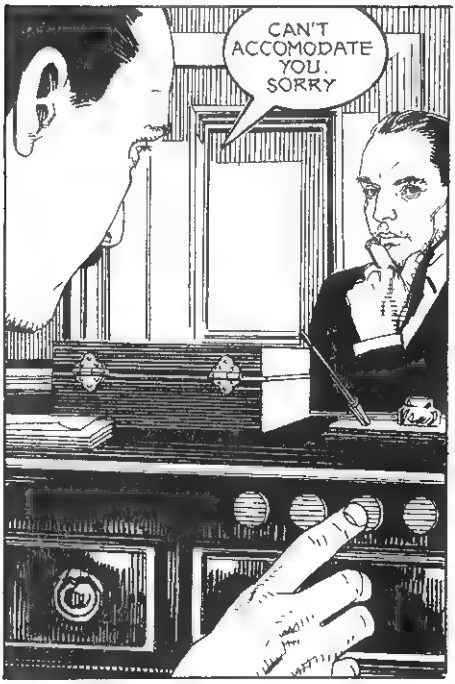


I DID NOT COME HERE TO ASK YOU TO TAKE SIDES. BUT IF LOONEY HAS MADE CONTACT WITH YOU, I HAVE NO CHOICE...

"...MR. NITT! — GIVE ME THE MURDERER OF MY WIFE AND MY BOY, AND I WILL SERVE YOU AS A LOYAL SOLDIER."

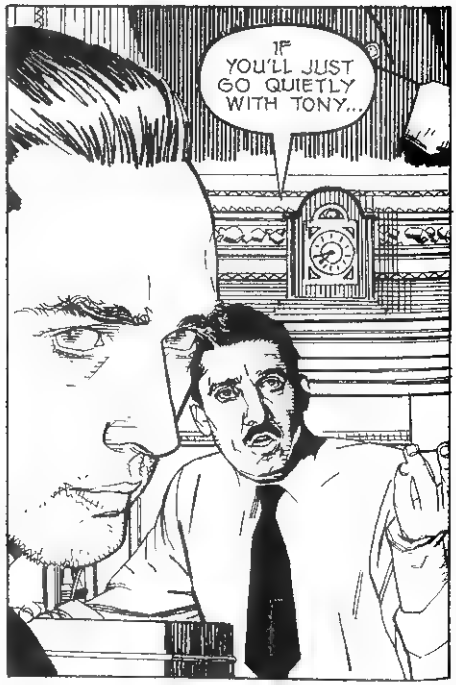
YOU'D MAKE A HELL OF AN *ASSET*, I ADMIT...

"...BUT, AS I SAID, MR. O'SULLIVAN — WE ARE *BUSINESSMEN*. AND THIS IS, ULTIMATELY, A MATTER OF BUSINESS. AND WE DO A *LOT* OF BUSINESS WITH THE LOONEYS."

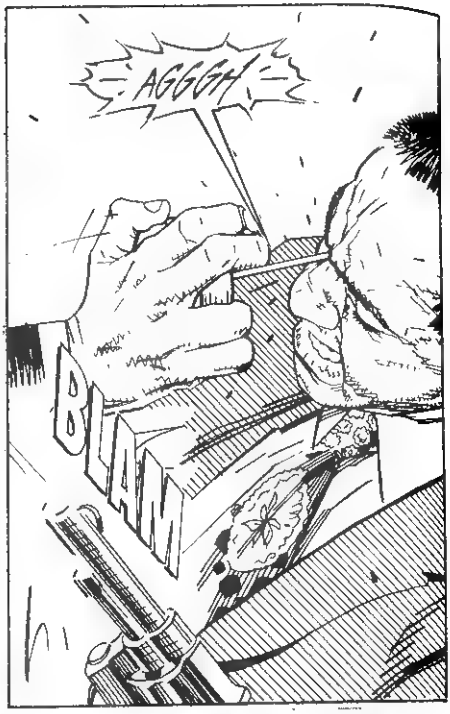

CAN'T ACCOMODATE YOU. SORRY

BZZZZT
OH, DEAR— MR. NITTI HIT THE RED BUTTON...

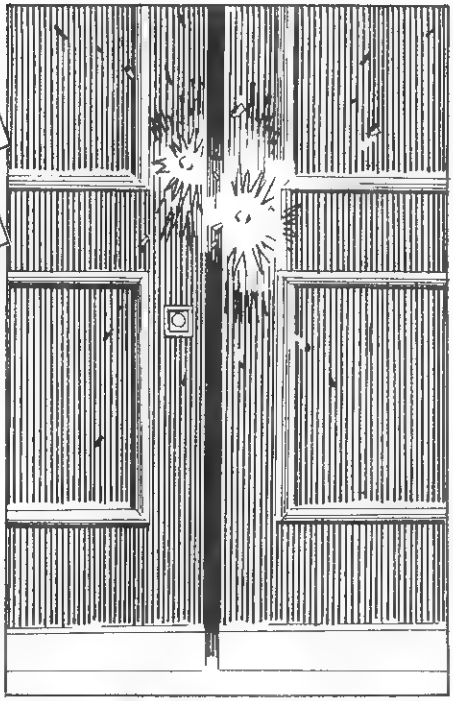
I'LL TAKE IT. YOU ALERT THE BOYS OUTSIDE THE DOOR, OKAY, KID? THEN I'D TAKE COVER IF I WERE YOU.


IF YOU'LL JUST GO QUIETLY WITH TONY...

YOU HEARD MISTER NITTI—
CLEARLY.
KILL O'SULLIVA


AGGGH
BLAM

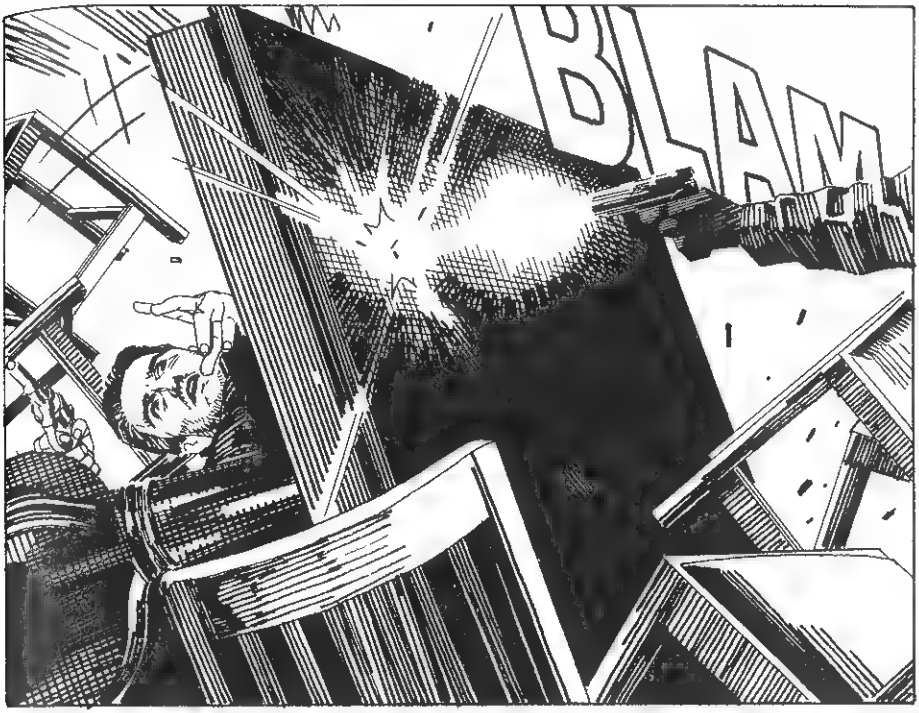
BLAM
BLAM



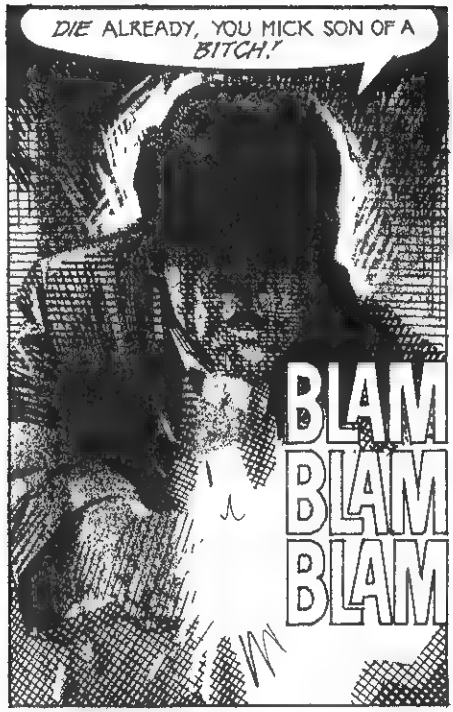
BOSS IS SAFE! BLAST THE BASTARD!
BLAM

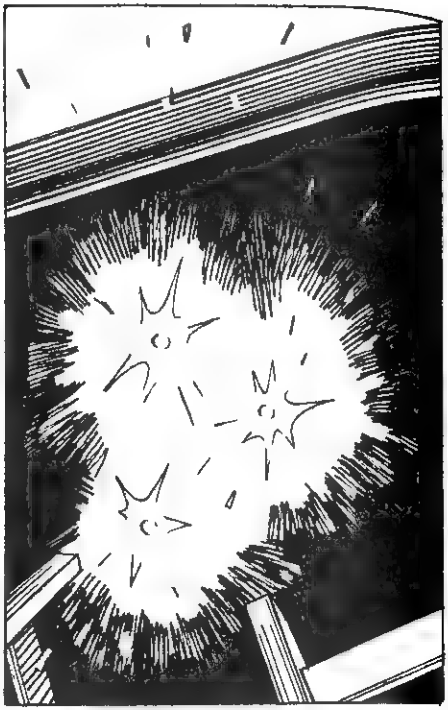
BLAM

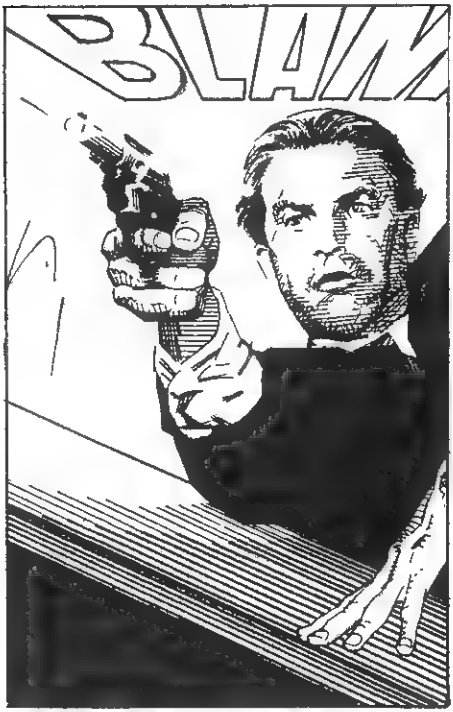
BLAM BLAM


BLAM

OH, GOD! HORRIBLE...
THAT DON'T SOUND GOOD...


DIE ALREADY, YOU MICK SON OF A BITCH!
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

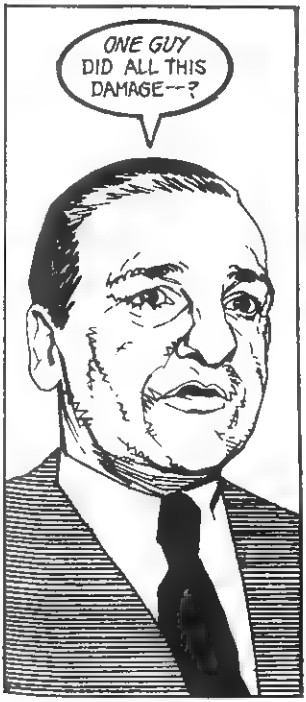



BLAM

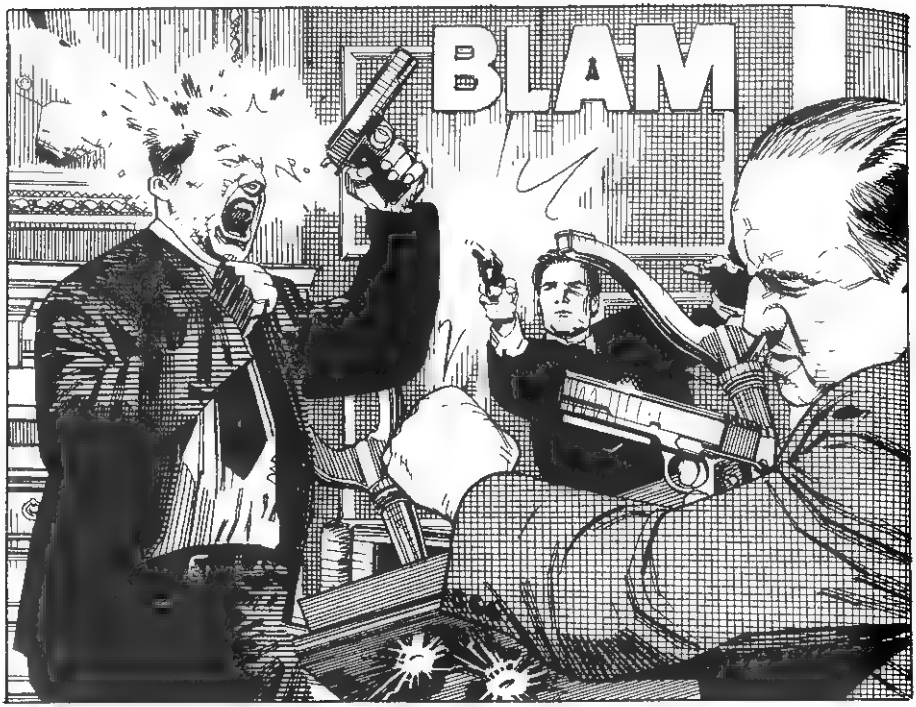
HURRY-
GET IN THERE!
CHECK THE
WINDOW.
HOLY
MOTHER
MARY--!
FOREMAN

IT'S A GODDAMNED SLAUGHTERHOUSE.
I DON'T SEE MR. NITTI —

BOSS MUST'VE MADE IT OUT THE WALL PANEL.
AND THE MICK MUST'VE MADE IT TO THE FIRE ESCAPE.


ONE GUY DID ALL THIS DAMAGE--?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT GUY WAS? THAT WAS THE GODDAMN ANGEL...

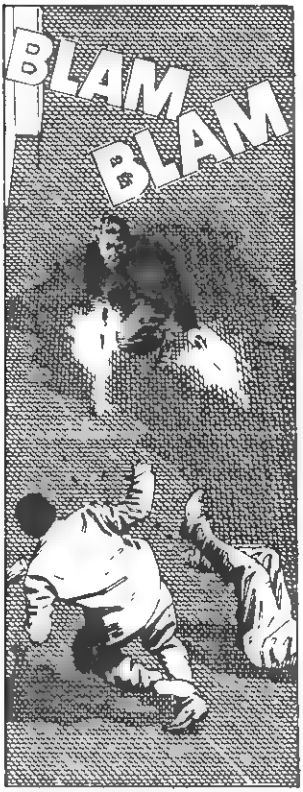

BLAM

BLAM

WHY DIDN'T MY FATHER SLIP OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE, THEN?
WHY DID HE REINFORCE HIMSELF WITH THE DEAD MEN'S GUNS AND GO OUT INTO INEVITABLE CARNAGE?

PERHAPS HE HAD A POINT TO MAKE.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM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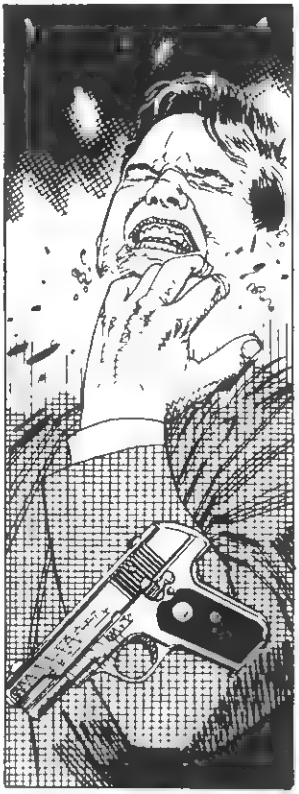
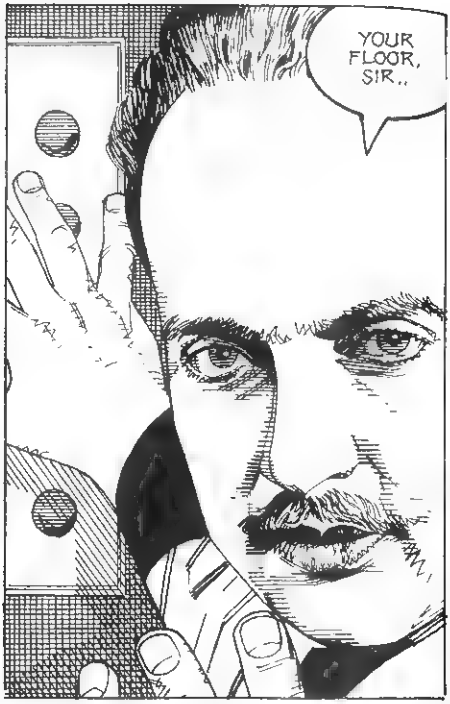


GOING..
...DOWN?

STOP AT THE MEZZANINE...
YESSIR...


YOUR FLOOR, SIR..

BLAM
WHAT THE HELL--?

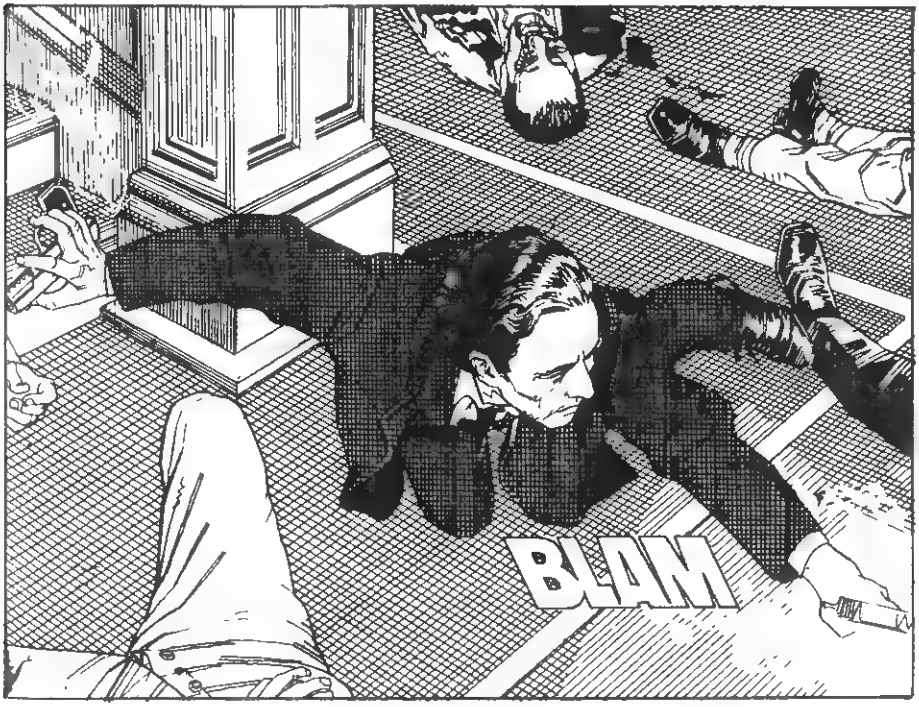
IT CAME FROM UP ON THE MEZZANINE--

WERE THOSE GUNSHOTS?
Lexington Hotel

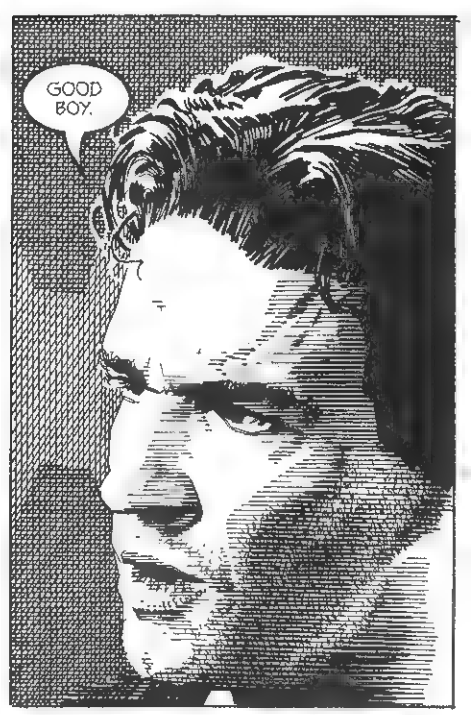
IS IT THE MICK?
I DON'T SEE ANYBODY...

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
LOOK OUT! BASTARD'S COMIN' DOWN THE BANNISTER!

BLAM
AGGGKH!


BLAM

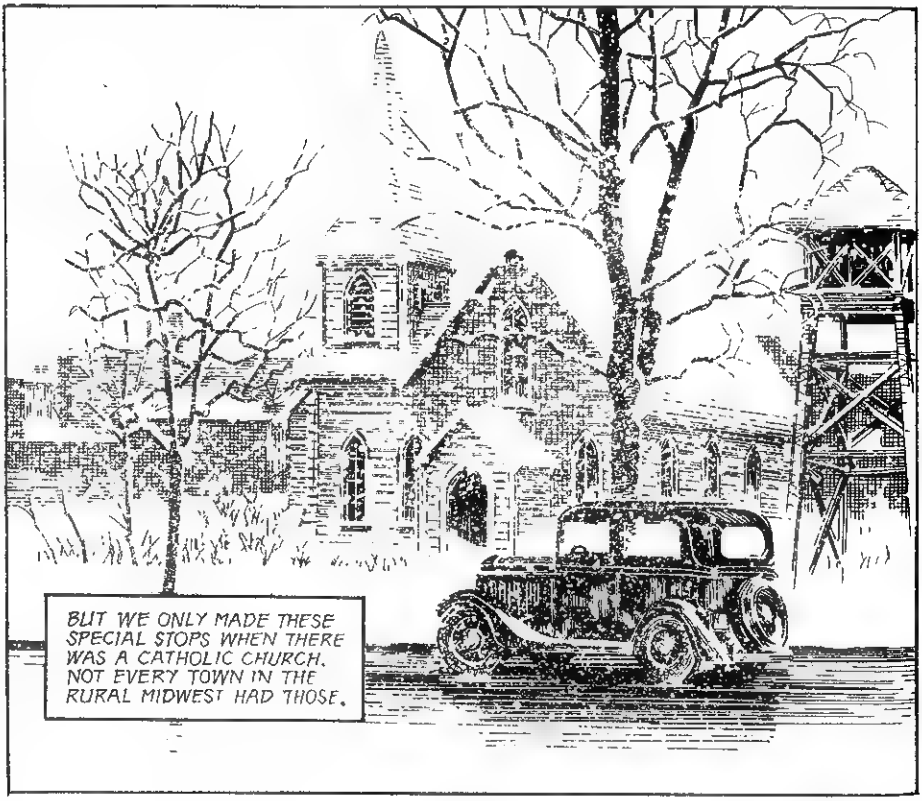
MY FATHER LOOKED CALM EXITING THE FRONT OF THE HOTEL...
SCOOT OVER, SON NOT TIME FOR YOUR SECOND DRIVING LESSON JUST YET.
I HEARD SHOTS
WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE?

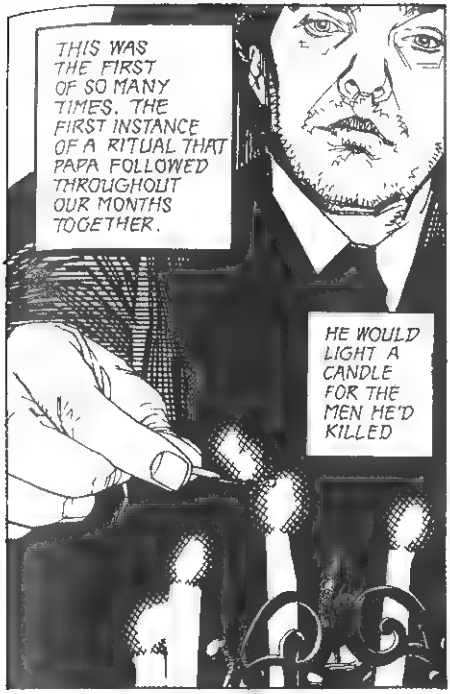


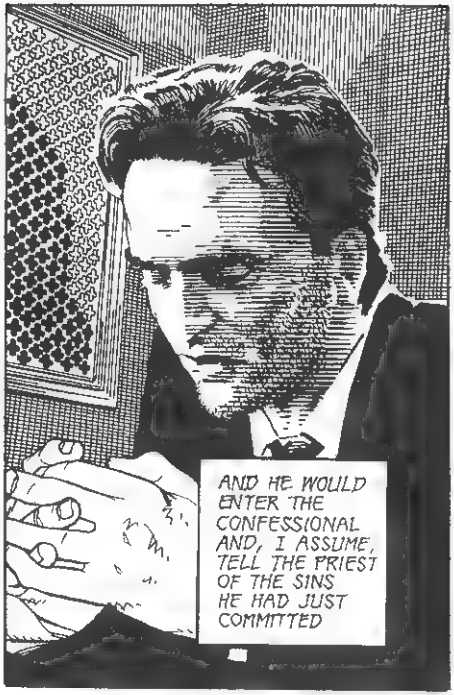

"PAPA... THIS MEANS YOUR MEETING WITH THE BIG MAN WENT *BADLY*, DOESN'T IT?"

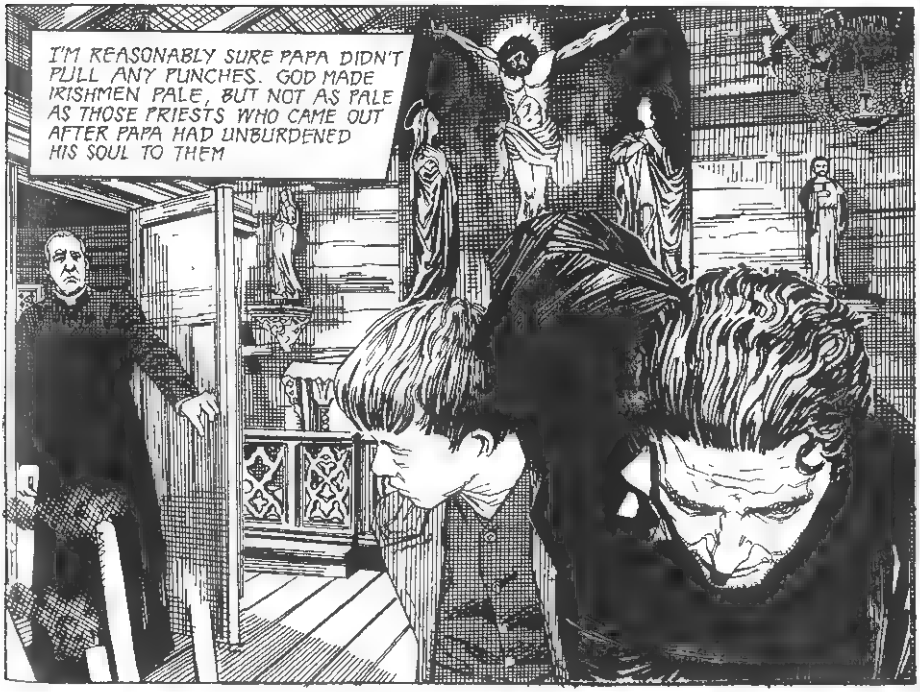
"NOT REALLY, SON. AT LEAST NOW EVERYONE KNOWS WHERE THEY STAND..."

It was maybe an hour later when we stopped in the little town. I don't remember its name; we moved through so many little towns in those days, farm communities with town squares and quiet streets. This was only the first of many, somewhere in Illinois.




THIS WAS THE FIRST OF SO MANY TIMES. THE FIRST INSTANCE OF A RITUAL THAT PAPA FOLLOWED THROUGHOUT OUR MONTHS TOGETHER.
HE WOULD LIGHT A CANDLE FOR THE MEN HE'D KILLED


AND HE WOULD ENTER THE CONFESSIONAL AND, I ASSUME, TELL THE PRIEST OF THE SINS HE HAD JUST COMMITTED


I'M REASONABLY SURE PAPA DIDN'T PULL ANY PUNCHES. GOD MADE IRISHMEN PALE, BUT NOT AS PALE AS THOSE PRIESTS WHO CAME OUT AFTER PAPA HAD UNBURDENED HIS SOUL TO THEM

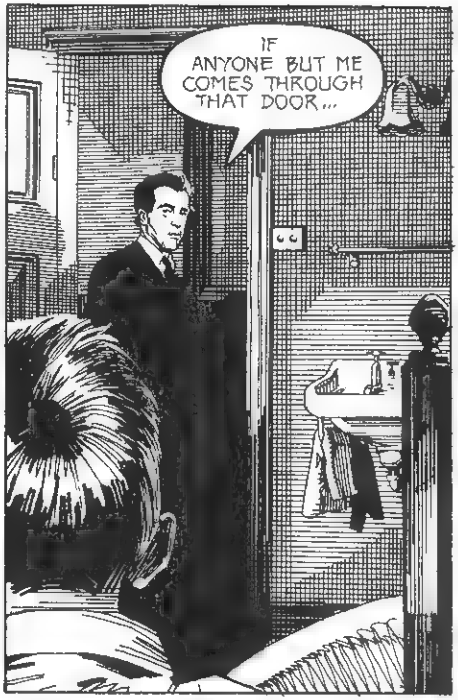
I DO REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE TOWN WE STAYED IN THAT NIGHT — ROCK FALLS, ILLINOIS. I REMEMBER BECAUSE I KNEW ROCK FALLS WAS FAIRLY CLOSE TO HOME AND IT CONFUSED ME

ARE WE HEADED TOWARD KANSAS, PAPA--?-- TOWARD *PERDITION?*

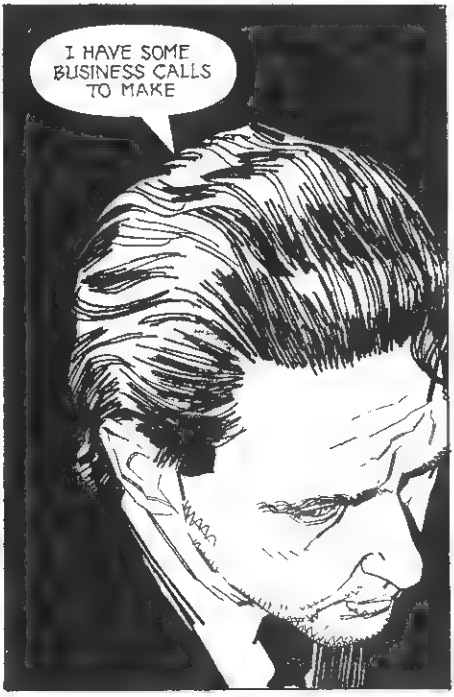
YES BUT FIRST WE NEED TO RETURN TO THE TRI-CITIES

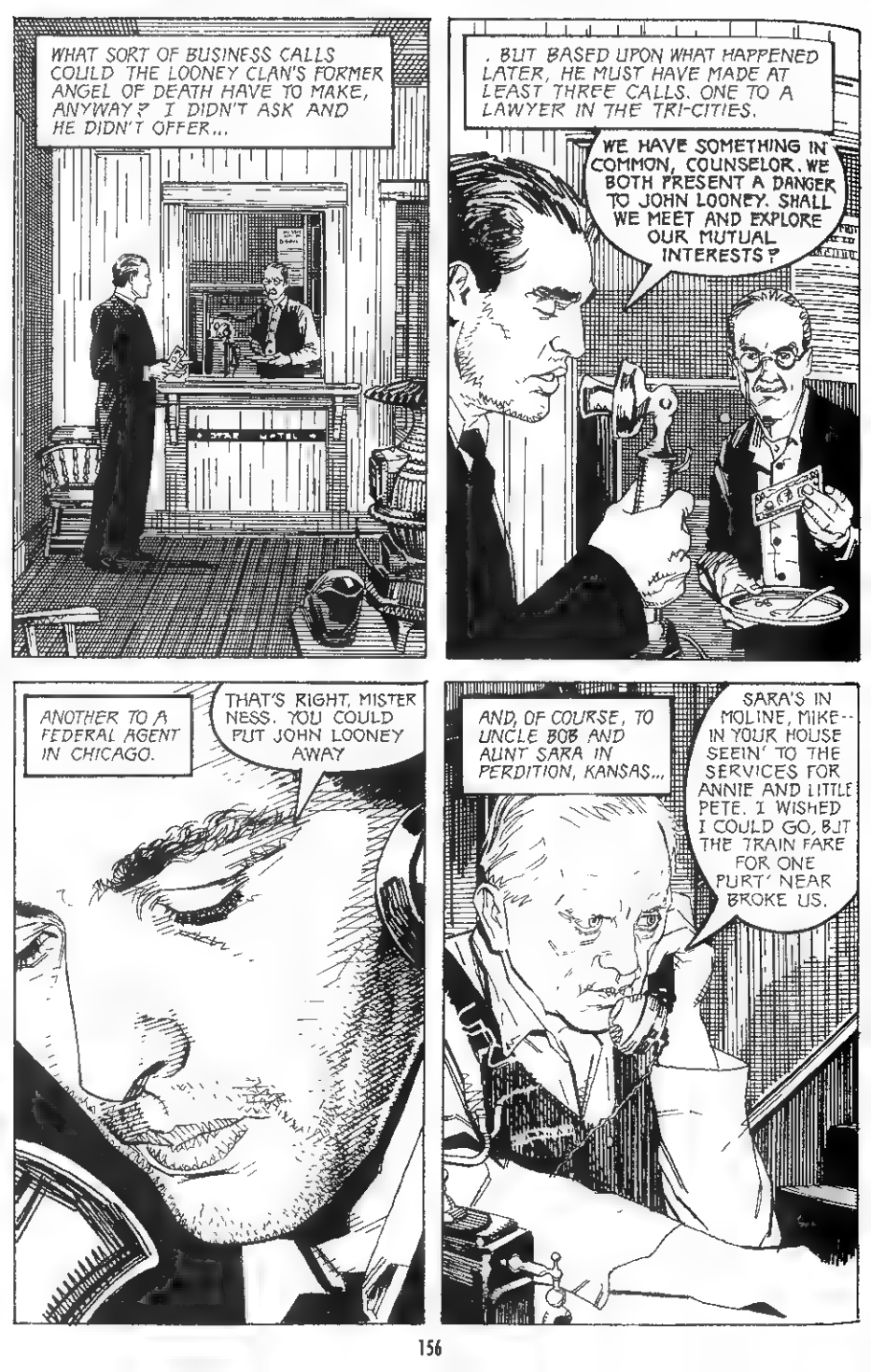
*PAPA!* THEY WANT TO *KILL* YOU THERE!

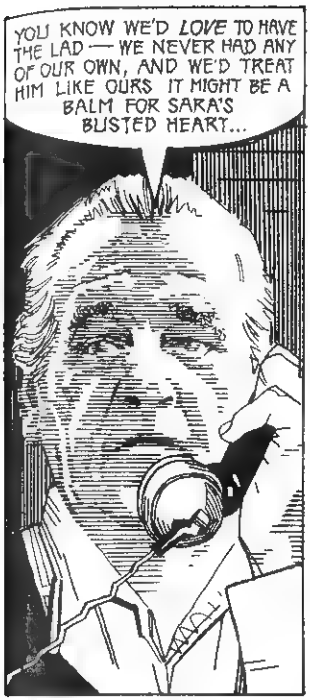
AFTER TODAY, SON, "THEY" WANT TO KILL ME *EVERYWHERE*... I HAVE TO USE THE PHONE IN THE OFFICE


IF ANYONE BUT ME COMES THROUGH THAT DOOR...

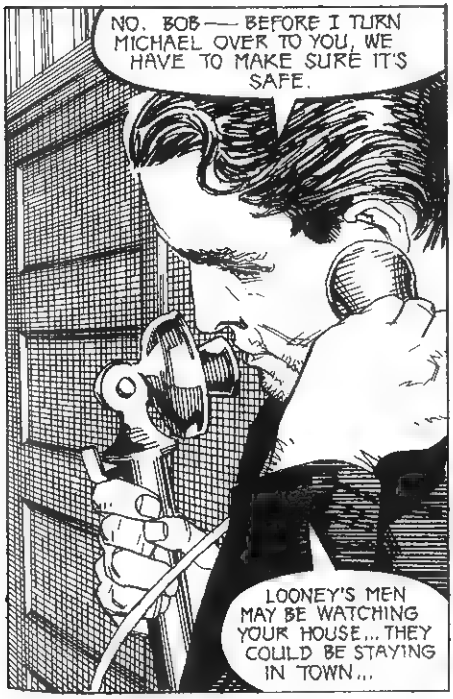
WHO ARE YOU *CALLING*, PAPA?


I HAVE SOME BUSINESS CALLS TO MAKE


WHAT SORT OF BUSINESS CALLS COULD THE LOONEY CLAN'S FORMER ANGEL OF DEATH HAVE TO MAKE, ANYWAY? I DIDN'T ASK AND HE DIDN'T OFFER...
STAR MOTEL
. BUT BASED UPON WHAT HAPPENED LATER, HE MUST HAVE MADE AT LEAST THREE CALLS. ONE TO A LAWYER IN THE TRI-CITIES.
WE HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON, COUNSELOR. WE BOTH PRESENT A DANGER TO JOHN LOONEY. SHALL WE MEET AND EXPLORE OUR MUTUAL INTERESTS?
ANOTHER TO A FEDERAL AGENT IN CHICAGO.
THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER NESS. YOU COULD PUT JOHN LOONEY AWAY
AND, OF COURSE, TO UNCLE BOB AND AUNT SARA IN PERDITION, KANSAS...
SARA'S IN MOLINE, MIKE-- IN YOUR HOUSE SEEIN' TO THE SERVICES FOR ANNIE AND LITTLE PETE. I WISHED I COULD GO, BUT THE TRAIN FARE FOR ONE PURT' NEAR BROKE US.


YOU KNOW WE'D *LOVE* TO HAVE THE LAD — WE NEVER HAD ANY OF OUR OWN, AND WE'D TREAT HIM LIKE OURS. IT MIGHT BE A BALM FOR SARA'S BUSTED HEART...

"SHE LOVED HER SISTER ANNIE LIKE LIFE ITSELF. BUT I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL *YOU* WHAT A SAINT ANNIE WAS, MIKE..."


NO, BOB — BEFORE I TURN MICHAEL OVER TO YOU, WE HAVE TO MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE.
LOONEY'S MEN MAY BE WATCHING YOUR HOUSE... THEY COULD BE STAYING IN TOWN...

UNDERSTOOD. GIVE IT TWO DAYS AND CALL ME BACK... IF THE CROWS ARE SITTIN' ON THE FENCE WITH THEIR EYES ON THE CORN, THIS OL' FARMER'LL SPOT 'EM...

THE NEXT MORNING MY FATHER TURNED OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY ONTO A GRAVEL ROAD. I THOUGHT WE WERE TAKING THE BACK ROADS, BUT HE HAD SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND.

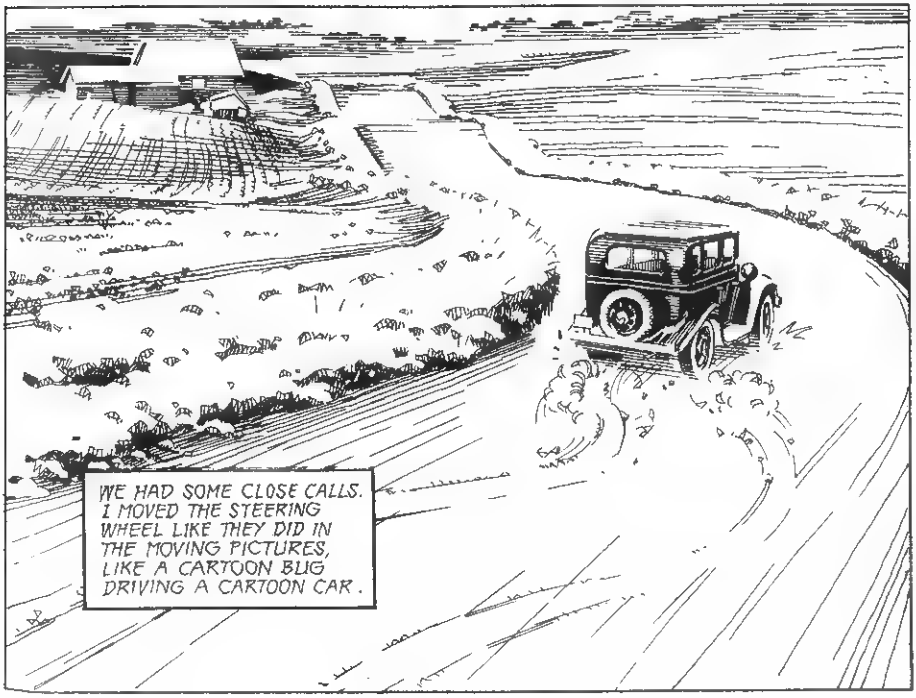
I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN ROCK ISLAND TONIGHT, BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK INTO TOWN BEFORE DARK.

PAPA PULLED OVER AND GOT OUT. TOLD ME TO DO THE SAME

GET BEHIND THE WHEEL. IT'S TIME FOR THAT DRIVING LESSON.

WE SAT THERE AND HE CALMLY TOLD ME ABOUT THE GEARS AND CLUTCH AND BRAKE AND I GRINNED AND NODDED, BUT I WAS SO EXCITED I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH I HEARD..

AND BEFORE LONG I WAS DRIVING — REALLY DRIVING!


WE HAD SOME CLOSE CALLS. I MOVED THE STEERING WHEEL LIKE THEY DID IN THE MOVING PICTURES, LIKE A CARTOON BUG DRIVING A CARTOON CAR.

AND WHEN I DIDN'T SEE THAT HAY WAGON AT THE CROSSROAD, I ACCOMPLISHED SOMETHING THAT LOONEY'S MEN AND THE CHICAGO GANGSTERS NEVER COULD

I TURNED MY FATHER'S FACE AS WHITE AS A SHEET, WHITE AS A GHOST, WHITE AS THE PRIEST STEPPING OUT OF THAT CONFESSIONAL.

THESE BRAKES ARE SWELL, PAPA — PAPA? ARE YOU SICK?

BUT HE STAYED WITH IT. HE STAYED AT IT. HE NEVER RAISED HIS VOICE.

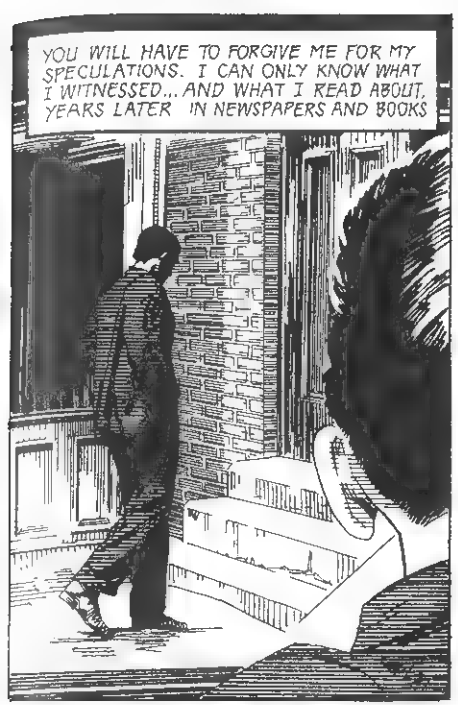
I'M FINE. YOU'RE DOING FINE. KEEP GOING ..

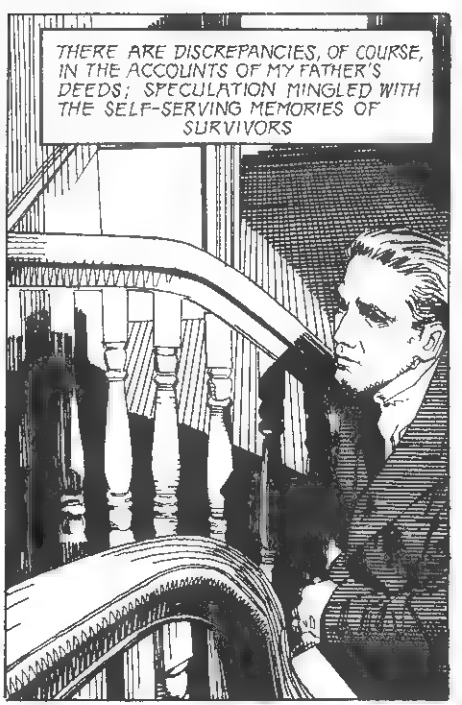
AND BY MID-AFTERNOON, I WAS READY FOR MY NEW JOB.

I THOUGHT I WAS JUST LEARNING TO DRIVE. IT HADN'T OCCURRED TO ME YET I WAS THE ANGEL'S GETAWAY MAN.

I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE BACK IN THE TRI-CITIES SO SOON RIDING THESE STREETS, EVEN AT NIGHT, MADE IT ALL SEEM LIKE IT NEVER HAPPENED

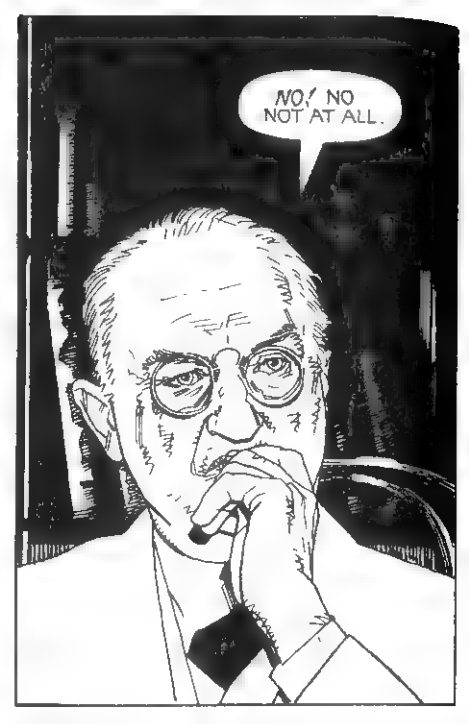
LIKE IF WE TURNED LEFT, AND THEN RIGHT, AND THEN LEFT A FEW BLOCKS, WE'D BE HOME AND MAMA AND PETER WOULD BE WAITING


YOU WILL HAVE TO FORGIVE ME FOR MY SPECULATIONS. I CAN ONLY KNOW WHAT I WITNESSED... AND WHAT I READ ABOUT, YEARS LATER IN NEWSPAPERS AND BOOKS


THERE ARE DISCREPANCIES, OF COURSE, IN THE ACCOUNTS OF MY FATHER'S DEEDS; SPECULATION MINGLED WITH THE SELF-SERVING MEMORIES OF SURVIVORS

ALEXANDER RANCE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
CAHILL & NOLAN
INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS
KITCHING MD
BUT IF I KNOW ANYTHING I KNOW MY FATHER — I KNOW WHAT RINGS TRUE ABOUT HIM AND WHAT DOESN'T HE HAS BEEN PORTRAYED AS A BUTCHER, AND HE WASN'T THAT AND AS A SAINT NOT THAT EITHER

ALEXAN
RANC
ATTOR
HELLO, RANCE. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME STOPPING BY A LITTLE EARLY

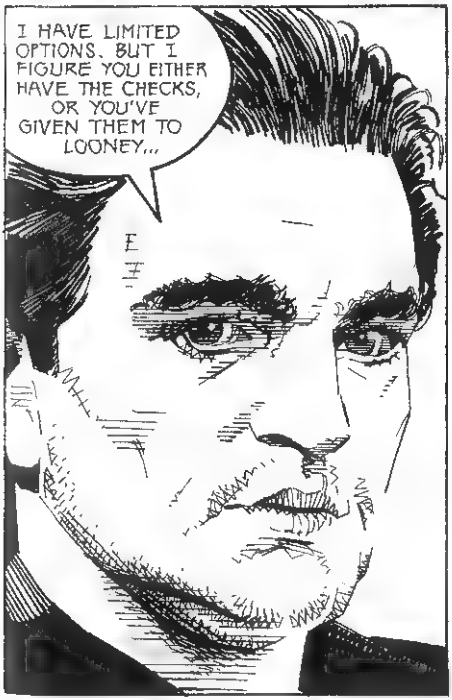

NO! NO NOT AT ALL.

YOU SEE, IF I CAN FIGURE OUT THAT YOU'VE GOT GABEL'S CANCELED CHECKS OLD MAN LOONEY CAN DO THE SAME
ALEXANDER RANCE
ATTORNEY AT LAW

BILL GABEL WAS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW LOONEY'S SON CONNOR SLAUGHTERED HIM. CAN YOU IMAGINE I'D EVER DO BUSINESS WITH BILL'S MURDERERS ?

YOU'RE A LAWYER. LAWYERS SEE THINGS FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES--

--AND AN ANGLE WHERE LOONEY LETS YOU LIVE MIGHT LOOK ATTRACTIVE
THEN WHY DID YOU RISK COMING HERE?


I HAVE LIMITED OPTIONS. BUT I FIGURE YOU EITHER HAVE THE CHECKS, OR YOU'VE GIVEN THEM TO LOONEY...

"...BECAUSE IF YOU'D DONE AS GABEL INSTRUCTED YOU—— HAND THEM OVER TO THE FEDS IN THE EVENT OF GABEL'S MURDER—— OLD MAN LOONEY WOULD HAVE LEGAL TROUBLE BY NOW."

I DIDN'T GIVE THEM TO LOONEY— BUT I DIDN'T GIVE THEM TO THE FEDS, EITHER. THEY'RE MY LIFE INSURANCE POLICY NOW

THEY WEREN'T MUCH OF A LIFE INSURANCE POLICY FOR YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW

IF I TURN THOSE CHECKS OVER TO YOU, O'SULLIVAN, I'M A DEAD MAN.

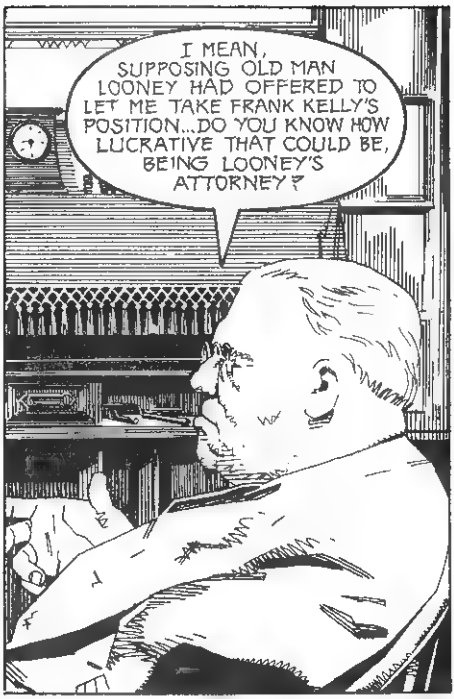
DID YOU KNOW FRANK KELLY? HE WAS ONE OF YOUR BROTHERS OF THE BAR— LOONEY'S LAWYER. I UNDERSTAND SOMEBODY SHOT HIM IN THE HEAD LAST NIGHT.

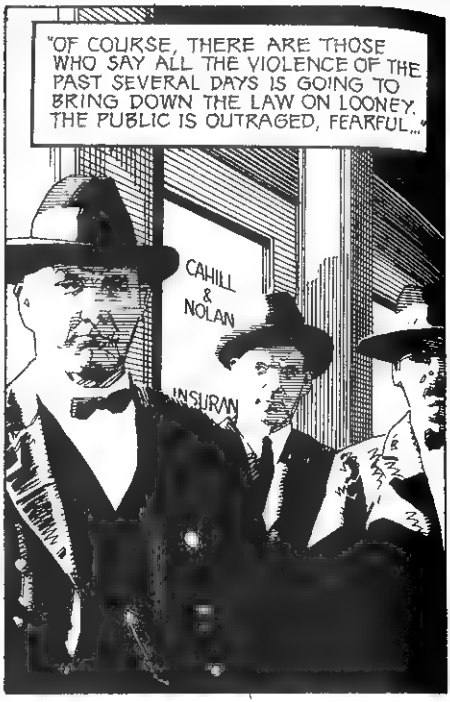
'O'SULLIVAN — YOU DON'T THINK I'D KEEP THEM *HERE*, DO YOU?"

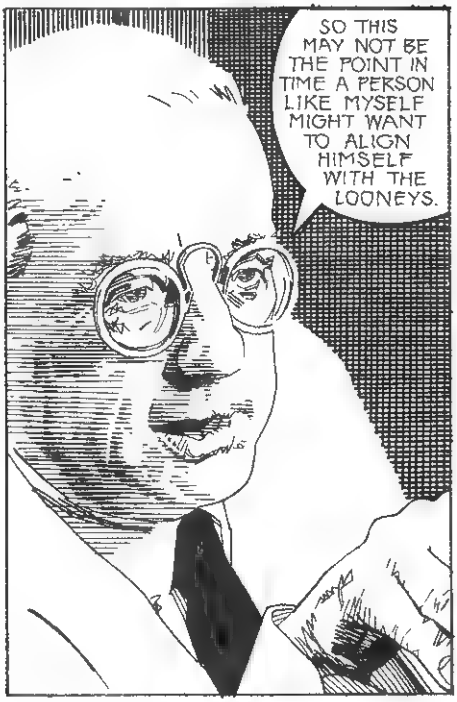
"HERE OR AT HOME, COUNSELOR — NOT IN A BANK SAFE DEPOSIT BOX."

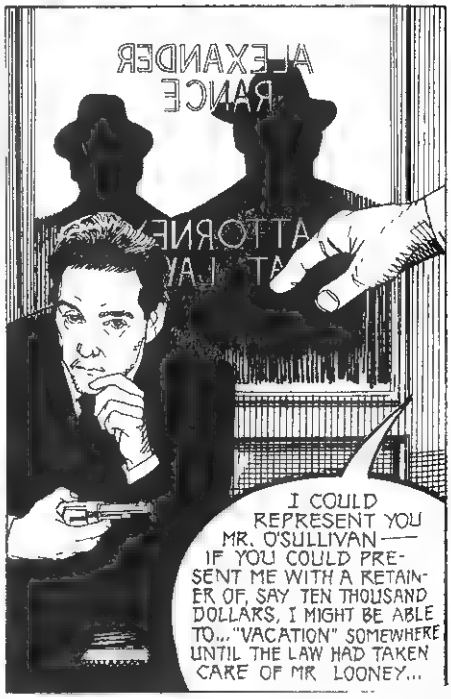
YOU MIGHT DECIDE TO TAKE A VACATION IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME NIGHT, AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO LEAVE YOUR "INSURANCE POLICY" BEHIND.
NO, I THINK THE CHECKS ARE RIGHT HERE, WHERE YOU CAN GET AT EM, EASILY

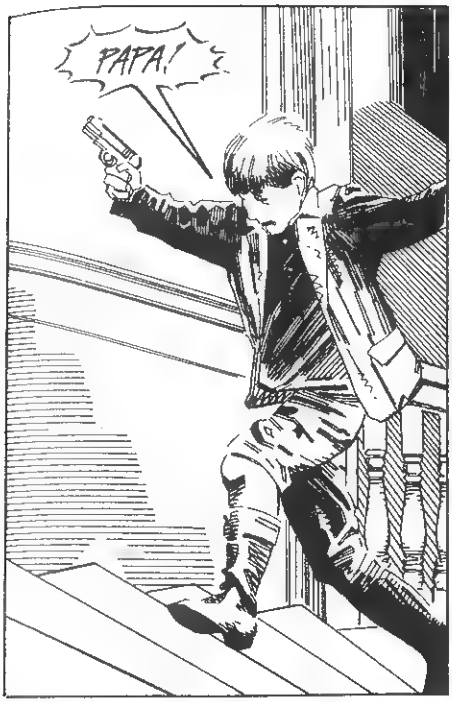
"IF I TURN THEM OVER TO YOU, O'SULLIVAN, WHAT DO I GET FOR IT?"


I MEAN, SUPPOSING OLD MAN LOONEY HAD OFFERED TO LET ME TAKE FRANK KELLY'S POSITION...DO YOU KNOW HOW LUCRATIVE THAT COULD BE, BEING LOONEY'S ATTORNEY?


"OF COURSE, THERE ARE THOSE WHO SAY ALL THE VIOLENCE OF THE PAST SEVERAL DAYS IS GOING TO BRING DOWN THE LAW ON LOONEY. THE PUBLIC IS OUTRAGED, FEARFUL..."
CAHILL & NOLAN
INSURAN

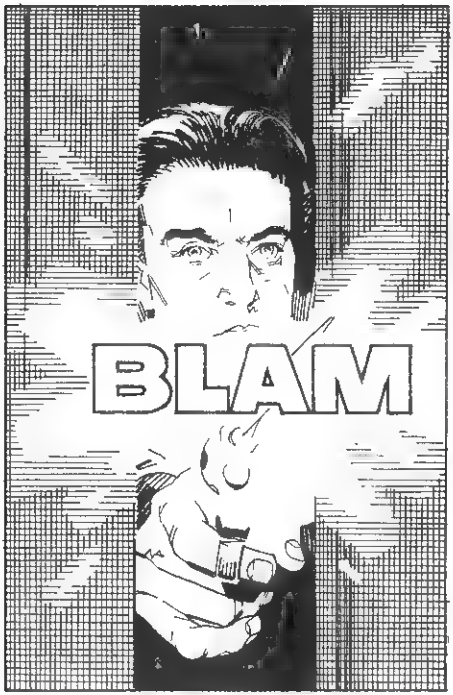

SO THIS MAY NOT BE THE POINT IN TIME A PERSON LIKE MYSELF MIGHT WANT TO ALIGN HIMSELF WITH THE LOONEYS.


I COULD REPRESENT YOU MR. O'SULLIVAN—— IF YOU COULD PRESENT ME WITH A RETAINER OF, SAY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO..."VACATION" SOMEWHERE UNTIL THE LAW HAD TAKEN CARE OF MR LOONEY...

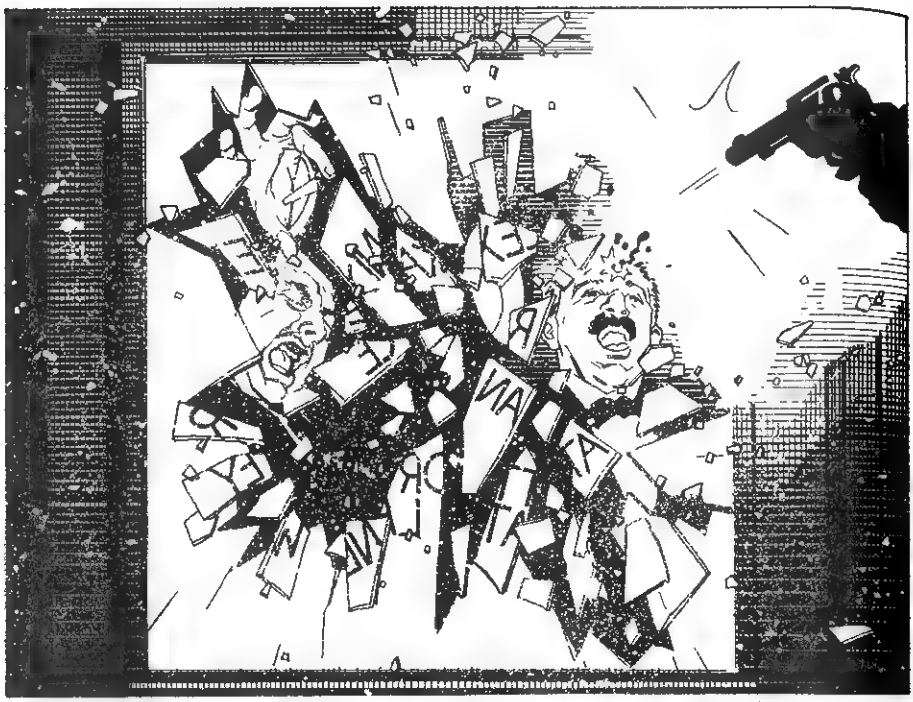

PAPA!

BLAM

HELL... EVERYBODY'S EARLY!


BLAM

SHIT...
ALEXANDE
RANCE
ALEXANDER
RANCE
ATTORNEY
AT LAW
BLAM



GET ON YOUR FEET, RANCE .. MICHAEL!

INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS

MICHAEL... I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CAR.

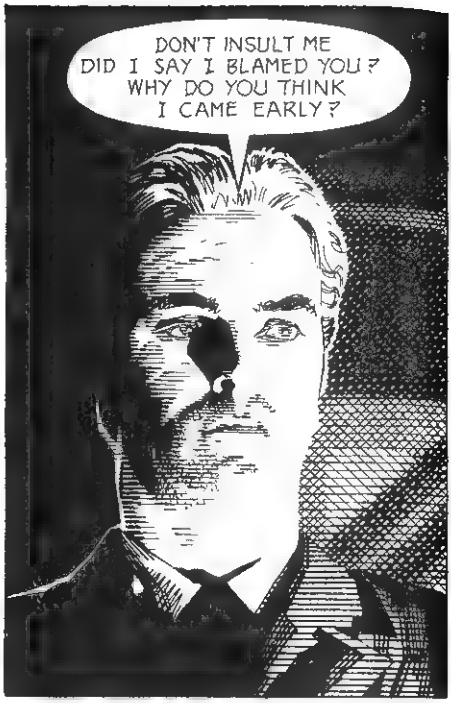
NOLAN

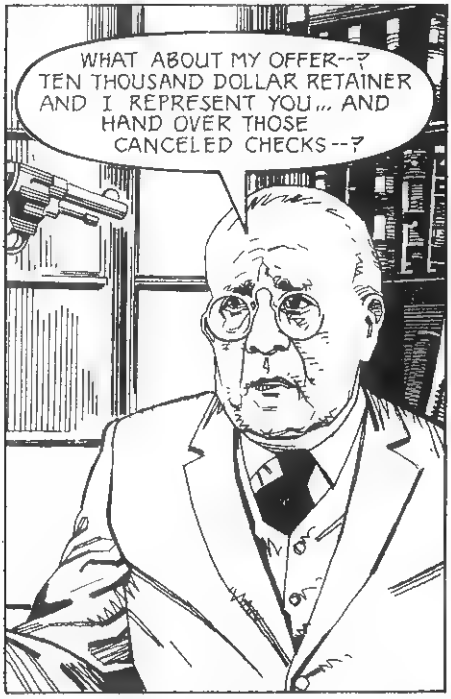
I'M... I'M SORRY, PAPA. SHOULD I... SHOULD I GO BACK DOWN--?

INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS

STAY WHERE YOU ARE DEAD MEN CAN'T HURT YOU... I HAVE TO FINISH MY BUSINESS WITH MR. RANCE

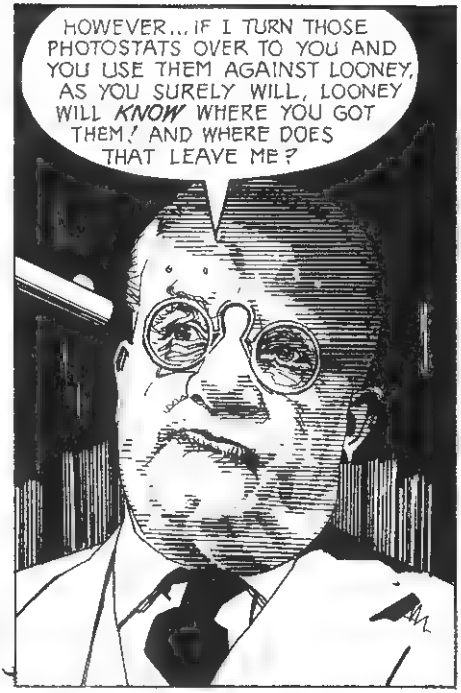
SO YOU DID TELL LOONEY I WAS COMING.
NO — I SWEAR...


DON'T INSULT ME DID I SAY I BLAMED YOU? WHY DO YOU THINK I CAME EARLY?


WHAT ABOUT MY OFFER--? TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR RETAINER AND I REPRESENT YOU... AND HAND OVER THOSE CANCELED CHECKS--?

I HAVE MY OWN OFFER. HAND OVER THE CHECKS OR GO INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH FRANK KELLY.

I DON'T *HAVE* THE CHECKS — I GAVE THEM TO LOONEY AS A SHOW OF GOOD FAITH... BUT I DID KEEP PHOTOSTATS OF THEM.

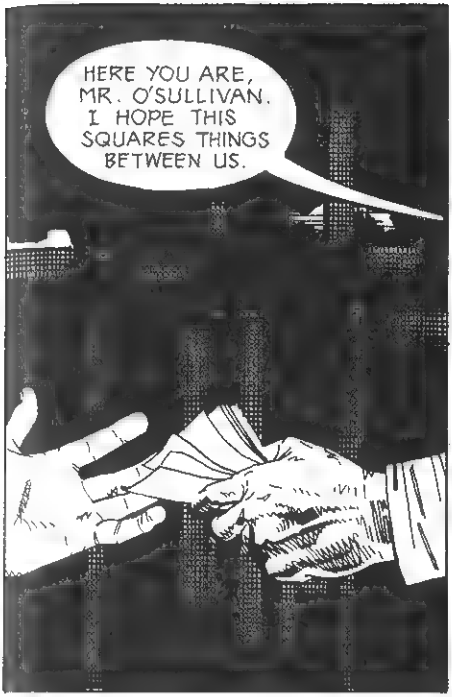

HOWEVER... IF I TURN THOSE PHOTOSTATS OVER TO YOU AND YOU USE THEM AGAINST LOONEY, AS YOU SURELY WILL, LOONEY WILL *KNOW* WHERE YOU GOT THEM! AND WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE ME?

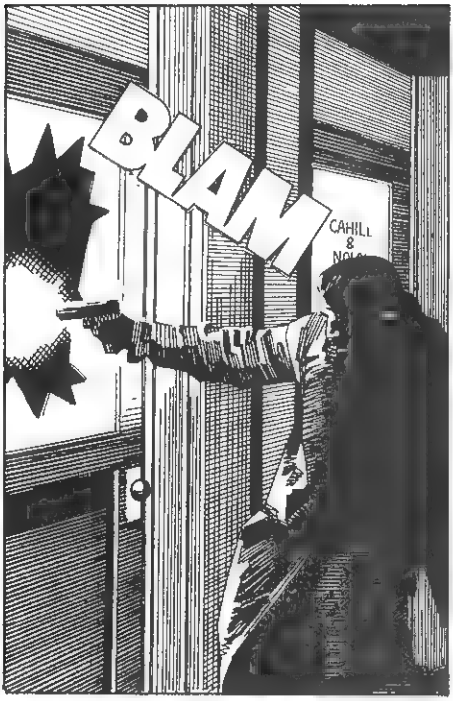
IF I GIVE YOU THE PHOTOSTATS, YOU HAVE TO HELP ME... YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE ME MONEY, JUST GIVE ME A WEEK BEFORE YOU USE THEM AGAINST LOONEY... GIVE ME TIME TO GET *AWAY* FROM HERE...

AGREED
GOOD! GOOD...

AS I SAID, ONCE LOONEY'S BEHIND BARS... PARTICULARLY IF YOU LOCATE HIS CRAZY SON AND REMOVE THAT PROBLEM..

...I MIGHT BE ABLE TO RETURN TO MY PRACTICE...


HERE YOU ARE, MR. O'SULLIVAN. I HOPE THIS SQUARES THINGS BETWEEN US.

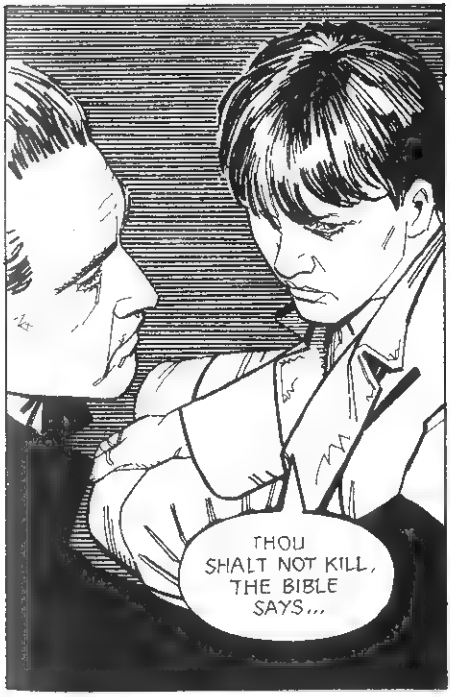

BLAM
CAHILL & NOLA

BLAM

FORGIVE ME, ANNIE.

PAPA — IS HE DEAD, PAPA?

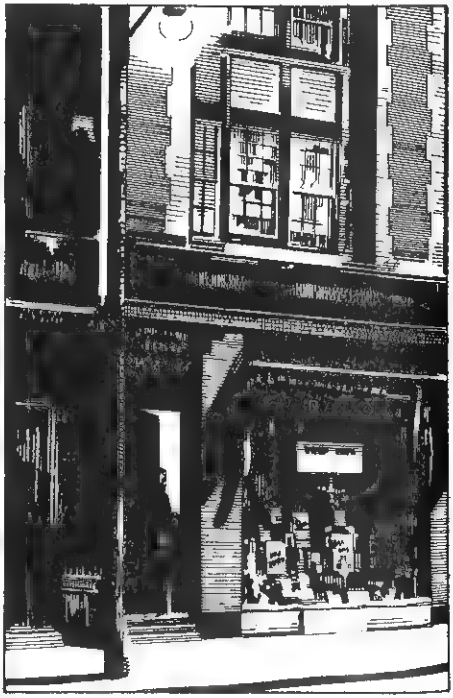
YES


THOU SHALT NOT KILL, THE BIBLE SAYS...

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HELL, PAPA
THIS IS HELL, MICHAEL

HE WAS RIGHT IT WAS HELL AND I'LL NEVER FORGET THE SMELL OF IT —— GUNPOWDER, BLOOD, URINE, EXCREMENT...

BUT I'LL ALSO NEVER FORGET THE TENDERNESS OF HOW PAPA CARRIED ME WHEN I WAS MUCH SMALLER, HE'D CARRIED ME UP THE STAIRS AND TO BED LIKE THIS.



LOOKS CLEAR
RUN AHEAD

YOU DRIVE.

MY FATHER WAS NO SAINT, BUT HE WAS NO BUTCHER

THE BIBLE ALSO SAYS HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER. YOU DID THAT TONIGHT, STOPPING THAT MAN.

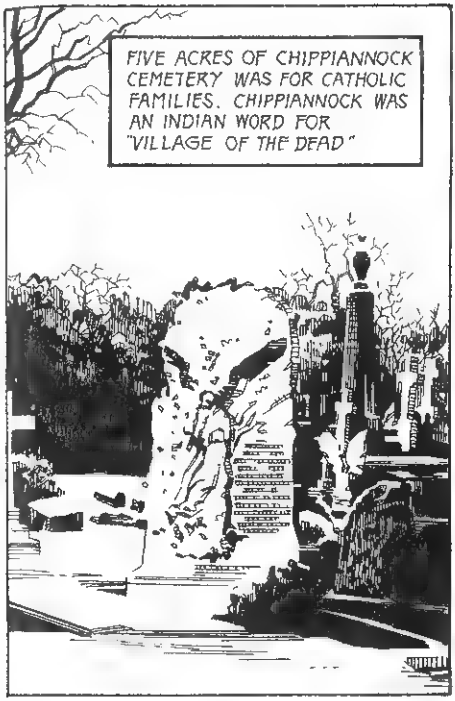
WE DROVE ONLY A FEW MILES TO A SMALL TOWN WHERE WE SLEPT IN THE CAR IN A PARK COME DAWN, WE HAD BREAKFAST IN A DINER

THEN PAPA TOOK THE WHEEL AND DROVE AROUND THE LITTLE TOWN TILL WE FOUND A CATHOLIC CHURCH

I FELT BETTER

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU
WHAT IS IT?

WE'RE GOING TO VISIT YOUR MOTHER.

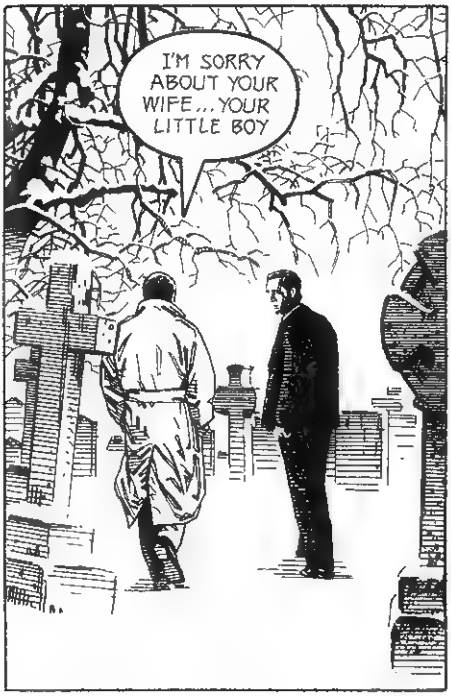

FIVE ACRES OF CHIPPIANNOCK CEMETERY WAS FOR CATHOLIC FAMILIES. CHIPPIANNOCK WAS AN INDIAN WORD FOR "VILLAGE OF THE DEAD"

WE HAD OUR GRAVESIDE GOODBYE AFTER ALL
WE SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT FLOWERS.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, SON IT'S TOO COLD FOR FLOWERS
PETER DAVID O'SULLIVAN 1922 1930
ANNE LOUISE O'SULLIVAN 1902 1930

IS MAMA COLD?
SHE'S FREE OF EARTHLY CONCERNS, SON

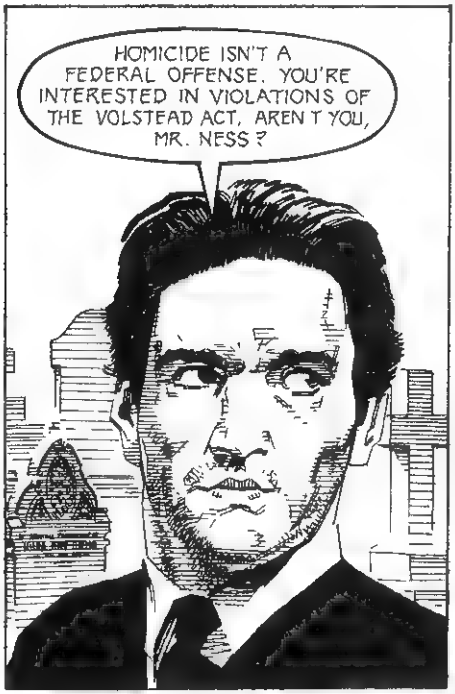
PAPA!

In Affecti
LOUISA
WHO DIED


I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR WIFE... YOUR LITTLE BOY

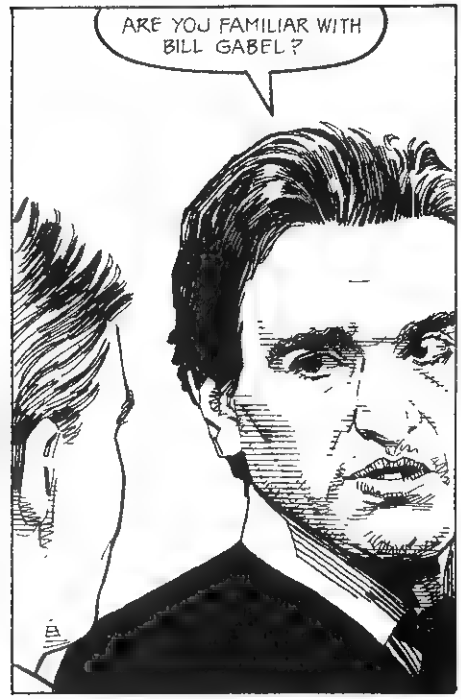
THANK YOU FOR AGREEING TO MEET ME HERE OTHERWISE MY SON AND I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THIS OPPORTUNITY TO VISIT HIS MOTHER AND BROTHER.

HOW DO YOU KNOW I WON'T TAKE YOU IN? YOU'RE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IN TWO CITIES FOR INVOLVEMENT IN TWO GANGLAND MASSACRES


HOMICIDE ISN'T A FEDERAL OFFENSE. YOU'RE INTERESTED IN VIOLATIONS OF THE VOLSTEAD ACT, AREN'T YOU, MR. NESS?

THAT'S TRUE AND JOHN LOONEY, AS ONE OF AL CAPONE'S CHIEF ALLIES IN THE ALKY TRADE, IS SOMEONE I'M KEENLY INTERESTED IN PUTTING AWAY...

YOU WERE LOONEY'S CHIEF ENFORCER — BUT RUMOR IS HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FAMILY.


ARE YOU FAMILIAR WITH BILL GABEL?

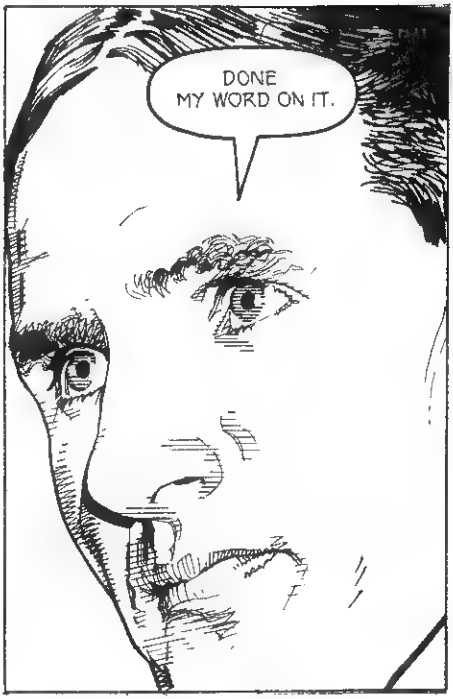
DIRTY COP, TURNED BOOTLEGGER

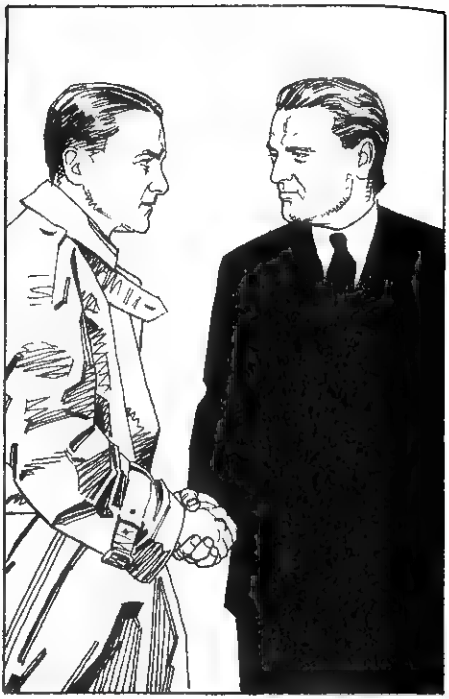
"KILLED NOT LONG AGO. HE WAS BUCKING LOONEY'S LEADERSHIP IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD...YOU WERE RUMORED TO BE PART OF THAT, MR O'SULLIVAN

I'M NOT OFFERING TO TESTIFY. WHAT I AM OFFERING IS INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS. BUT THERE'S A PRICE

WHICH IS--?

MY SON AND I WALK AWAY FROM HERE TODAY

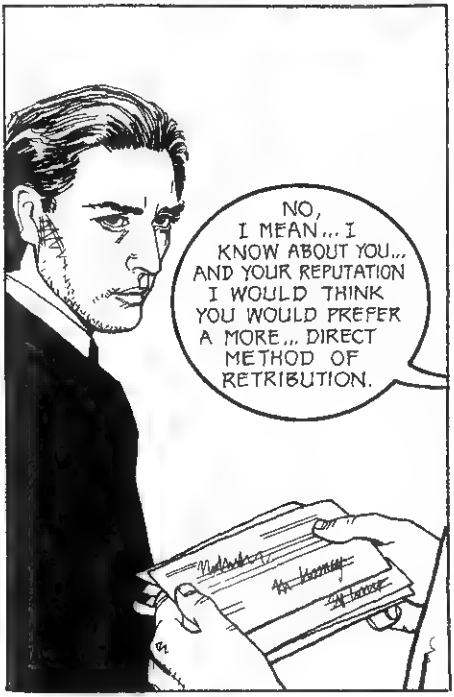

DONE
MY WORD ON IT.

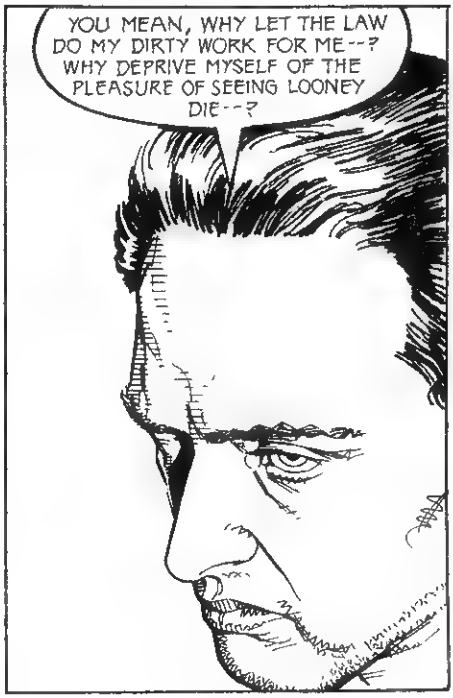


THESE PHOTOSTATS
ARE OF CANCELED CHECKS FROM
GABEL TO LOONEY —— ENDORSED BY
LOONEY —— NOTATED IN GABEL'S HAND
"PROTECTION."

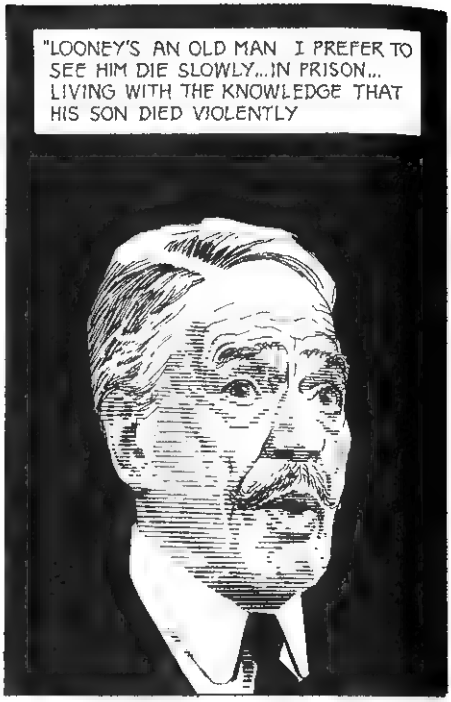
WHY ARE YOU GIVING ME THESE?

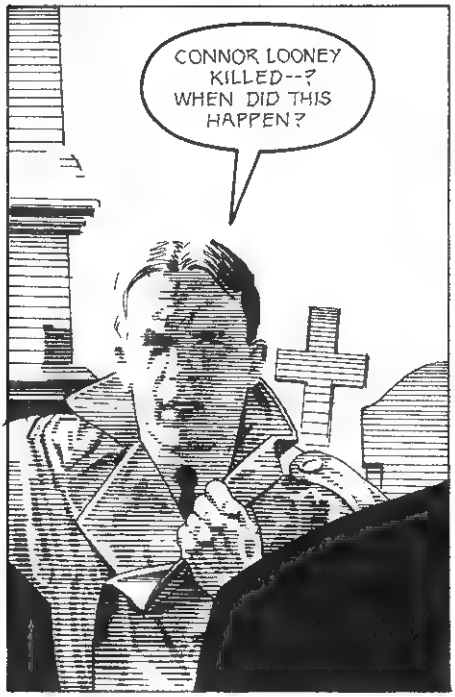
"MR. NESS — LOONEY LOST MY LOYALTY WHEN HE BUTCHERED MY FAMILY."


NO, I MEAN... I KNOW ABOUT YOU... AND YOUR REPUTATION I WOULD THINK YOU WOULD PREFER A MORE... DIRECT METHOD OF RETRIBUTION.


YOU MEAN, WHY LET THE LAW DO MY DIRTY WORK FOR ME--? WHY DEPRIVE MYSELF OF THE PLEASURE OF SEEING LOONEY DIE--?

SOMETHING LIKE THAT


"LOONEY'S AN OLD MAN I PREFER TO SEE HIM DIE SLOWLY...IN PRISON... LIVING WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HIS SON DIED VIOLENTLY

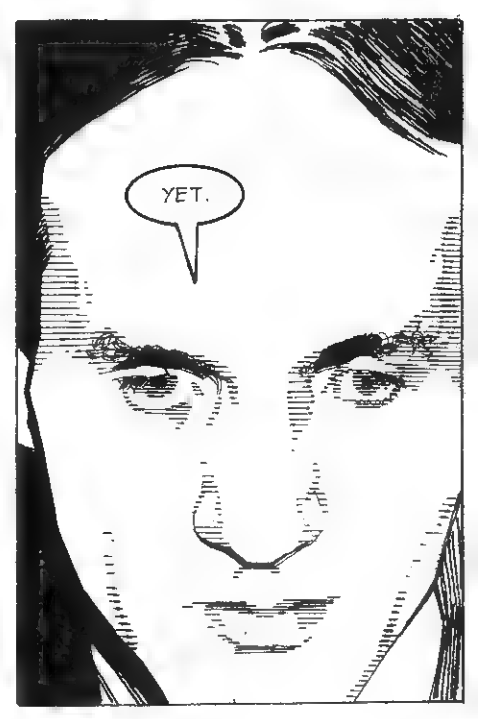

CONNOR LOONEY KILLED--? WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?

SOON

WHY DON'T YOU ALLOW ME TO HELP WITH YOUR SON.
HELP ME HOW ?

WE CAN PUT HIM SOMEWHERE SAFE. AN INSTITUTION...

AN ORPHANAGE ? NO. HE'S NOT AN ORPHAN.


YET.

WE COULD TAKE YOU IN RIGHT NOW.
I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE I KNOW OF *YOUR* REPUTATION. YOU AND YOUR MEN ARE THE ONLY COPS IN THE MIDWEST WHO AREN'T IN CAPONE'S POCKET.

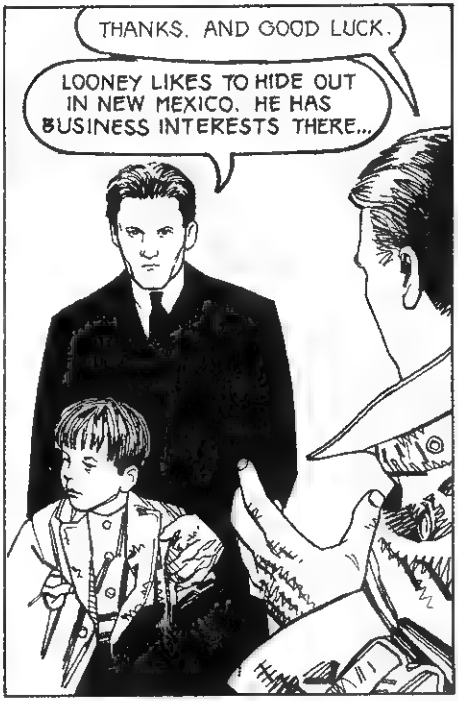
RUMOR HAS IT FRANK NITTI'S LEFT CHICAGO. THEY SAY HE TOOK THE TRAIN DOWN TO MIAMI...TO GET HIS NERVES CALMED.

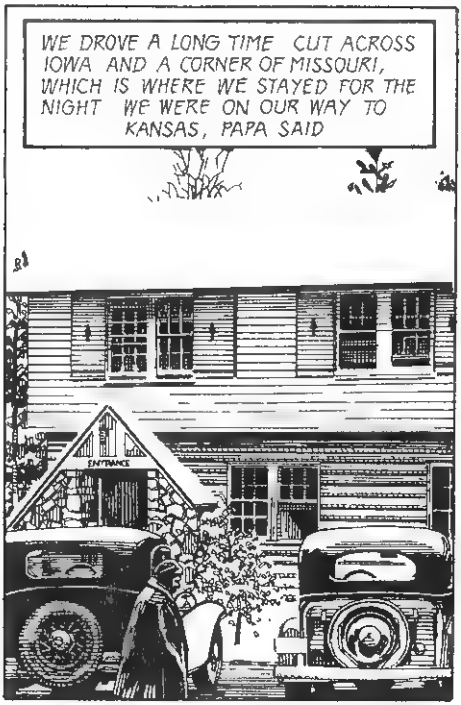
HE MUST HAVE HAD A SCARE

WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY NOW
MICHAEL!

PETER DAVID O'SULLIVAN
1922
1930

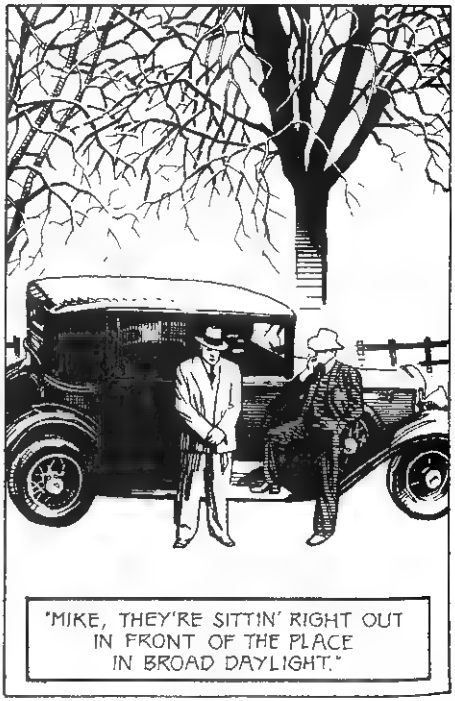
'BYE
'BYE.
ANNE LOUISE O'SULLIVAN
1902

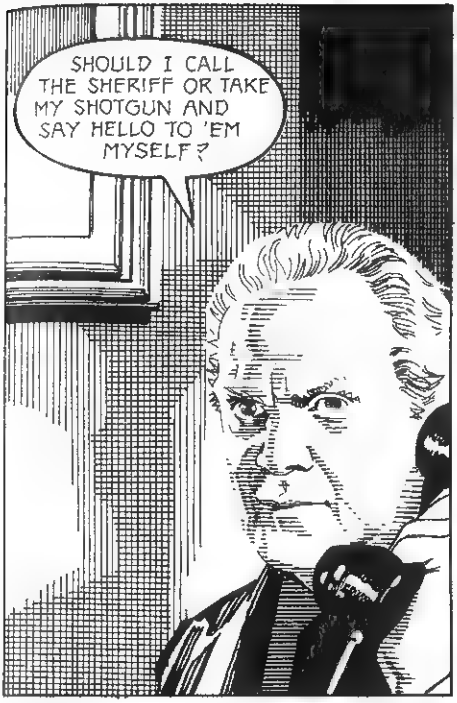

THANKS. AND GOOD LUCK.
LOONEY LIKES TO HIDE OUT IN NEW MEXICO. HE HAS BUSINESS INTERESTS THERE...


WE DROVE A LONG TIME CUT ACROSS IOWA AND A CORNER OF MISSOURI, WHICH IS WHERE WE STAYED FOR THE NIGHT WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO KANSAS, PAPA SAID
ENTRANCE

BOB — ANY CROWS ON THE FENCE--?

'FRAID SO.

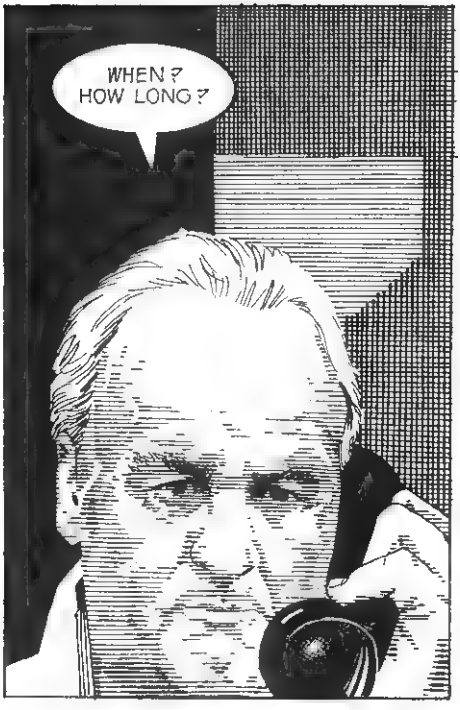

"MIKE, THEY'RE SITTIN' RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF THE PLACE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT."


SHOULD I CALL THE SHERIFF OR TAKE MY SHOTGUN AND SAY HELLO TO 'EM MYSELF?

NO! NO. NEITHER ONE...

I SPOTTED ANOTHER BATCH OF 'EM IN PERDITION. THEY GOT A ROOM OVER THE HARDWARE STORE
THERE'S FOUR OF 'EM — WATCHIN US IN DAMN SHIFTS..

DON'T DO ANYTHING. THIS WON'T LAST FOREVER. EVENTUALLY THEY'LL GIVE UP AND GO HOME.



"WHAT WILL YOU DO TILL THEN MIKE?"

"MY SON AND I WILL BE TOGETHER...ON THE ROAD..LOOKING FOR CONNOR LOONEY."

"WHO?"

"ANNIE AND PETE'S MURDERER."

## CHAPTER THREE:

# ROAD WITHOUT END

IN NEW MEXICO THEY CALL A CEMETERY A DESCANSO — A RESTING PLACE... BUT THESE FIVE MEN WEREN'T RESTING.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO GO IN AFTER DARK, ELIOT?

IT'S THEIR TURF THEY KNOW IT IN THE DARK. WE DON'T THIS WAY WE'LL HAVE THE SUN BEHIND US...

I WASN'T THERE. NOR WAS MY FATHER. BUT THESE MEN WERE ON A MISSION THAT WAS, IN A WAY, AT MY FATHER'S BIDDING

THEIR DESTINATION WAS A RANCH THAT ONCE BELONGED TO A SOUTHWESTERN BANDITO. THE ISOLATED ADOBE COMPOUND WAS KNOWN (BY LOCALS WHO KNEW ENOUGH TO KEEP THEIR DISTANCE) AS EL RANCHO DE LOCO--

--BECAUSE A MIDWESTERN MODERN-DAY BANDIT NAMED LOONEY NOW LIVED THERE.

OR PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO SAY LOONEY HAD SOUGHT REFUGE HERE.

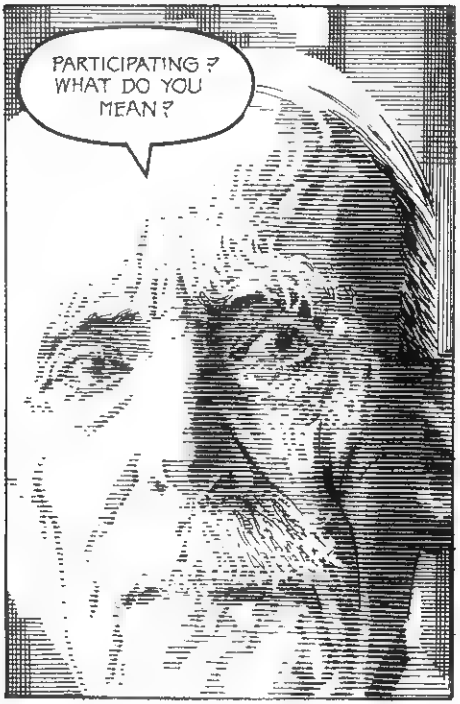
CAN WE TRUST CAPONE TO KEEP MY CONNOR SAFE?

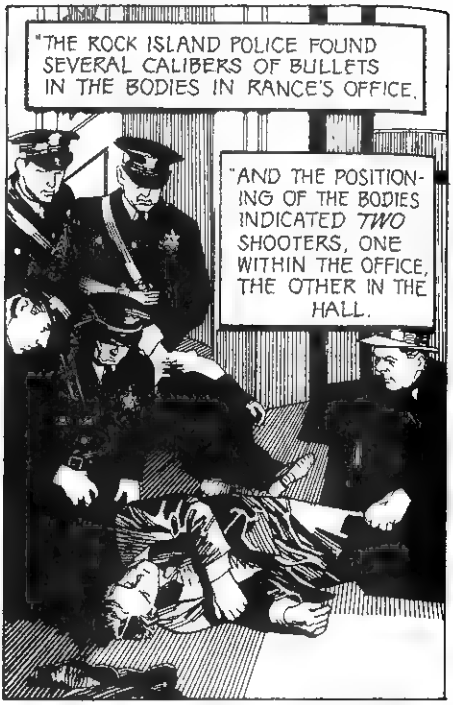
AS LONG AS OUR TRI-CITIES ENTERPRISES CONTINUE TO BE PROFITABLE, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT YOUR SON IS SAFE

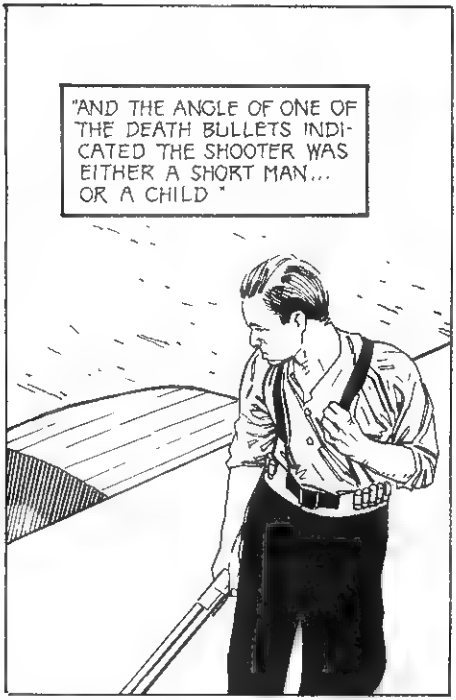
MOVING THE BOY HERE TO THERE, FROM ONE SAFE HOUSE TO ANOTHER... IT'S LIKE HE'S A DAMN *CRIMINAL*! MIGHT AS WELL BE IN JAIL

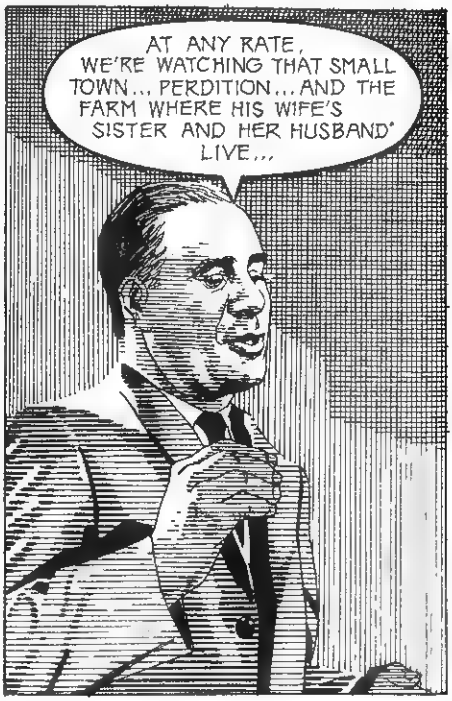
"MR. LOONEY, SIR, WE HAVE A STANDING OFFER OF $100,000 FOR THE MAN WHO KILLS O'SULLIVAN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT MORE WE CAN DO."
"RAISE IT TO $250,000.' THE HIGHEST PRICE EVER PUT ON A MAN'S HEAD."

"IT HASN'T SLOWED DOWN HIS KILLING, SIR. AND THE *BOY* MAY BE PARTICIPATING..."

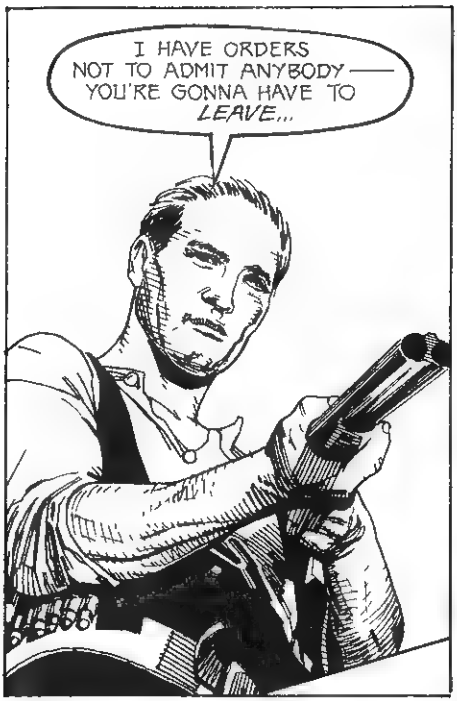

PARTICIPATING ? WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?


"THE ROCK ISLAND POLICE FOUND SEVERAL CALIBERS OF BULLETS IN THE BODIES IN RANCE'S OFFICE.
"AND THE POSITIONING OF THE BODIES INDICATED *TWO* SHOOTERS, ONE WITHIN THE OFFICE, THE OTHER IN THE HALL.

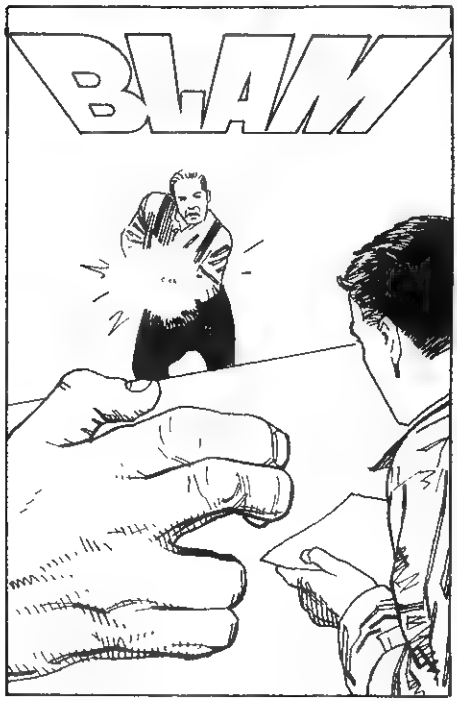

"AND THE ANGLE OF ONE OF THE DEATH BULLETS INDICATED THE SHOOTER WAS EITHER A SHORT MAN... OR A CHILD "


AT ANY RATE, WE'RE WATCHING THAT SMALL TOWN... PERDITION... AND THE FARM WHERE HIS WIFE'S SISTER AND HER HUSBAND LIVE...

FEDERAL AGENTS!
WE HAVE A WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF JOHN LOONEY FOR CONSPIRACY TO VIOLATE THE VOLSTEAD ACT!


I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO ADMIT ANYBODY — YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO *LEAVE*...

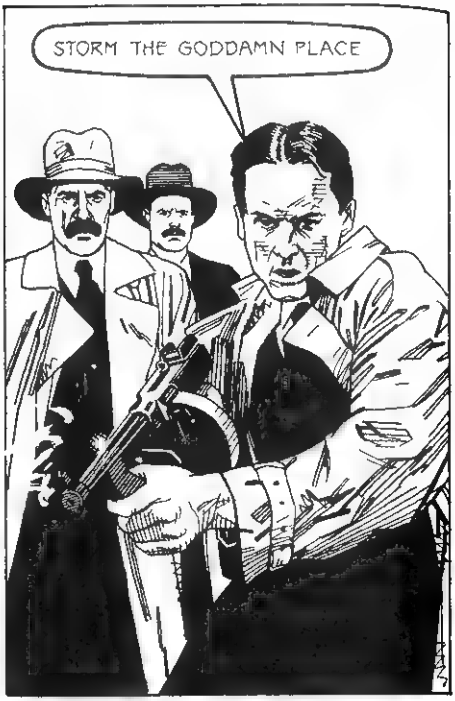
WE ALSO HAVE A WARRANT TO SEARCH THE PREMISES...


BLAM

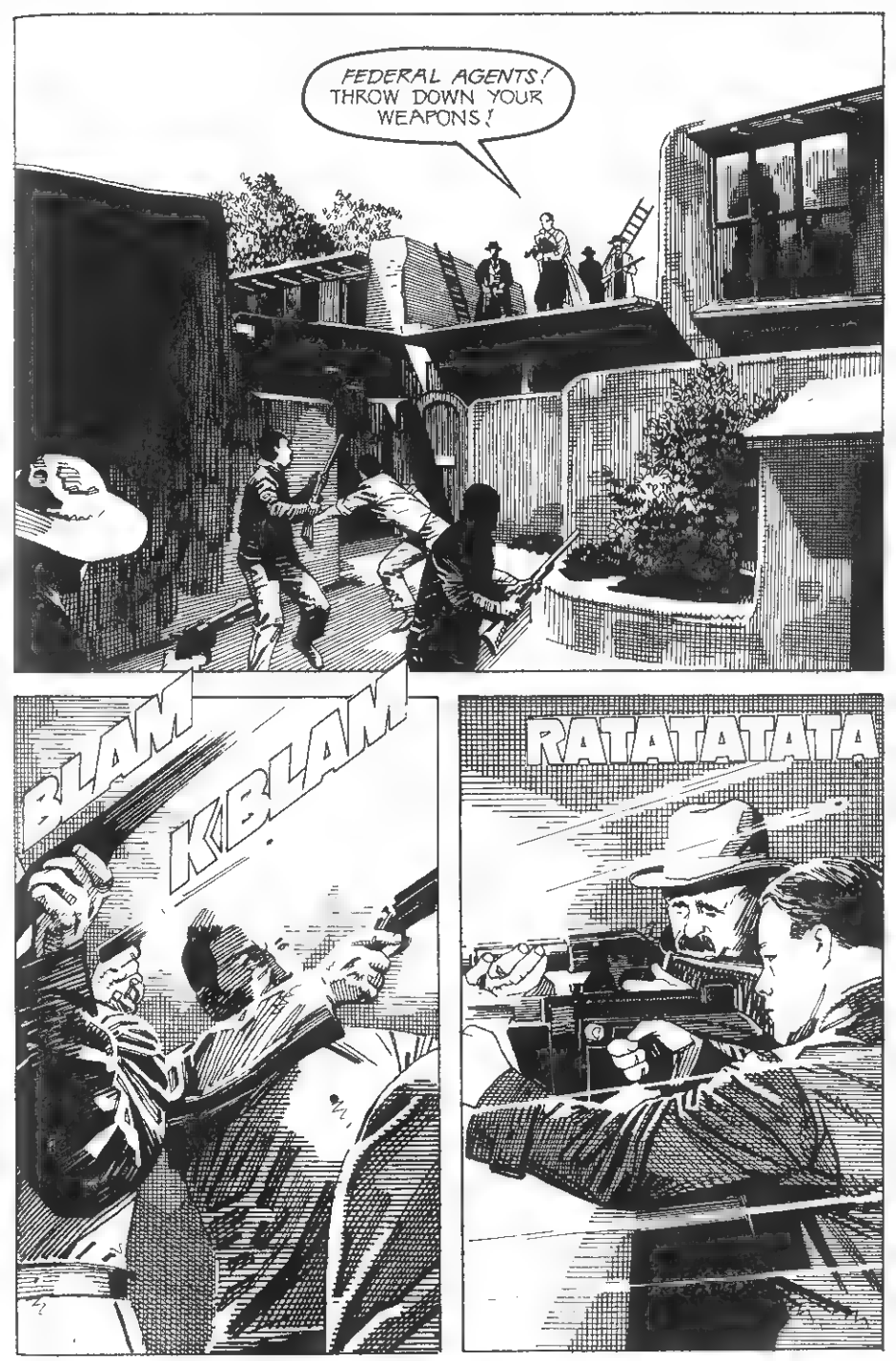
YOU SHOULD HAVE SAVED A BARREL FOR ME!

RATATATATA

JESUS! HAS THE ANGEL COME?


STORM THE GODDAMN PLACE

JESUS...
OH JESUS...


FEDERAL AGENTS! THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPONS!
BLAM
KBLAM
RATATATATATA

EVERYBODY DOWN?
YES--GO!

RATATATATATA

BLAM

KRUNCH

OH MY GOD--
THEY'RE IN THE
HOUSE!

RATATATATA
BLAM

RATATATATATATAT
RATATAT

GET OUT THERE AND *REASON* WITH HIM! *NEGOTIATE!*

HE'S IN THERE! I'M JUST A LAWYER ..

IT'D BE A SHAME IF YOU ACCIDENTALLY GOT MISTAKEN FOR A BAD GUY AND GOT *SHOT,* WOULDN'T IT?

YOU *SURE* YOU WANT TO GO THE SUICIDE ROUTE, LOONEY?

YOU... YOU'RE NOT O'SULLIVAN...

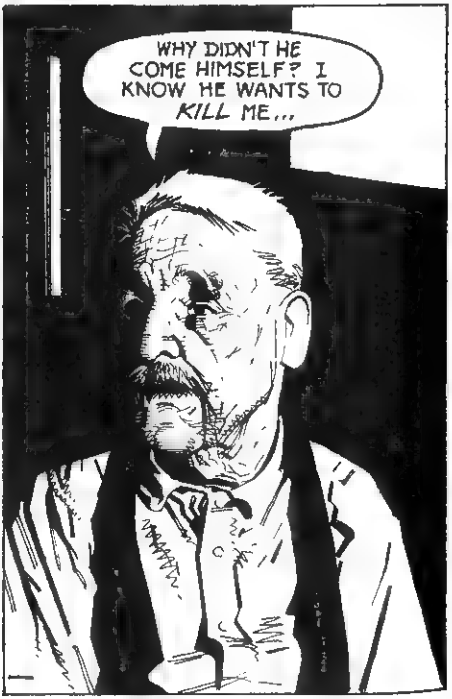
I'M ELIOT NESS AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MR. LOONEY... CONSPIRACY
ALSO MURDER... YOUR MEN KILLED ONE OF MY MEN.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE...

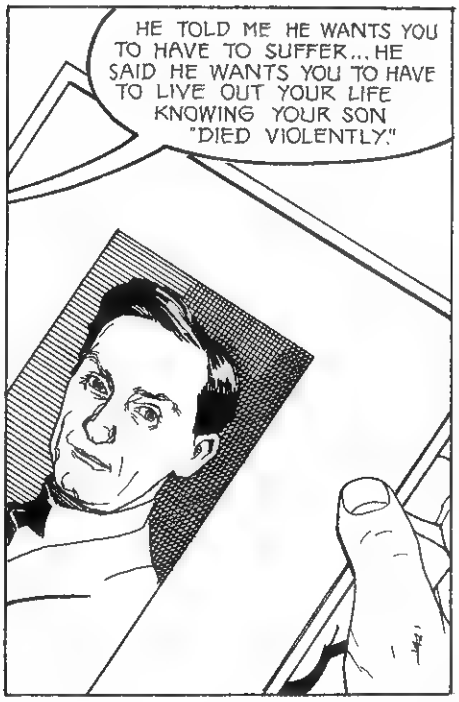
THE ARCHANGEL OF DEATH? YOUR FORMER FAVORITE BOYO, MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN?

NO BUT IN A WAY, I'M HIS *EMISSARY*...
WHAT?

HE TOLD ME WHERE TO FIND YOU. HE GAVE ME THE EVIDENCE I NEED TO PUT YOU AWAY— A CERTAIN SET OF CANCELED CHECKS--?


WHY DIDN'T HE COME HIMSELF? I KNOW HE WANTS TO *KILL* ME...

OH, HE DOESN'T WANT TO KILL YOU. HE WANTS YOU TO *LIVE*... INSIDE PRISON WALLS. DEATH WOULD BE TOO GENEROUS

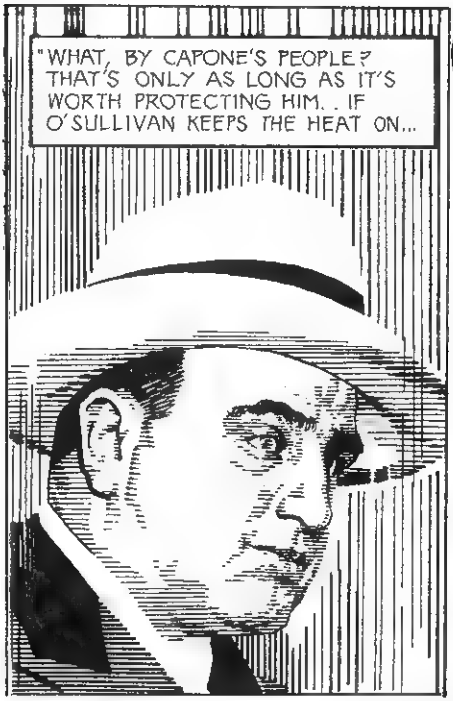

HE TOLD ME HE WANTS YOU TO HAVE TO SUFFER... HE SAID HE WANTS YOU TO HAVE TO LIVE OUT YOUR LIFE KNOWING YOUR SON "DIED VIOLENTLY."

CONNOR DEAD? WHEN? WHERE?
*HOW?*

I DIDN'T SAY HE WAS DEAD. WHAT I MEANT WAS O'SULLIVAN *INTENDS* TO KILL HIM.

TURN CONNOR OVER TO ME, OLD MAN — THAT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BOY'S LIFE
NO.

NEVER HE'S *PROTECTED!*


"WHAT, BY CAPONE'S PEOPLE? THAT'S ONLY AS LONG AS IT'S WORTH PROTECTING HIM.. IF O'SULLIVAN KEEPS THE HEAT ON...

...*OR* IF O'SULLIVAN CAN CONSTRICT YOUR BUSINESS BACK IN THE TRI-CITIES, A BUSINESS YOU'RE NO LONGER THERE TO SUPERVISE... YOUR CHICAGO FRIENDS MAY TURN OUT TO BE *FAIR WEATHER*, JOHN.

THE ROAD TO PERDITION, KANSAS, FOR MY FATHER AND ME, WAS EVER-WINDING, NEVERENDING. WE COULD HAVE BEEN THERE A THOUSAND TIMES IN THOSE LONG MONTHS...

WE TRAVERSED THE SAME MIDWESTERN AND SOUTHWESTERN STATES OFTEN ENOUGH, DIRT ROADS, GRAVEL ROADS, OCCASIONALLY CONCRETE, EVER TRAVELING, EVER NEARING, NEVER ARRIVING

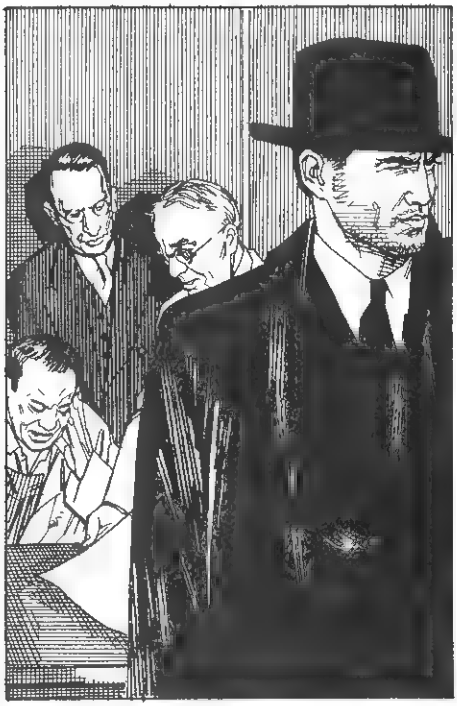
WHEN MY FATHER WOULD CALL MY UNCLE IN PERDITION THE REPORT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME: CROWS ON THE FENCE LOONEY'S MEN WERE WATCHING OR MAYBE IT WAS CAPONE'S WE WERE WANTED BY BOTH

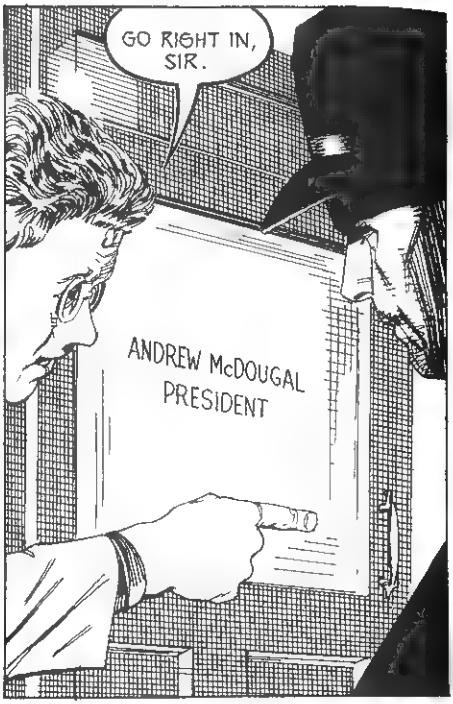
YOUR BANK PRESIDENT'S NAME IS McDOUGAL, I UNDERSTAND
YES IT IS, SIR.

I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM, PLEASE. I DON'T HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, BUT IT CONCERNS A MAJOR DEPOSIT FROM AN OUT-OF-TOWN INVESTOR

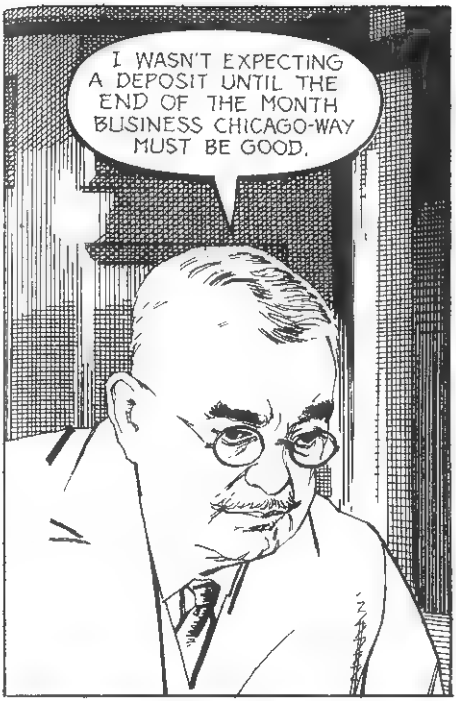
AH...YES, OF COURSE

I'LL JUST CHECK WITH MISTER McDOUGAL.

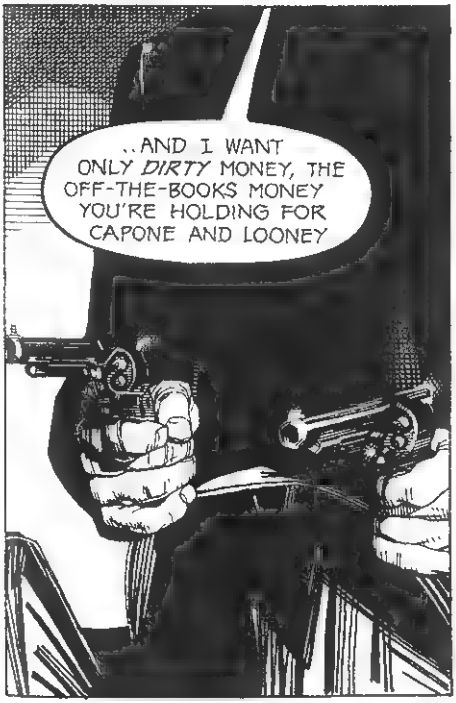


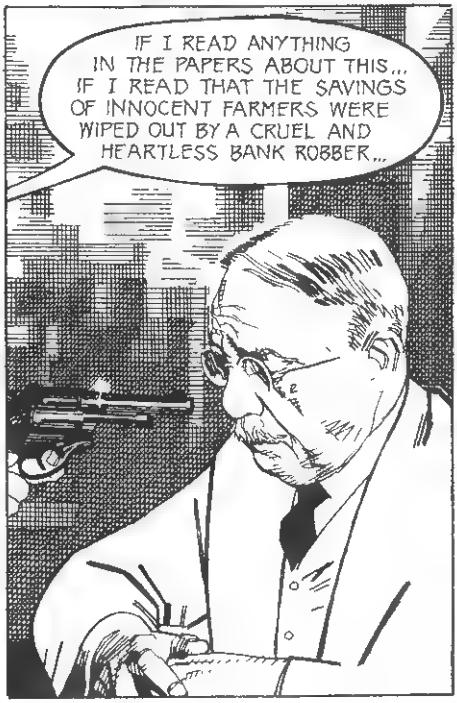

GO RIGHT IN, SIR.
ANDREW McDOUGAL
PRESIDENT

MR McDOUGAL, I'VE COME IN REGARD TO THE CHICAGO MONEY YOU'RE HOLDING
WELL, THIS *IS* A PLEASANT SURPRISE.


I WASN'T EXPECTING A DEPOSIT UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH BUSINESS CHICAGO-WAY MUST BE GOOD.

I DIDN'T COME TO MAKE A DEPOSIT. I'M MAKING A *WITHDRAWAL*..


..AND I WANT ONLY *DIRTY* MONEY, THE OFF-THE-BOOKS MONEY YOU'RE HOLDING FOR CAPONE AND LOONEY

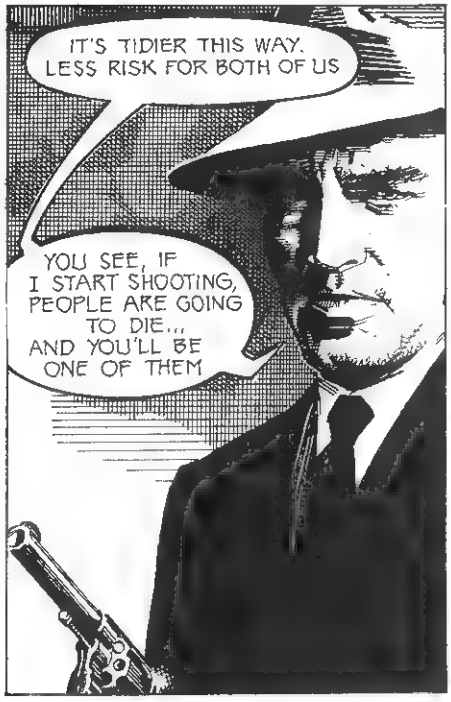

IF I READ ANYTHING IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THIS... IF I READ THAT THE SAVINGS OF INNOCENT FARMERS WERE WIPED OUT BY A CRUEL AND HEARTLESS BANK ROBBER...

...I'LL BE UNHAPPY.
ARE YOU *INSANE*, MAN? YOU OBVIOUSLY KNOW THAT YOU'RE STEALING MOB MONEY...YOU KNOW THE KIND OF PEOPLE YOU'RE STEALING FROM...YOU KNOW THAT THEY WILL TRACK YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU...
THE NAME IS O'SULLIVAN MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN LET ME WRITE IT DOWN FOR YOU...
TELL FRANK NITTI, TELL AL CAPONE, TELL THEM THAT MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN WILL STOP BOTHERING THEM IF THEY GIVE UP CONNOR LOONEY UNTIL THEN, I'M FEEDING AT THEIR TROUGH

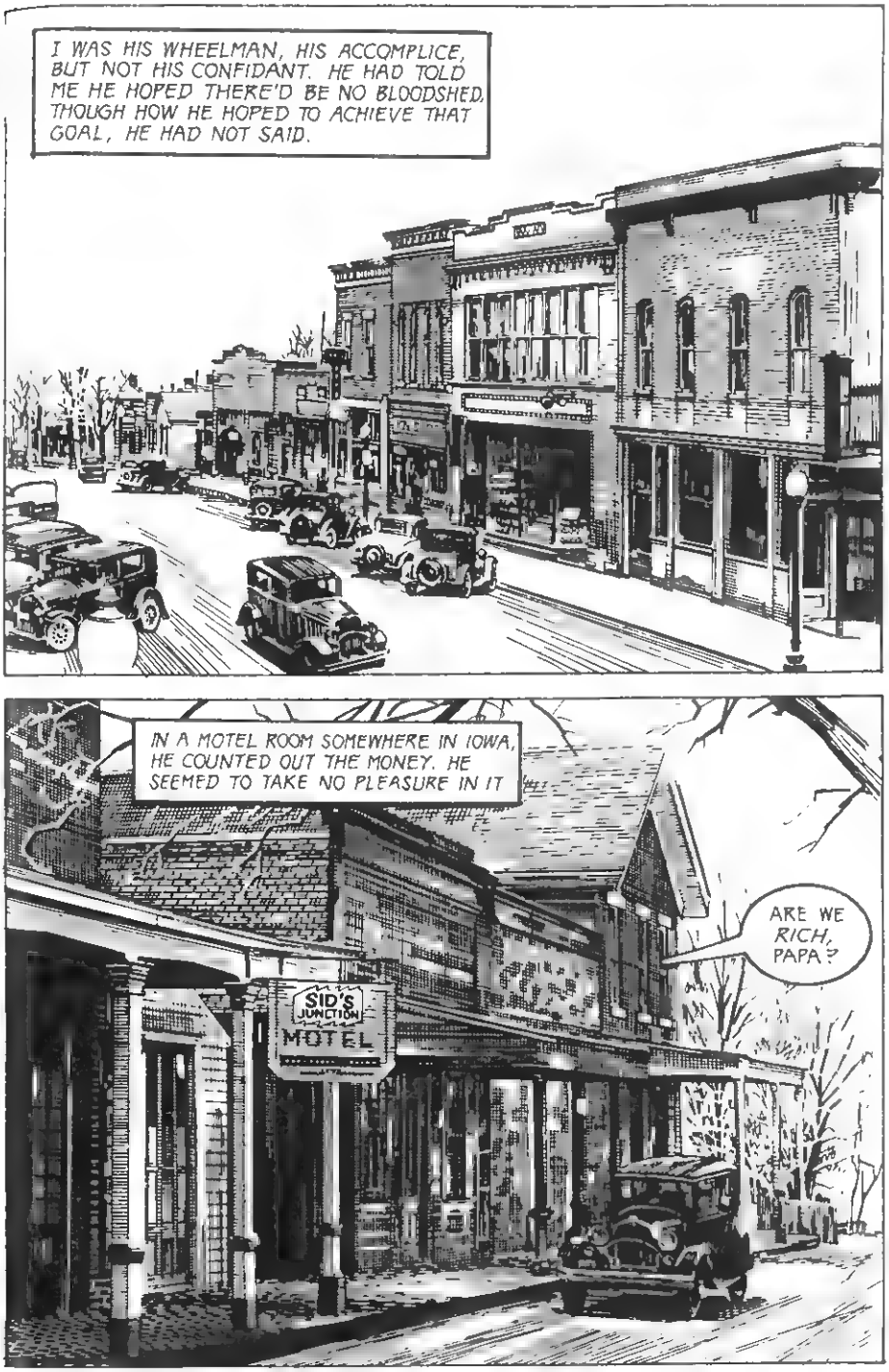
NOW TAKE THIS AND FILL IT UP... I'LL WAIT HERE
YOU *TRUST* ME TO...

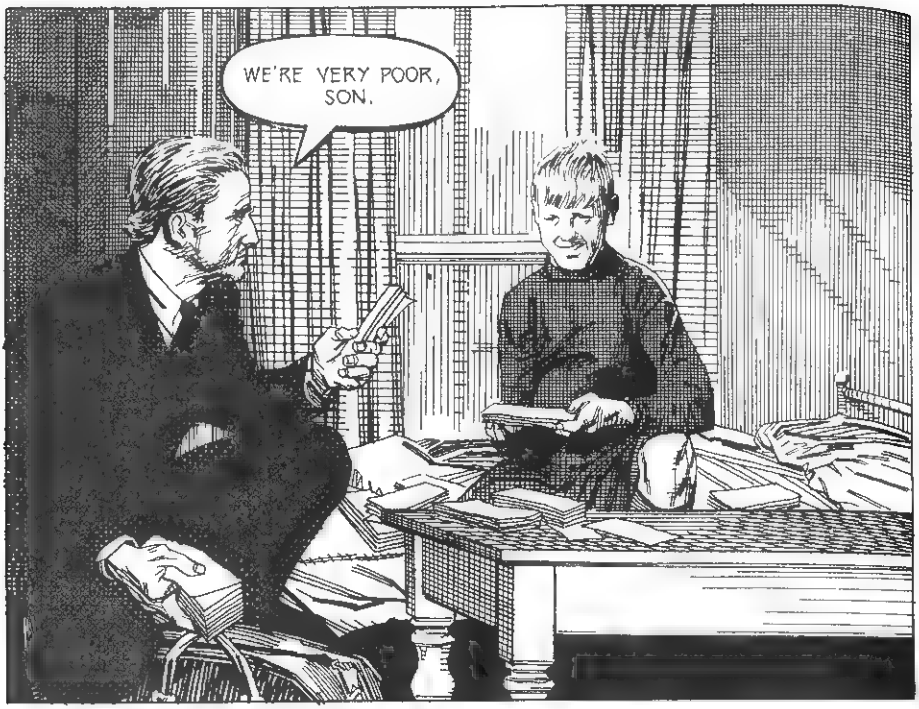
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BRING ME ALL OF THAT DIRTY MONEY... PUT SOME ASIDE FOR YOURSELF AND TELL CHICAGO I TOOK IT ALL — CALL IT A HANDLING CHARGE

THE BOYS WILL NEVER KNOW BECAUSE I SURE AS HELL WON'T TELL THEM.
WHY CUT *ME* IN? YOU'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND...


IT'S TIDIER THIS WAY. LESS RISK FOR BOTH OF US
YOU SEE, IF I START SHOOTING, PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DIE... AND YOU'LL BE ONE OF THEM

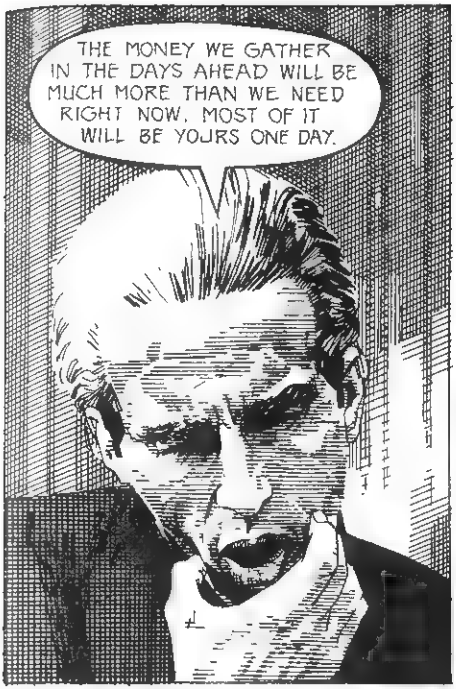
January SALE

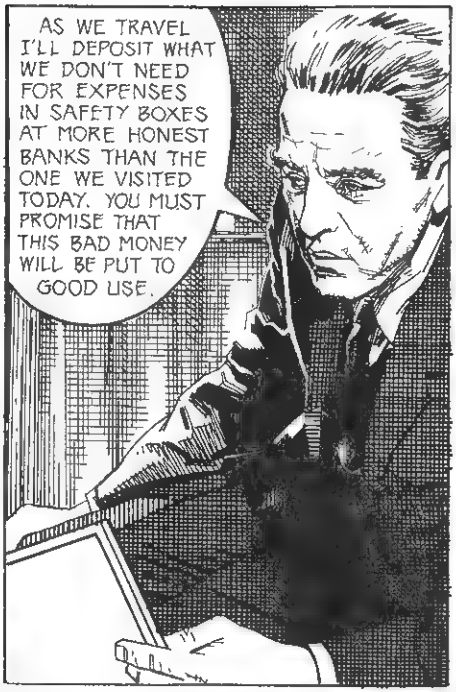

I WAS HIS WHEELMAN, HIS ACCOMPLICE, BUT NOT HIS CONFIDANT. HE HAD TOLD ME HE HOPED THERE'D BE NO BLOODSHED, THOUGH HOW HE HOPED TO ACHIEVE THAT GOAL, HE HAD NOT SAID.
IN A MOTEL ROOM SOMEWHERE IN IOWA, HE COUNTED OUT THE MONEY. HE SEEMED TO TAKE NO PLEASURE IN IT
ARE WE RICH, PAPA?
SID'S JUNCTION
MOTEL

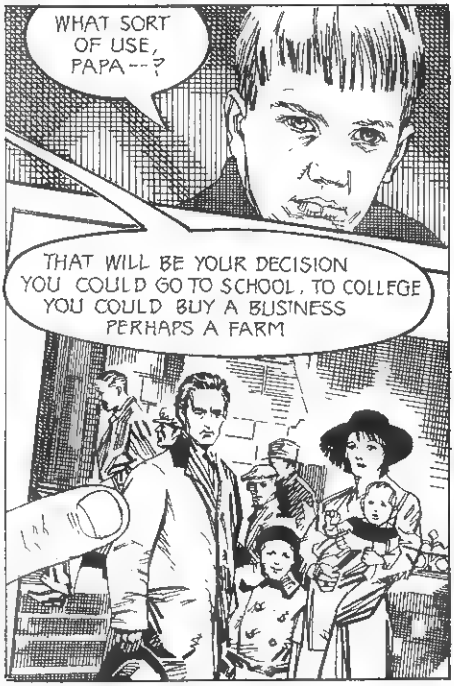

WE'RE VERY POOR, SON.

BUT, PAPA —— SO MUCH MONEY!

WITHOUT YOUR MOTHER AND BROTHER, THERE CAN NEVER BE TRUE PROSPERITY.


THE MONEY WE GATHER IN THE DAYS AHEAD WILL BE MUCH MORE THAN WE NEED RIGHT NOW. MOST OF IT WILL BE YOURS ONE DAY.


AS WE TRAVEL I'LL DEPOSIT WHAT WE DON'T NEED FOR EXPENSES IN SAFETY BOXES AT MORE HONEST BANKS THAN THE ONE WE VISITED TODAY. YOU MUST PROMISE THAT THIS BAD MONEY WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE.


WHAT SORT OF USE, PAPA--?
THAT WILL BE YOUR DECISION YOU COULD GO TO SCHOOL, TO COLLEGE YOU COULD BUY A BUSINESS PERHAPS A FARM

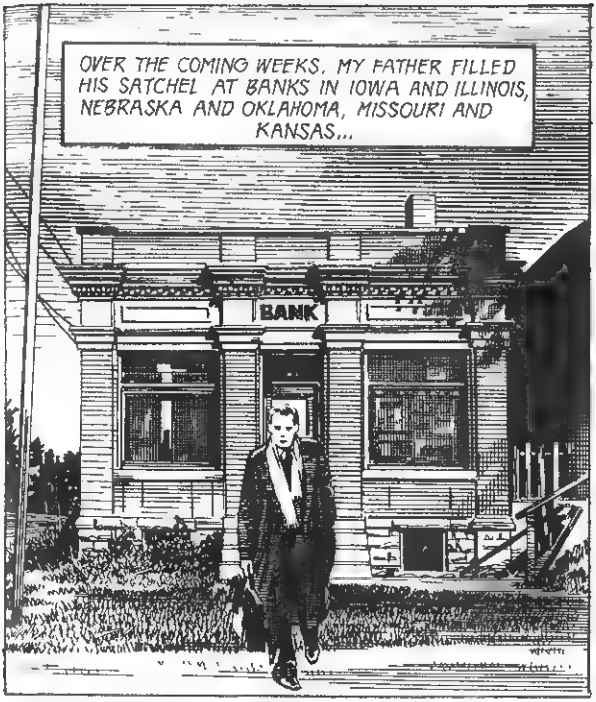
I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE A FARMER, PAPA
BE WHATEVER YOU WANT— AS LONG AS IT'S NOT LIKE ME

BUT I DID WANT TO BE LIKE HIM. YES, I HAD SEEN THE REALITY OF BATTLE I HAD TAKEN A LIFE. I HAD SINNED

BUT HADN'T I BEEN FORGIVEN BY GOD? DIDN'T GOD FORGIVE SOLDIERS FOR THE SINS WAR MADE THEM COMMIT?

AND MY FATHER WAS A COURAGEOUS SOLDIER HE WAS A VIOLENT MAN, BUT NOT CRUEL. RESOURCEFUL, TOO —— HADN'T HE FOUND A WAY TO TAKE THAT MONEY FROM HIS ENEMIES TODAY WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT?

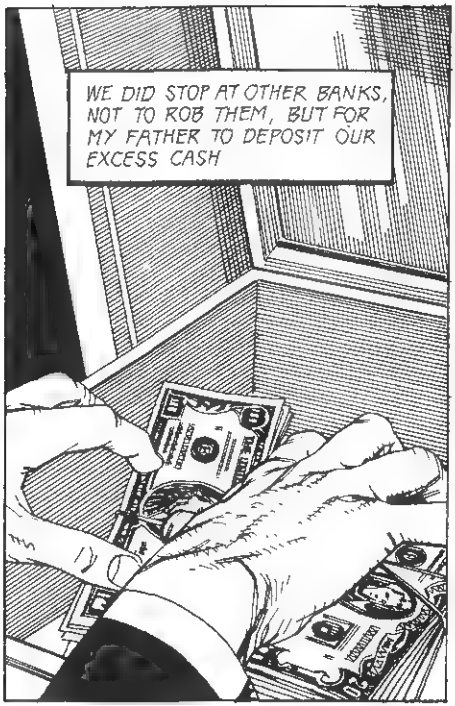
I MISSED MY MOTHER AND MY BROTHER, BUT I DIDN'T FEEL POOR PROSPERITY WASN'T AROUND THE CORNER, IT WAS IN THAT SATCHEL BETWEEN OUR BEDS. AND NEVER IN MY LIFE HAD I FELT CLOSER TO MY FATHER WE WERE STILL A FAMILY, HE AND I


OVER THE COMING WEEKS, MY FATHER FILLED HIS SATCHEL AT BANKS IN IOWA AND ILLINOIS, NEBRASKA AND OKLAHOMA, MISSOURI AND KANSAS...
BANK

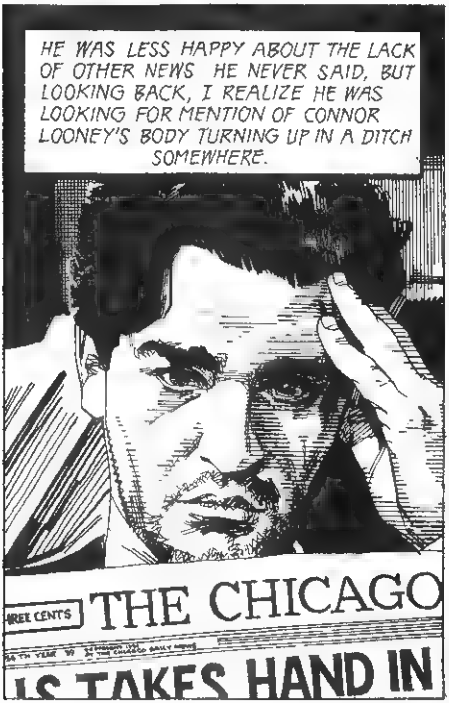
NEVER WAS A SHOT FIRED

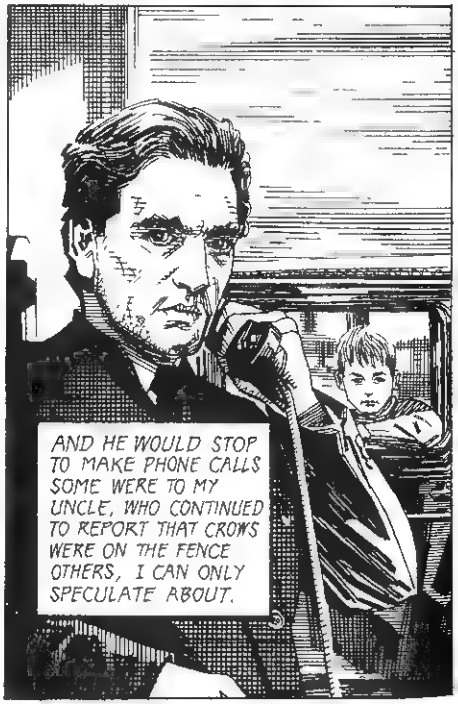
IT GOT AS CLOSE TO ROUTINE AS BANK ROBBERY COULD GET

MY FATHER WARNED ME.
KEEP YOUR EDGE, SON. NEVER FORGET WHAT WE'RE DOING, OR WHO IS AFTER US. COMPLACENCY KILLS AS SURELY AS A BULLET

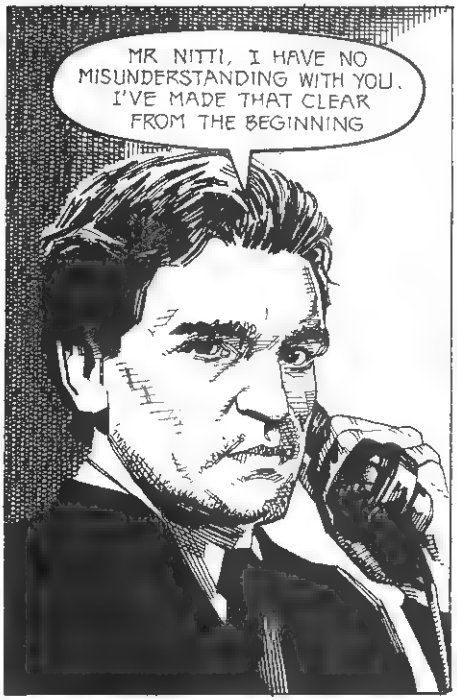

WE DID STOP AT OTHER BANKS, NOT TO ROB THEM, BUT FOR MY FATHER TO DEPOSIT OUR EXCESS CASH

HE READ THE PAPERS RELIGIOUSLY LOOKING FOR MENTION OF OUR ROBBERIES, NEVER FINDING ANYTHING THAT, HE LIKED
EXTRA
St Louis Gazette
MASSACRE OF DORAN GANG
VICTIMS ARE LINED AGAINST WALL VOLLEY KILLS ALL

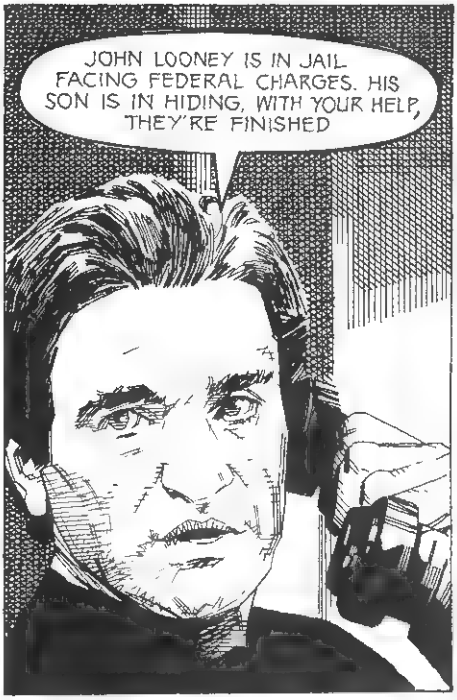

HE WAS LESS HAPPY ABOUT THE LACK OF OTHER NEWS HE NEVER SAID, BUT LOOKING BACK, I REALIZE HE WAS LOOKING FOR MENTION OF CONNOR LOONEY'S BODY TURNING UP IN A DITCH SOMEWHERE.
REE CENTS
THE CHICAGO
LS TAKES HAND IN


AND HE WOULD STOP TO MAKE PHONE CALLS SOME WERE TO MY UNCLE, WHO CONTINUED TO REPORT THAT CROWS WERE ON THE FENCE OTHERS, I CAN ONLY SPECULATE ABOUT.

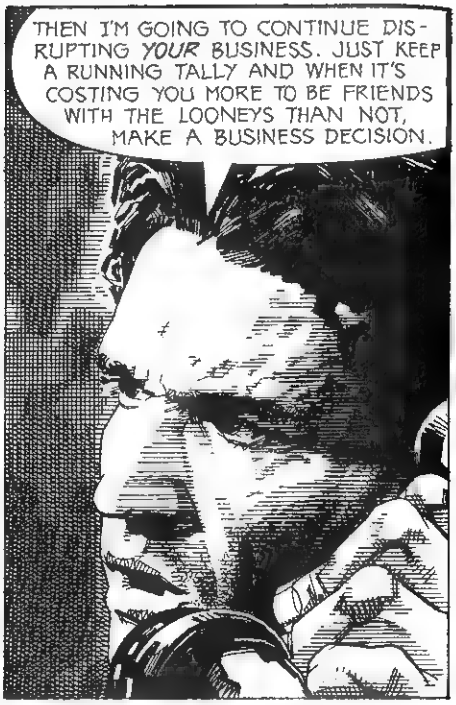
MR. O'SULLIVAN — WHAT CAN WE DO TO PUT AN END TO THIS LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING?

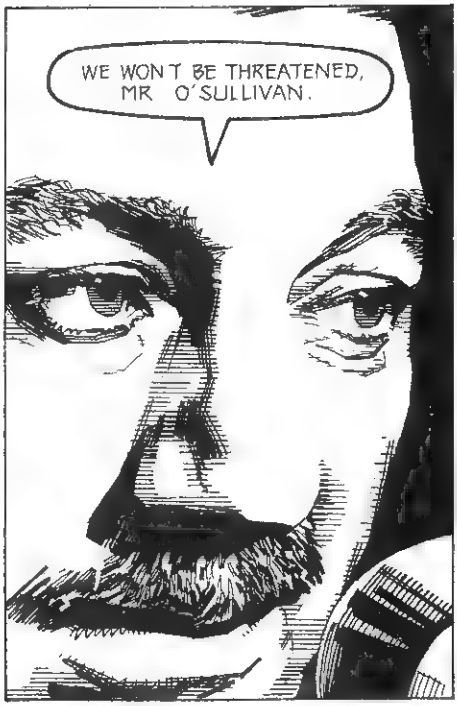

MR NITTI, I HAVE NO MISUNDERSTANDING WITH YOU. I'VE MADE THAT CLEAR FROM THE BEGINNING

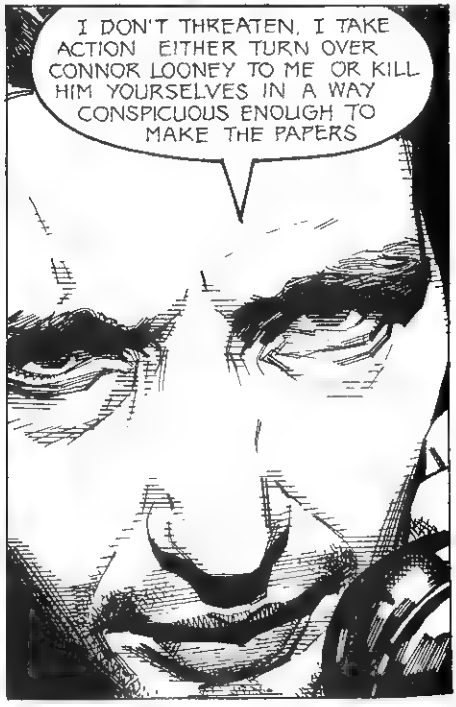
AND I'VE MADE CLEAR THAT THE LOONEYS ARE BUSINESS ASSOCIATES OF OURS AND CERTAIN ALLIANCES MUST BE RESPECTED


JOHN LOONEY IS IN JAIL FACING FEDERAL CHARGES. HIS SON IS IN HIDING, WITH YOUR HELP, THEY'RE FINISHED

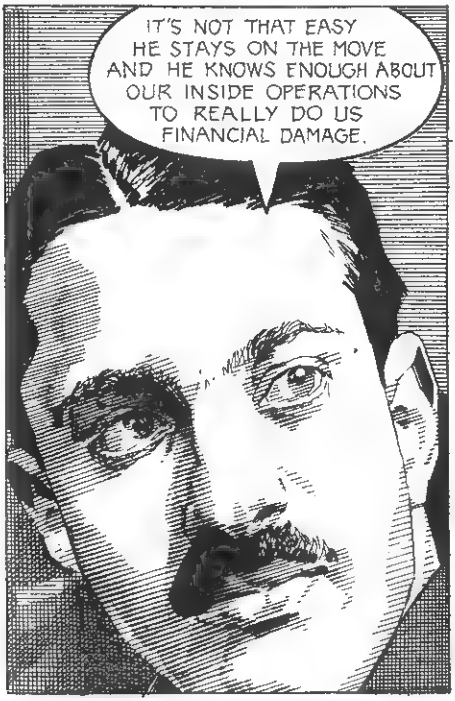
THEIR BUSINESS INTERESTS CONTINUE TO FLOURISH, MR O'SULLIVAN IT WOULD NOT BE GOOD BUSINESS TO --


THEN I'M GOING TO CONTINUE DISRUPTING *YOUR* BUSINESS. JUST KEEP A RUNNING TALLY AND WHEN IT'S COSTING YOU MORE TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE LOONEYS THAN NOT, MAKE A BUSINESS DECISION.


WE WON'T BE THREATENED, MR O'SULLIVAN.

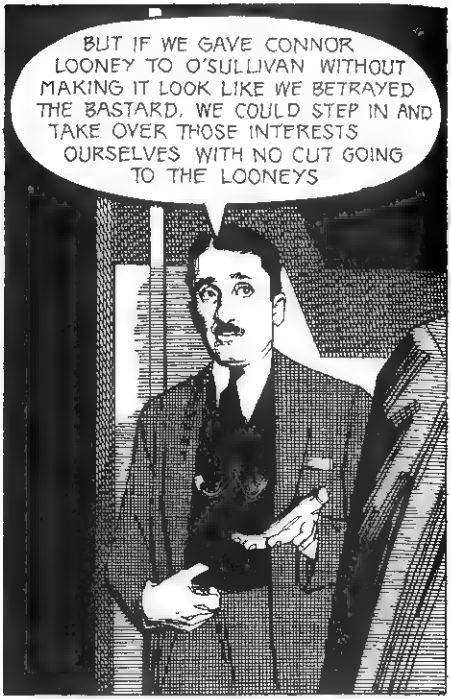

I DON'T THREATEN, I TAKE ACTION EITHER TURN OVER CONNOR LOONEY TO ME OR KILL HIM YOURSELVES IN A WAY CONSPICUOUS ENOUGH TO MAKE THE PAPERS

FIND HIM AND KILL HIM.


IT'S NOT THAT EASY HE STAYS ON THE MOVE AND HE KNOWS ENOUGH ABOUT OUR INSIDE OPERATIONS TO REALLY DO US FINANCIAL DAMAGE.

YOU SUGGESTING WE SHOULD DO WHAT HE WANTS--? GIVE UP THE LOONEY KID--?

HELL, EVEN WITH THE OLD MAN SENT AWAY AND HIS KID IN HIDING, THE LOONEY INTERESTS ARE A GOLDMINE


BUT IF WE GAVE CONNOR LOONEY TO O'SULLIVAN WITHOUT MAKING IT LOOK LIKE WE BETRAYED THE BASTARD, WE COULD STEP IN AND TAKE OVER THOSE INTERESTS OURSELVES WITH NO CUT GOING TO THE LOONEYS

AND THE LOONEYS KILLED HIS WIFE AND SON, AL. HE WAS A LOYAL SOLDIER AND THEY SOLD HIM OUT

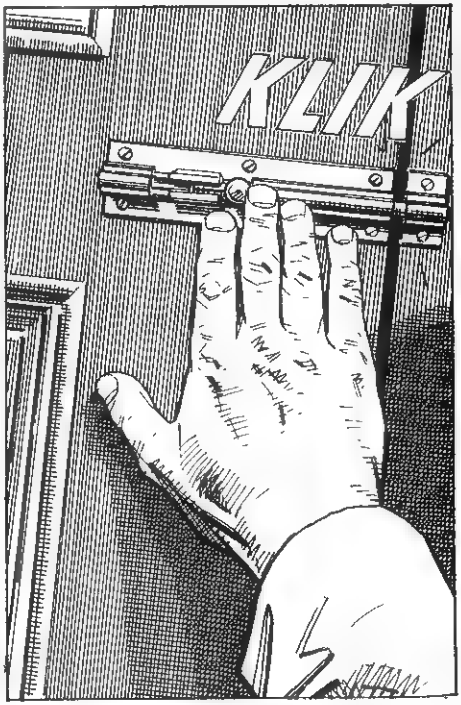
LIFE AIN'T ALL BALANCE SHEETS AND LEDGER BOOKS, FRANK. LIFE — AND BUSINESS — HAS TO DO WITH RESPECT. WE CAVE IN TO O'SULLIVAN, WE LOOK SOFT

GRAND PRAIRIE STATE BANK

HERE YOU ARE, MR O'SULLIVAN YOUR WITHDRAWAL IS .. IN THE BAG, AS THEY SAY.
J.K. CAVANAUGH BANK PRESIDENT
THANK YOU.

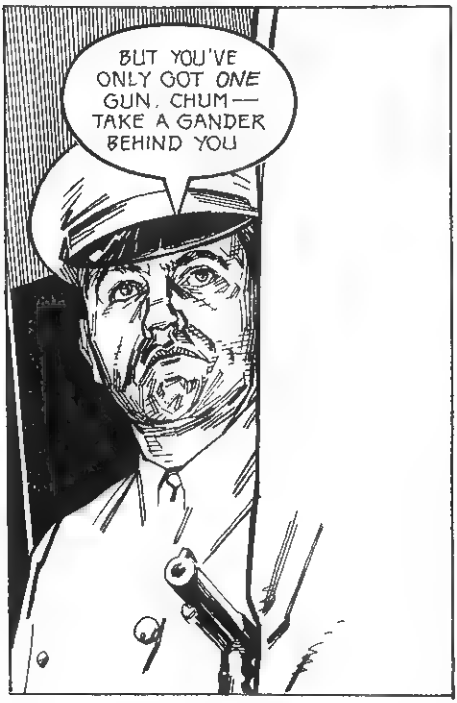
NICE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU. EVEN A BANKER LIKES TO HAVE THE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PUT A LITTLE SOMETHING AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY.

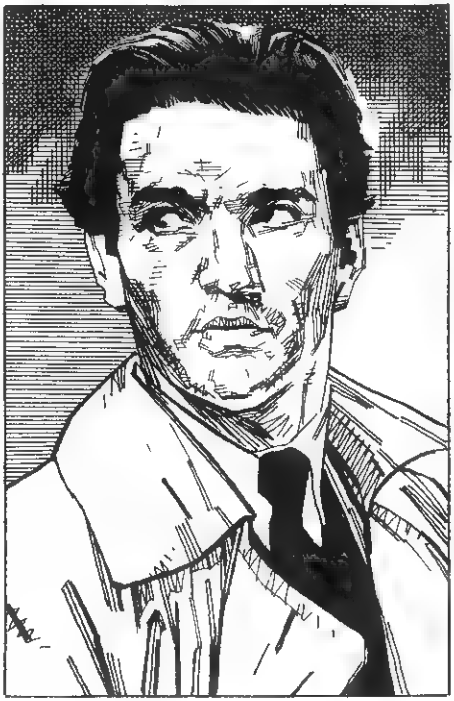
GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR. LET ME GET THE DOOR FOR YOU..


KLIK

DROP THE BAG, BASTARD.

YOU'VE GOT A GUN, I'VE GOT A GUN — JUST UNLOCK THAT DOOR AND STAND ASIDE AND NEITHER OF US HAS TO DIE TODAY.


BUT YOU'VE ONLY GOT *ONE* GUN, CHUM— TAKE A GANDER BEHIND YOU

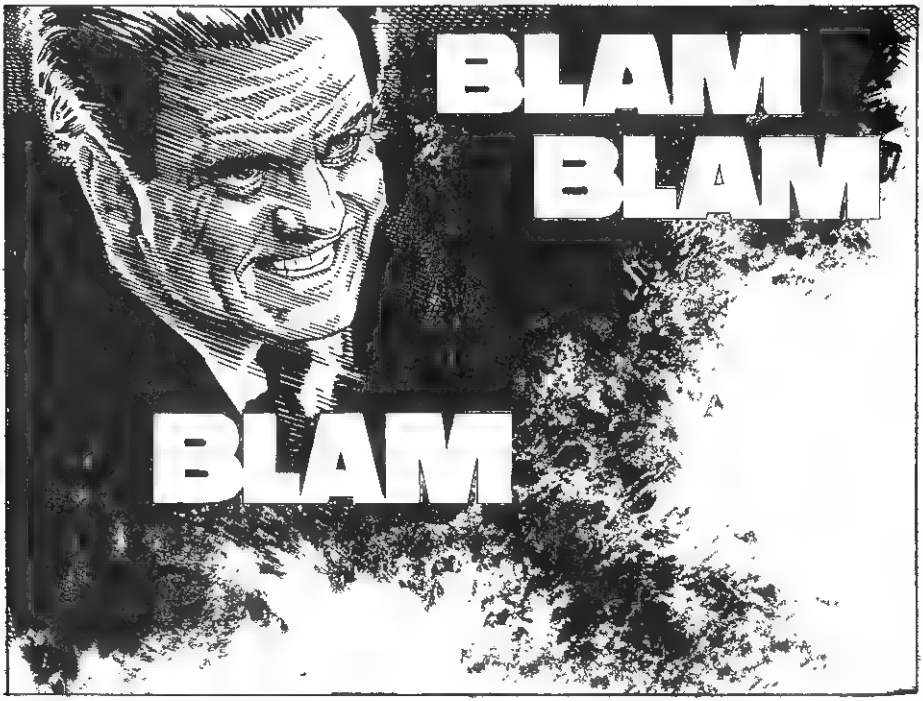


TAKE IT.
BLAM

BLAM
BLAM

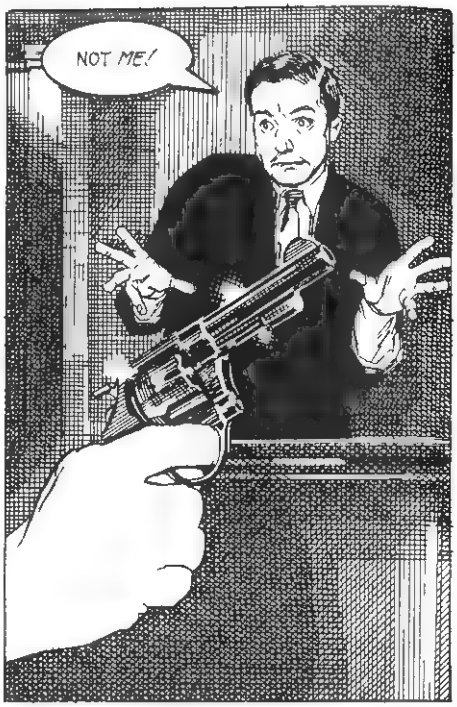
BLAM
BLAM

WHOOM

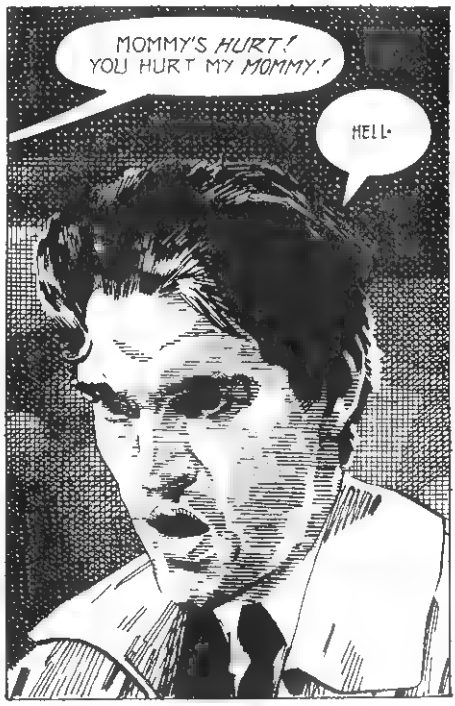

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

BLAMBLAM

WHO ELSE WANTS SOME?


NOT ME!

MOMMY! MOMMY!


MOMMY'S HURT! YOU HURT MY MOMMY!
HELL.

SOMEBODY TAKE CHARGE OF THIS CHILD

J.K. CAVANAU
BANK PRESID
COME WITH ME.

GRAND PRAIRIE STATE BANK

I HAD HEARD SHOTS, BUT PAPA HAD GIVEN ME STRICT ORDERS TO STAY BEHIND THE WHEEL IN SUCH A CASE... AND I WASN'T TO LEAVE WITHOUT HIM UNTIL I HEARD POLICE SIRENS.

I GOT IN BACK AND PAPA DROVE

TAKING HOSTAGES WILL ONLY MAKE THINGS WORSE... LET US OUT *NOW!*

WHERE'S THE NEAREST HOSPITAL?

THE SMELL OF BLOOD IN THE CAR WAS LIKE THE BLOOD SMELL IN THE HOUSE WHEN MAMA AND PETER WERE SHOT.

TEN MILES, IN ELSWORTH

NEAREST DOCTOR, THEN!

MAY I...
DR. JONATHON PETERSON MD
HOURS
2-4pm 6-30-8pm

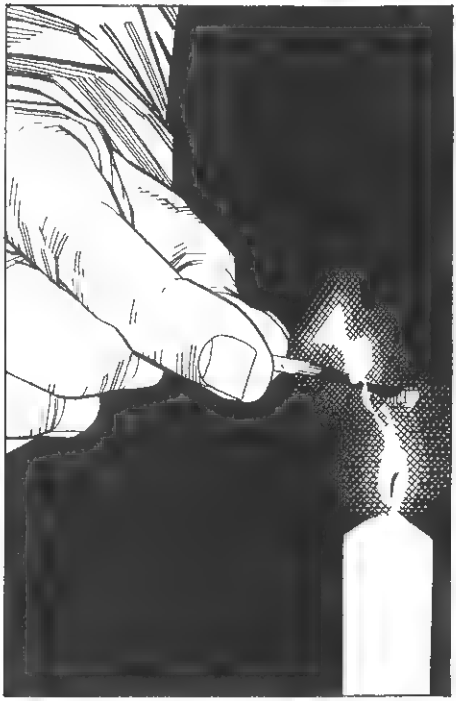
...HELP YOU...?

HELP HER.

I...I.. I..

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, BRINGING HER HERE... SHE WOULD'VE LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD ON THE WAY TO ELSWORTH

YOU TELL CAPONE AND NITTI THIS HASN'T ENDED UNDERSTAND?! TELL THEM IT'S ONLY BEGUN!



PAPA HAD CHOSEN THE BANK AT RANDOM FROM THE DOZENS IN THE MIDWEST THAT HELD DIRTY MONEY FOR THE GANGSTERS SO, THAT MEANT THAT MANY OF THOSE BANKS — MAYBE ALL OF THEM — WERE NOW HEAVILY GUARDED AND WAITING FOR US.

THIS TIME WE MADE THE PAPERS

BANK ROBBERS SOUGHT

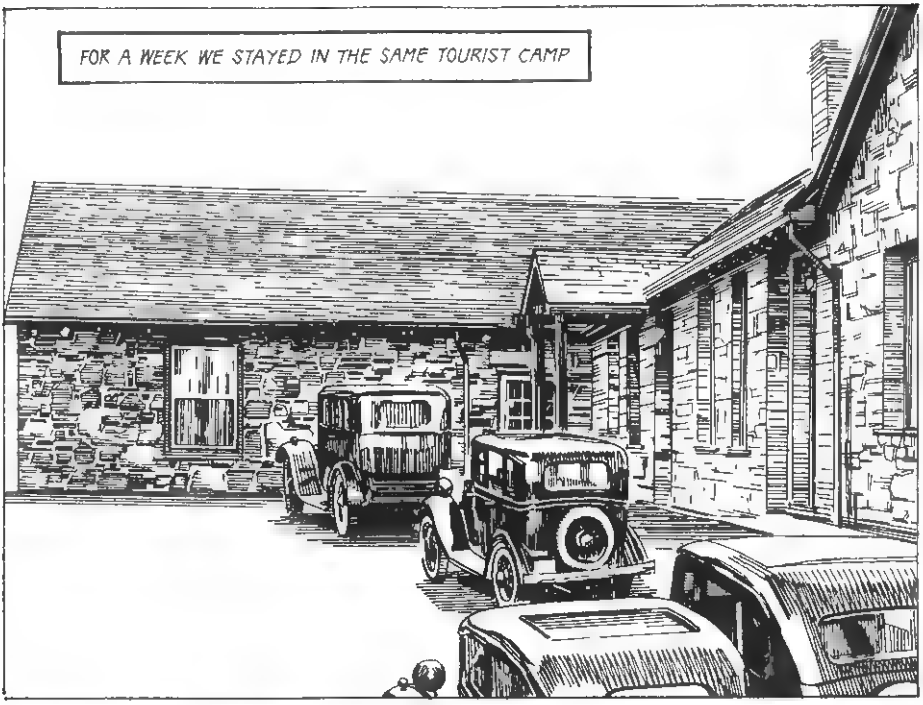
GETAWAY DRIVER POLICE SKETCHES

A YOUNG BOY

PAPA READ THEM RELIGIOUSLY, LOOKING FOR WORD OF THE WOMAN WHO'D BEEN SHOT

Killing Scene Too Gruesome For Onlookers
View of Carnage Proves a Strain on Their Nerves

JOURNAL FINAL

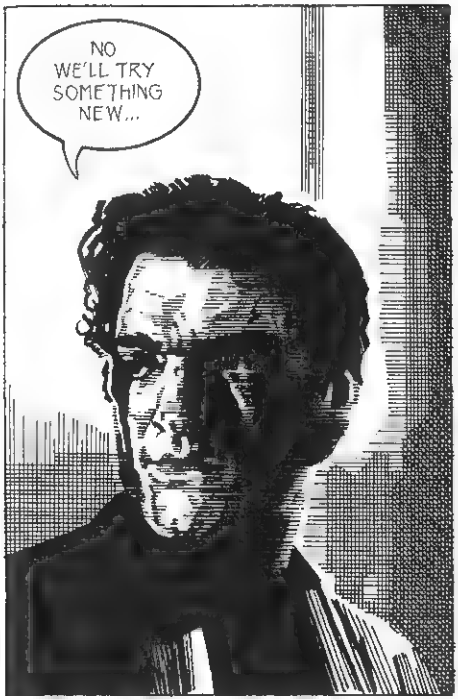

FOR A WEEK WE STAYED IN THE SAME TOURIST CAMP

PAPA BOUGHT ME SOME MOVIE MAGAZINES AND WE LISTENED TO THE RADIO.

PAPA DIDN'T SLEEP MUCH

AND THEN ONE MORNING, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN A LONG WHILE, HE SMILED A LITTLE.
THE WOMAN'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

ARE WE GOING BACK TO WHAT WE WERE DOING, PAPA?


NO WE'LL TRY SOMETHING NEW...

"..SOMETHING TO LET THEM KNOW THEY HAVEN'T WON"

NO FURTHER UNAUTHORIZED WITHDRAWALS FROM OUR BANKS AND THE TRI-CITIES REMAIN A PROFITABLE BRANCH OF OUR ENDEAVORS
MAYBE THE ANGEL OF DEATH'LL DO THE SMART THING AND JUST FADE INTO NOWHERE

THE QUINLAN WAS A FERRYBOAT BY DAY MAKING TRIPS BETWEEN DAVENPORT AND ROCK ISLAND. BY NIGHT, HOWEVER, IT WAS AN EXCURSION BOAT, WITH DINING, DANCING, JAZZ BANDS...

QUINLAN

AND GAMBLING.

YOU'RE DOING *WELL*--! YOU'RE NOT *LEAVING*...?

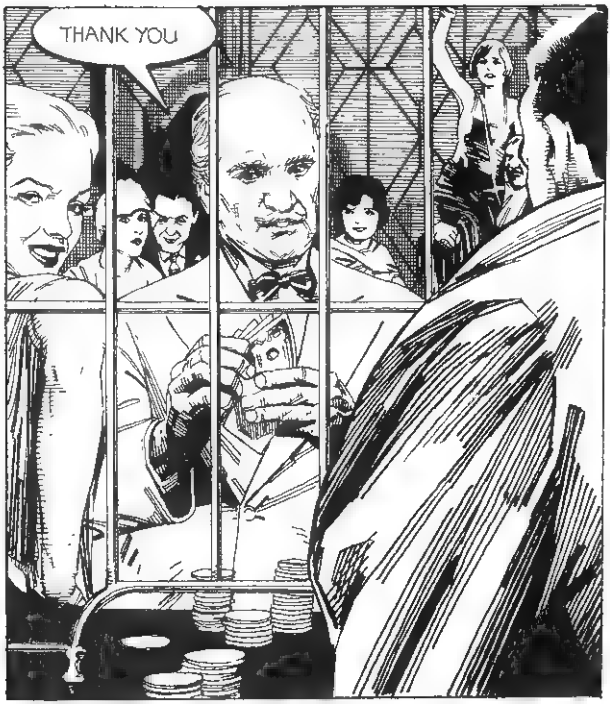
PLACE YOUR BETS.

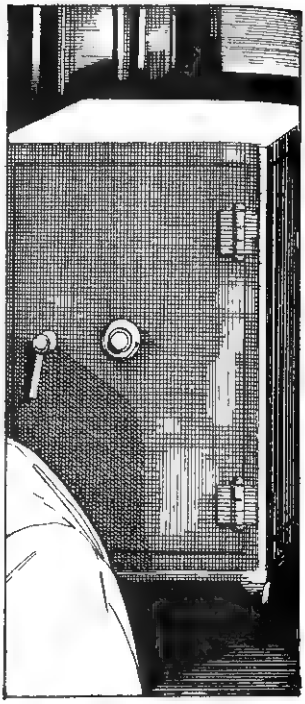
I THINK IT'S TIME TO CASH IN.

DON'T YOU THINK YOU NEED A *BODYGUARD*.. WITH ALL THOSE CHIPS ?

AND YOU'RE JUST THE BODY TO DO THE GUARDING--?

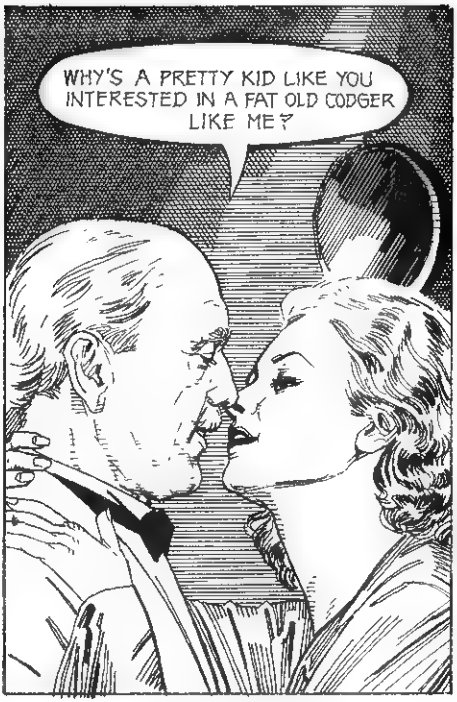
HERE YOU ARE, SIR... TWO HUNDRED FIFTY-SIX DOLLARS. THANKS FOR RIDING THE QUINLAN.

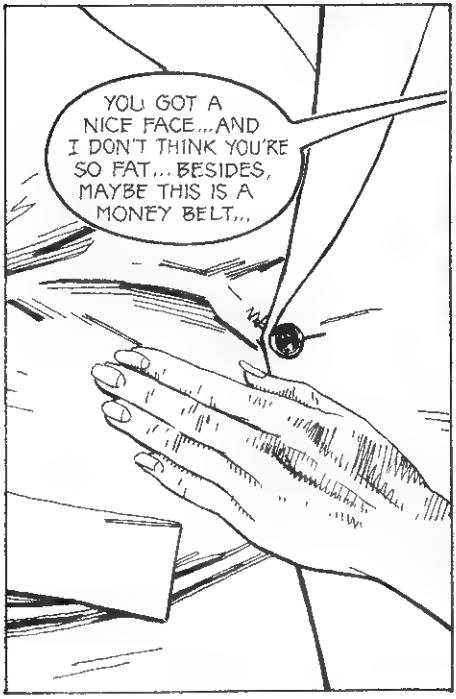

THANK YOU



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, HANDSOME?

WE WERE JUST GETTING ACQUAINTED..


WHY'S A PRETTY KID LIKE YOU INTERESTED IN A FAT OLD CODGER LIKE ME?


YOU GOT A NICE FACE...AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE SO FAT... BESIDES, MAYBE THIS IS A MONEY BELT...

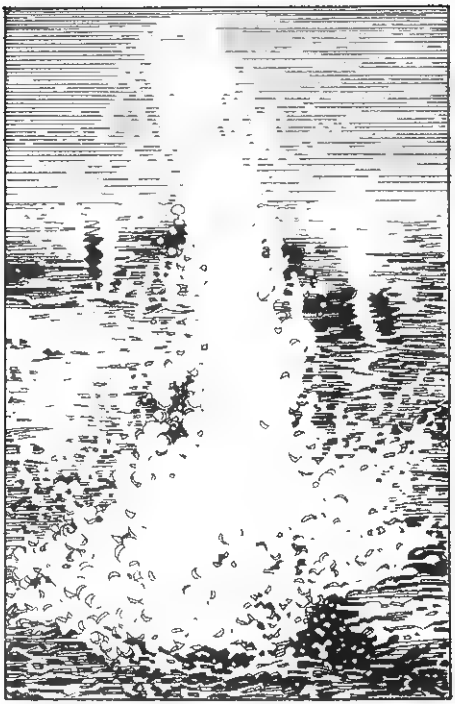
IS--IS THAT A *GUN*?
MAYBE I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE YOU.

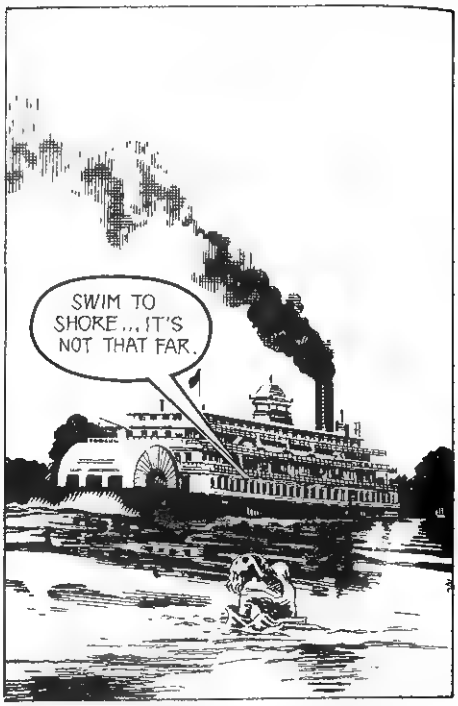
OOOOH... YOU'RE STRONG..

VERY STRONG...

HEY--!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

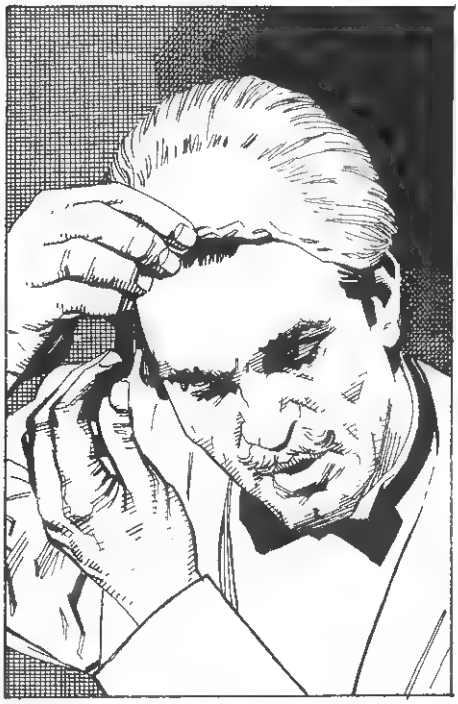


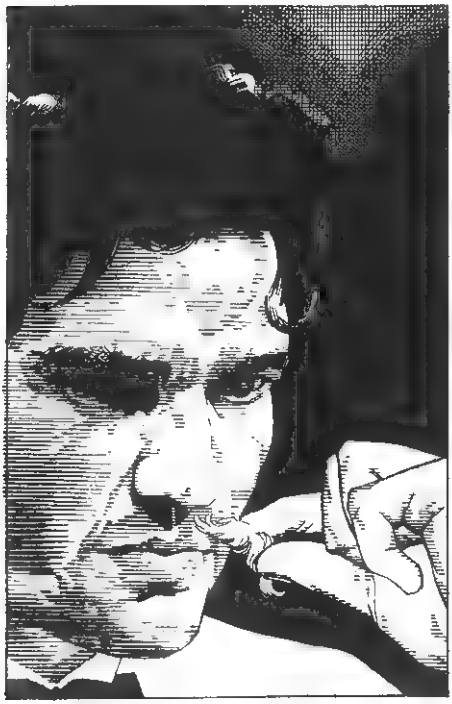

SWIM TO SHORE... IT'S NOT THAT FAR.

YOU BASTARD!

LOOK! MAN OVERBOARD!
THAT AIN'T A MAN, SUGAR...

UPPER
DECK

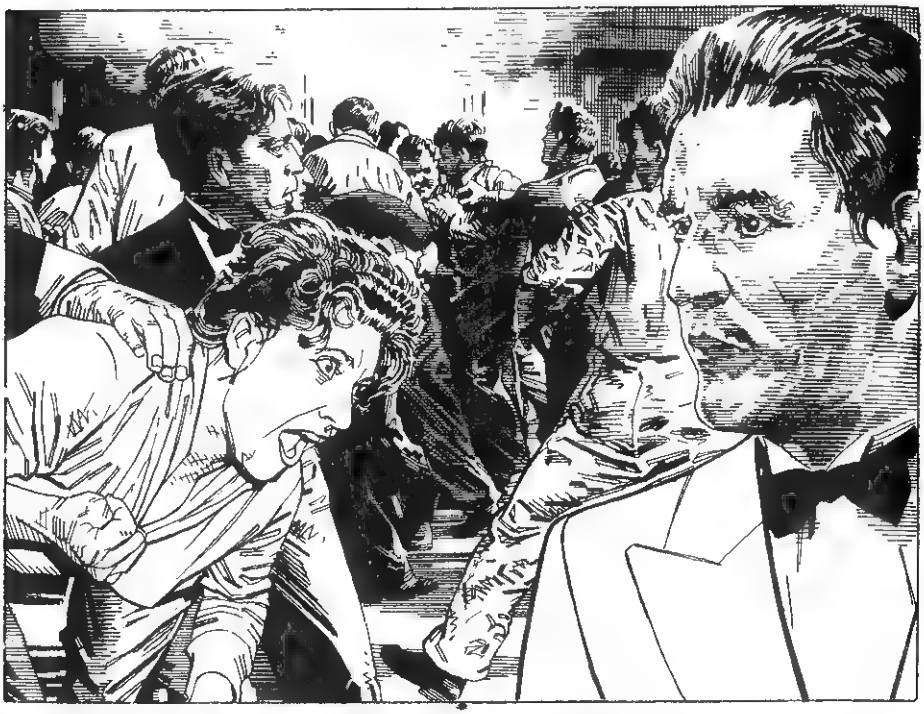




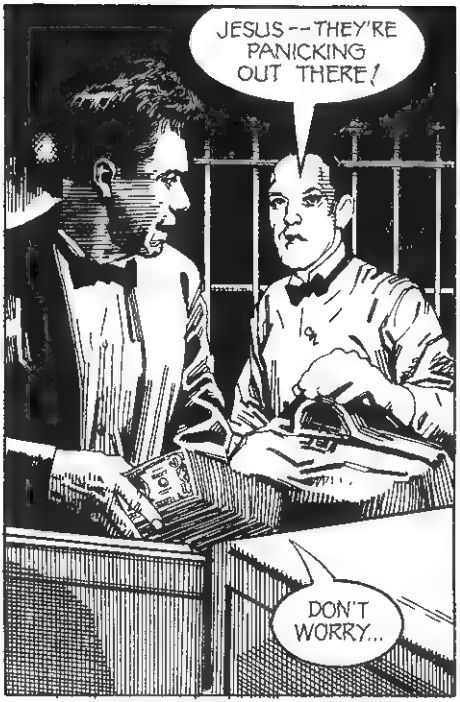
STRICK

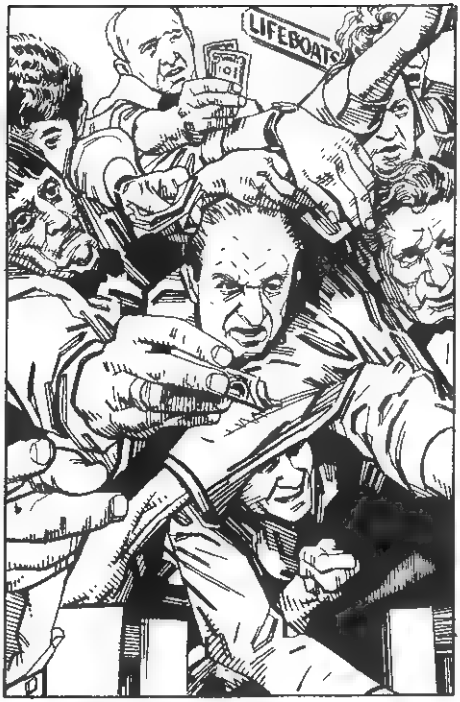
DADDY--? DO I SMELL SMOKE?
SMELL IT? I SEE IT!

FIRE! FIRE!
THE SHIP IS BURNING!



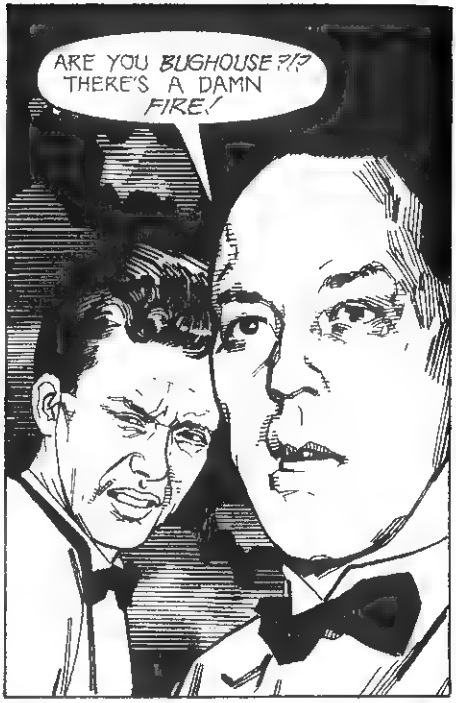
HELP!
LET ME OFF!
I'LL PAY GOOD MONEY!


JESUS -- THEY'RE PANICKING OUT THERE!
DON'T WORRY...


LIFEBOATS

"...THERE'S ALWAYS A BOAT FOR THE CASH..."

GENTLEMEN — DROP THE BAGS


ARE YOU BUGHOUSE?!? THERE'S A DAMN FIRE!

I KNOW I BROUGHT THE MATCHES...

DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* WHOSE *MONEY* YOU'RE TAKING?

YEAH — IT'S LOONEY MONEY, CAPONE MONEY.

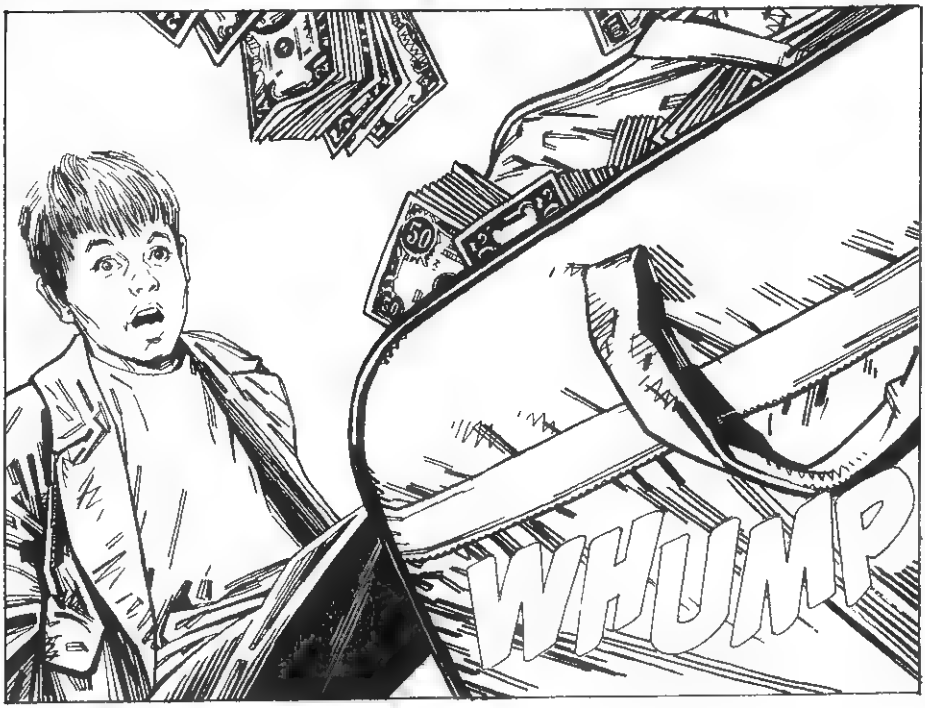
AND TELL THEM THE ANGEL SENDS HIS LOVE

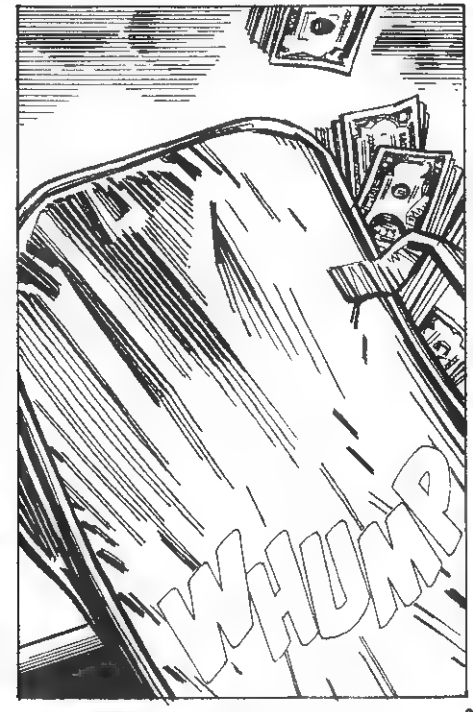
"NOW, YOU HAVE A CHOICE, GENTLEMEN. I CAN SHOOT YOU... KNOCK YOU OUT AND LEAVE YOU TO BURN...OR YOU CAN GO QUIETLY, LEAVING THE BAGS BEHIND."

I HAVE THREE CONFEDERATES AMONG YOUR 'GUESTS,' AND IF EITHER ONE OF YOU BLOWS AN ALARM WHISTLE, THAT SHARP PAIN YOU FEEL WILL BE A SHIV SLIPPING BETWEEN YOUR RIBS...

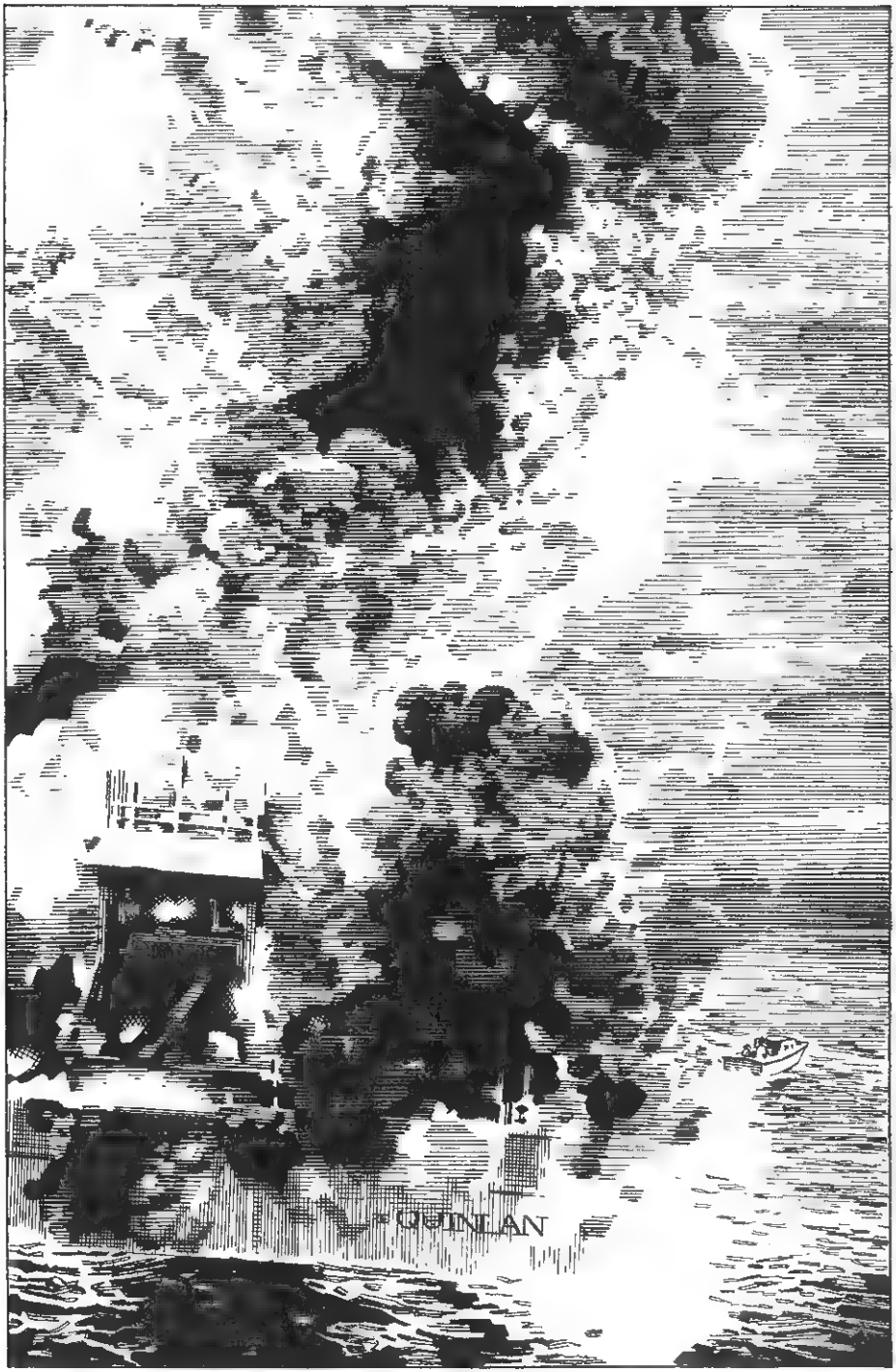
CASINO
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

I WAS BELOW IN THE LITTLE MOTOR LAUNCH. I'D NEVER DRIVEN ONE BEFORE... BUT I WAS A PRETTY QUICK STUDY.

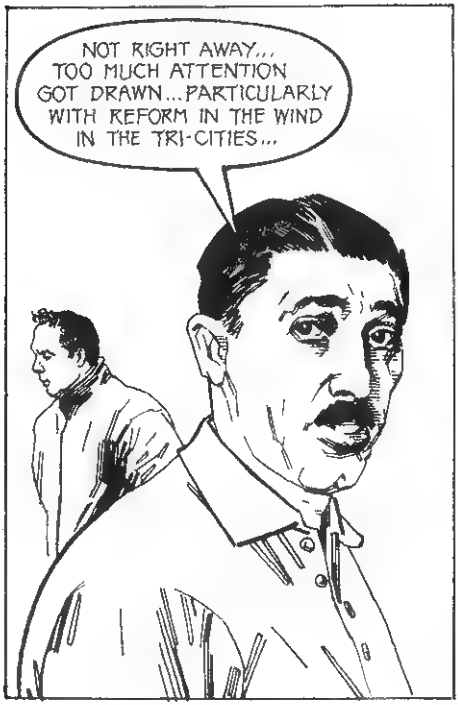

WHUMP


WHUMP

GOOD LAD


QUINLAN

THE QUINLAN WAS THE LION'S SHARE OF REVENUE FROM THE LOONEY CAMP. WITH IT GONE...
BUILD SOMETHIN' ELSE THAT FLOATS.


NOT RIGHT AWAY... TOO MUCH ATTENTION GOT DRAWN...PARTICULARLY WITH REFORM IN THE WIND IN THE TRI-CITIES...

SO CONNOR AIN'T SUCH AN ASSET NO MORE--?

I WOULD SAY HE'S DRIFTED INTO THE LIABILITY COLUMN, YES. ON THE SAME PAGE AS ELIOT NESS.

AND O'SULLIVAN'S JUST AS LIKELY AS NESS TO KEEP HITTIN' US IN THE POCKETBOOK...

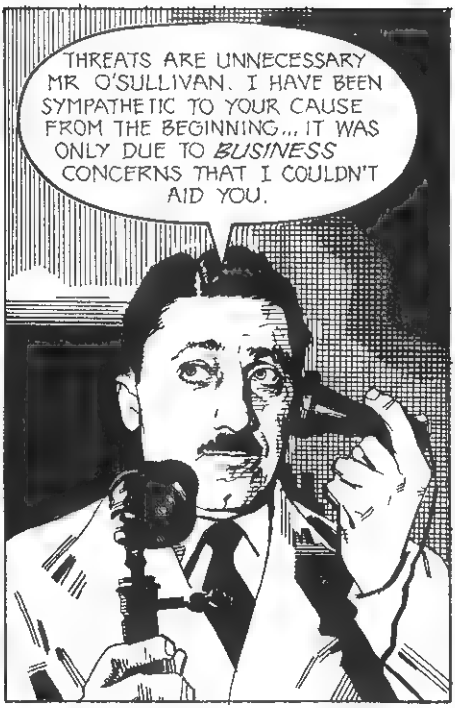
WHUT

NICE SHOT, SAM... WHERE'S THE LOONEY KID HIDIN' OUT?

HE'S BEEN ALL OVER THE MIDWEST, BUT RIGHT NOW WE GOT HIM BACK IN HIS OWN BACKYARD — SHERMAN HOTEL IN ROCK ISLAND.

NEXT TIME YOU HEAR FROM THE ANGEL, LET HIM KNOW WHERE HE CAN FIND HIS FRIEND...

IF THIS IS A *TRAP*, MR. NITTI, PRAY I DON'T *SURVIVE* IT...


THREATS ARE UNNECESSARY MR. O'SULLIVAN. I HAVE BEEN SYMPATHETIC TO YOUR CAUSE FROM THE BEGINNING... IT WAS ONLY DUE TO *BUSINESS* CONCERNS THAT I COULDN'T AID YOU.

NOW IT'S BECOME A GOOD BUSINESS DECISION TO ALLOW YOU TO SETTLE YOUR DIFFERENCES

WHERE ARE WE GOING?
HOME

HOTEL STERLING
NOW WHERE THE HELL AM I GOIN'?

ROADHOUSE OUTSIDE GARY. YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT. GOOD FOOD, BETTER HOOCH LOTS OF GIRLS.
MR. CAPONE WANTS YOU WELL TAKEN CARE OF, CONNOR.

I'D RATHER THAT FAT BASTARD TAKE CARE OF O'SULLIVAN FOR ME SO I CAN START LIVIN' AGAIN!

THIS AIN'T NO LIFE FOR A MAN... HIDIN' LIKE A MOUSE IN HIS LITTLE HOLE.

WHO CAN *BLAME* YA? THE ANGEL OF DEATH, I MEAN-- WHO *WOULDN'T* BE SCARED?
ELEVATO
UP
DOWN

YOU SAYIN' I'M SCARED? BRING HIM *TO* ME! BRING THAT SON OF A BITCH *TO* ME!

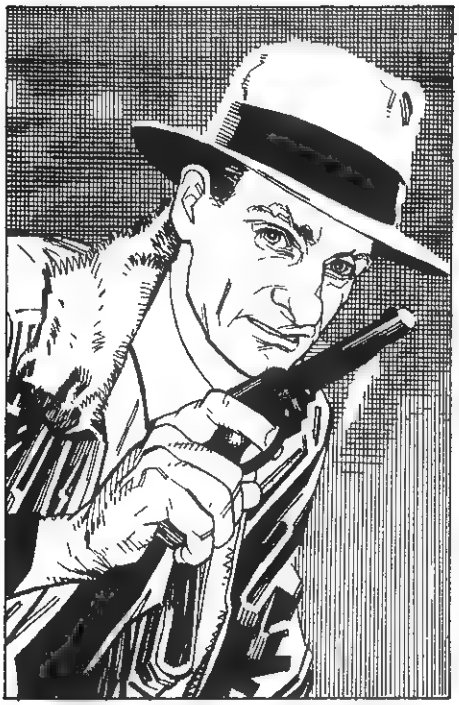
WE'LL SETTLE UP YOUR BILL... MEET YOU OUT FRONT — IT'S THE BLACK MAXWELL AT THE CURB...
YEAH, YEAH...

WORTHLESS BASTARDS... *WHAT* MAXWELL?

...I DON'T SEE A...

I WASN'T THERE WHEN IT HAPPENED. PAPA LEFT ME IN THE LATEST OF MANY A MOTEL ROOM, WAITING, WONDERING...

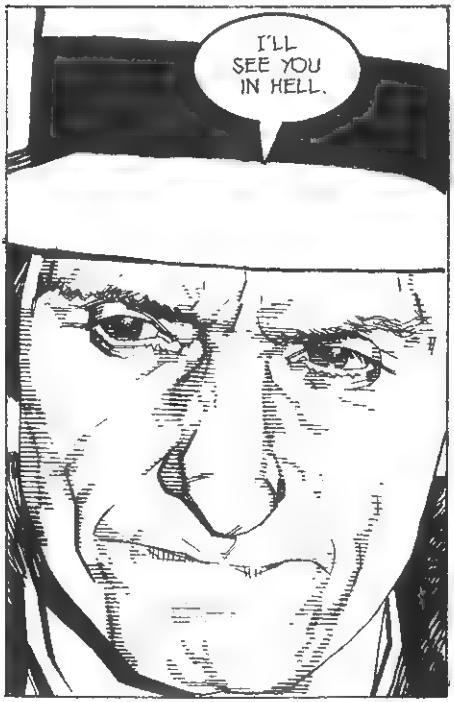
...BUT WHAT OCCURRED IS WELL DOCUMENTED



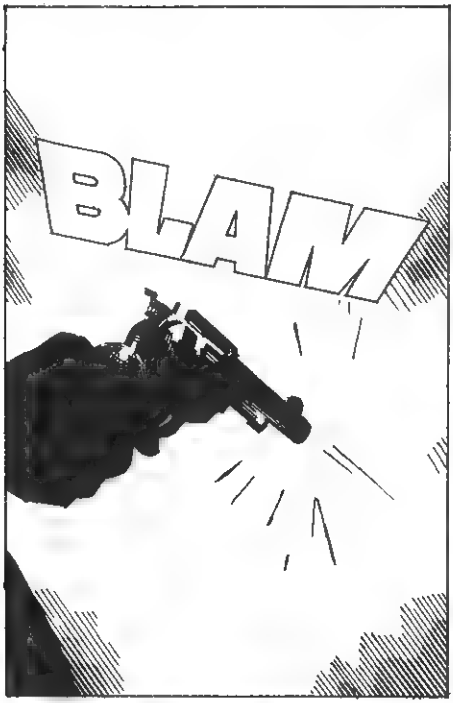
BLAM

THUK

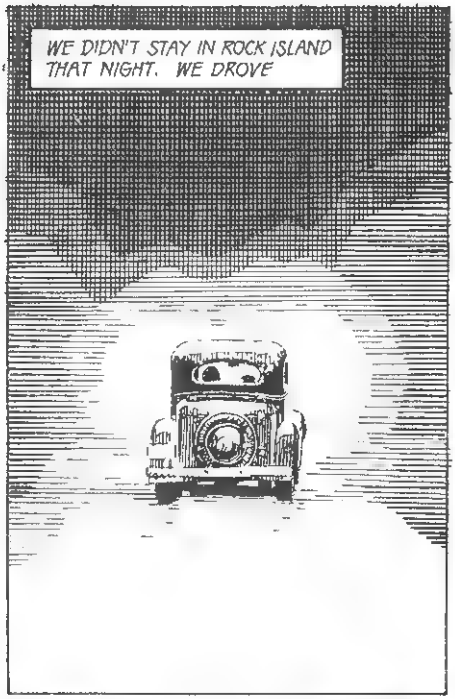
I SHOULD TAKE MY TIME KILLING YOU... BUT I CAN'T BEAR YOUR COMPANY.

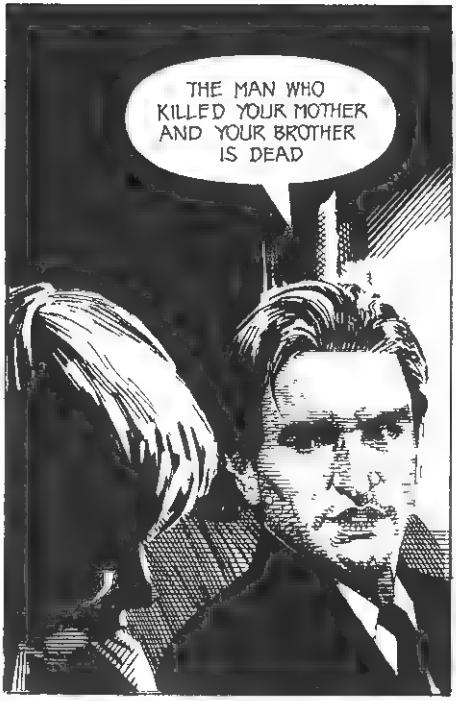

I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL.

HELL WILL BE HEAVEN IF I CAN SPEND ETERNITY MAKING YOU PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HER


BLAM

TELL NITTI AND CAPONE AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, IT'S OVER.


WE DIDN'T STAY IN ROCK ISLAND THAT NIGHT. WE DROVE


THE MAN WHO KILLED YOUR MOTHER AND YOUR BROTHER IS DEAD

GOOD. DID HE SUFFER?

NOT ENOUGH... BUT THE WORLD IS RID OF HIM. AND WE CAN FINALLY GO ON WITH OUR LIVES

WE STAYED IN A MOTEL IN MISSOURI. I DON'T REMEMBER THE NAME OF THE TOWN

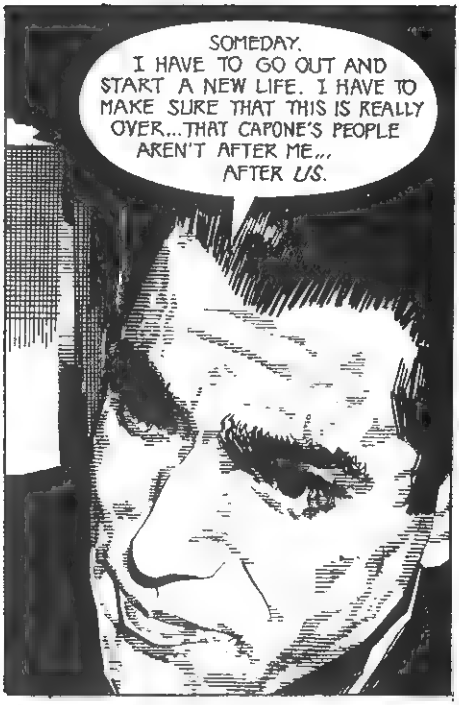
WE SLEPT DURING THE DAY AND THEN THAT NIGHT, PAPA MADE A PHONE CALL

THE CROWS HAVE FLOWN? GOOD, GOOD

WE DROVE ALL NIGHT... AGAIN... INTO KANSAS... TOWARD PERDITION.

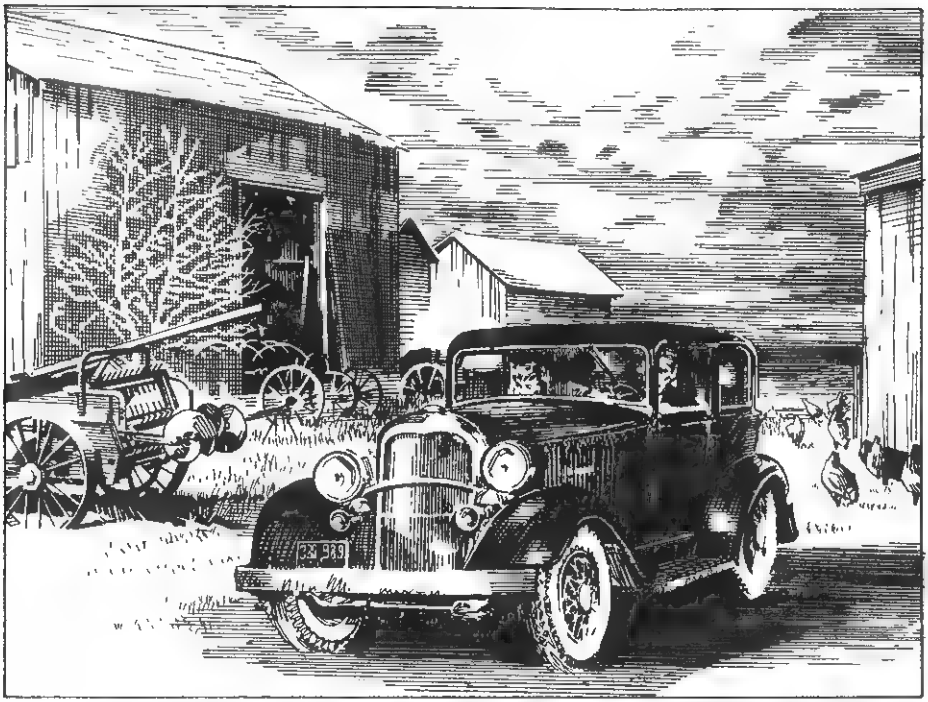
YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH YOUR UNCLE AND AUNT FOR A WHILE

I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU!


SOMEDAY. I HAVE TO GO OUT AND START A NEW LIFE. I HAVE TO MAKE SURE THAT THIS IS REALLY OVER...THAT CAPONE'S PEOPLE AREN'T AFTER ME... AFTER *US*.

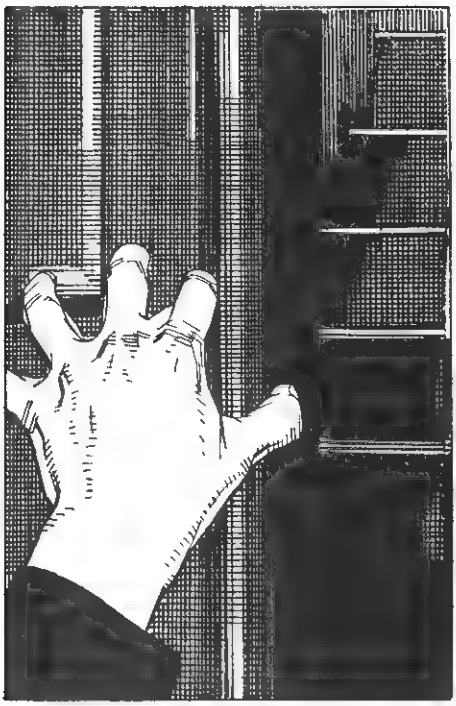
I'LL SEND FOR YOU.

*IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER DAWN THAT WE ARRIVED AT THE LITTLE FARM OUTSIDE PERDITION.*

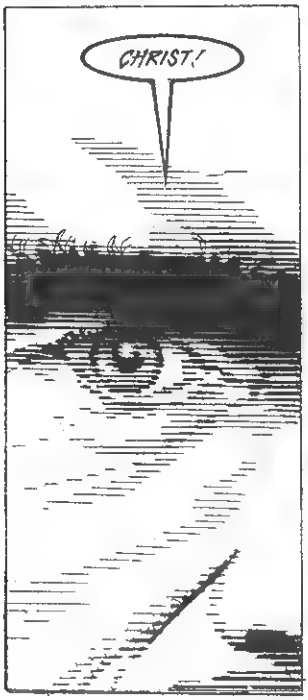


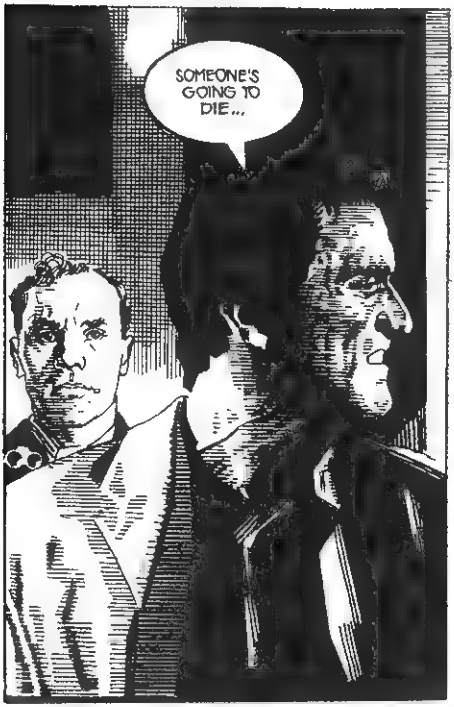
I WONDER WHERE THEY ARE... THEY SHOULD BE GREETING US.

STAY HERE



BOB... SARA?


CHRIST!


SOMEONE'S GOING TO DIE...

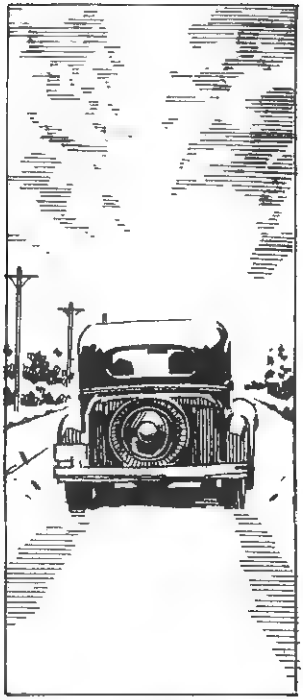
KA WHOOM

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE SOMETHIN' SPECIAL YOU'RE KIND OF A DISAP-POINTMENT TO ME, ANGEL.

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

PAPA!
PAPA--CAN YOU GET UP...?

YES...
YES...

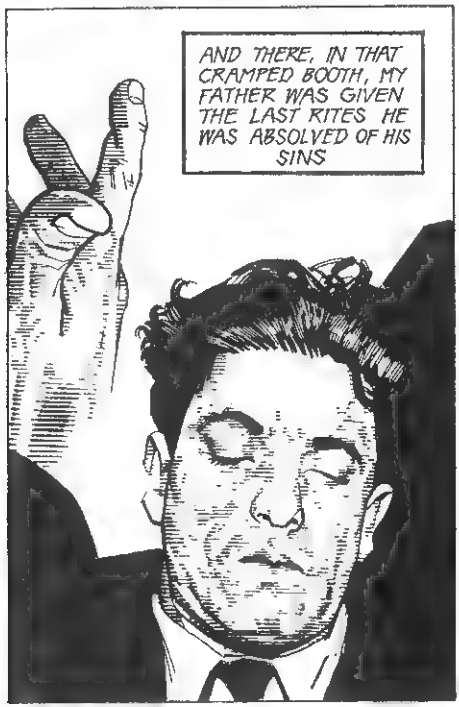


I HAVE TO GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL...
NO! NO... A CHURCH. PLEASE, SON... SEE IF... IF...

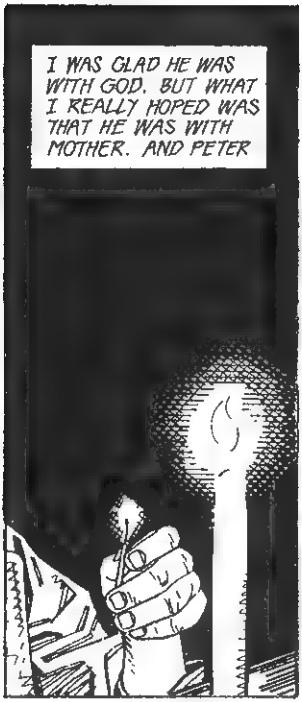
THERE WAS A CATHOLIC CHURCH IN PERDITION. AND THERE WASN'T A HOSPITAL. SO MAYBE I DID THE RIGHT THING...

ANYWAY, I DID AS MY FATHER ASKED I WALKED HIM TO THE CONFESSIONAL AND I WENT AND FOUND THE PRIEST...

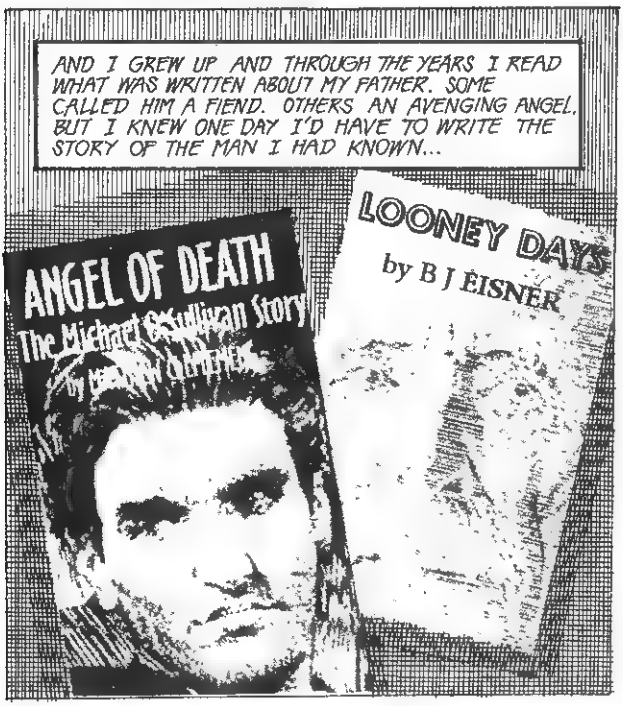
I THINK HE'S DYING, FATHER.

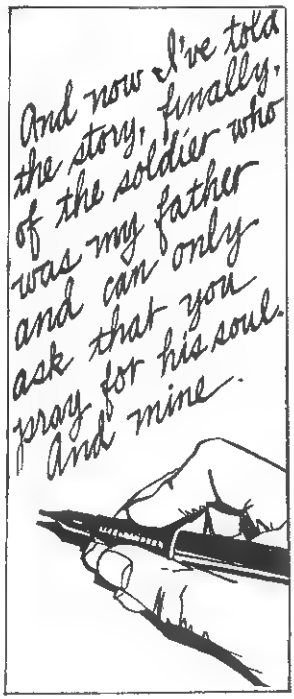

AND THERE, IN THAT CRAMPED BOOTH, MY FATHER WAS GIVEN THE LAST RITES HE WAS ABSOLVED OF HIS SINS

YOUR FATHER IS WITH GOD NOW, SON.

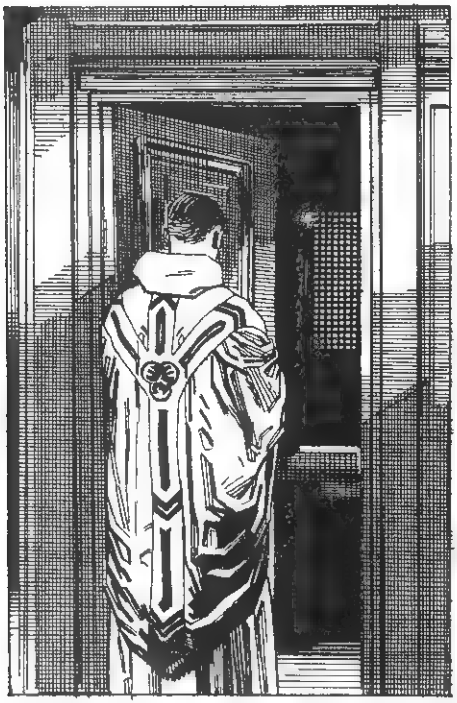

I WAS GLAD HE WAS WITH GOD. BUT WHAT I REALLY HOPED WAS THAT HE WAS WITH MOTHER. AND PETER

AND SO WE FINALLY REACHED PERDITION, THOUGH I NEVER LIVED THERE. THE CATHOLIC BOY'S ORPHANAGE WAS IN ANOTHER, SLIGHTLY LARGER TOWN.
ST PETER'S HOME FOR BOYS


AND I GREW UP AND THROUGH THE YEARS I READ WHAT WAS WRITTEN ABOUT MY FATHER. SOME CALLED HIM A FIEND. OTHERS AN AVENGING ANGEL. BUT I KNEW ONE DAY I'D HAVE TO WRITE THE STORY OF THE MAN I HAD KNOWN...
ANGEL OF DEATH
The Michael O'Sullivan Story
LOONEY DAYS
by B J EISNER


And now I've told the story, finally, of the soldier who was my father and can only ask that you pray for his soul. And mine.

FATHER--IT'S TIME. TIME FOR CONFESSION



FORGIVE ME, FATHER, FOR I HAVE SINNED...

# A TIP OF THE FEDORA

This story is true — or at least, true enough. Capone, Nitti, and Ness are historical figures, of course; but Bill Gable also existed, as did a betrayed lieutenant of John Looney, and the riverboat Quinlan did burn. From the storming of Looney's New Mexico stronghold to the Sherman Hotel shoot-out in Rock Island, this happened. More or less.

My thanks to Andy Helfer for giving me this opportunity, and for his many insightful suggestions and comments, as well as digging in for inventive post-production revisions; his instincts from the beginning of this long-in-the-making project have been frustratingly unerring. I would also like to acknowledge my research associate George Hagenauer as well as B.J. Elsner, whose book *Rock Island: Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* (1988) was a key reference work for ROAD TO PERDITION, and *Quad City Times* columnist Bill Wundram, who sparked my interest in Rock Island's notorious Looney clan. As of this writing, I have not had the pleasure of meeting my gifted collaborator, Richard Piers Rayner, but I am grateful to him for bringing this story to life and accompanying me on a ride that has been the most rewarding of my comics-scripting career.

M.A.C.

## MAX ALLAN COLLINS

Max Allan Collins is a two-time winner of the Private Eye Writers of America's Shamus award for his Nathaniel Heller historical thrillers *True Detective* (1983) and *Stolen Away* (1991). Author of such movie tie-in bestsellers as *In The Line of Fire* and *Air Force One*, he is the screenwriter/director of the cult favorite suspense films *Mommie* (1995) and *Mommie's Day* (1997).
His comics credits include *Dick Tracy, Batman, Ms. Tree* and *Mike Danger.*

## RICHARD PIERS RAYNER

Richard Piers Rayner was born and raised in Middlesbrough, England, and began reading American comics at the tender age of four years old. Since breaking into the world of professional comics in 1988, he has illustrated a variety of series for both DC and Marvel Comics including *Hellblazer, Swamp Thing, L.E.G.I.O.N., Dr. Fate*, and *Dr. Who*. Additionally, he is a frequent contributor to Paradox Press's Big Book series. All his work is characterized by a meticulous attention to detail—nowhere more evident than in ROAD TO PERDITION, a labor of love that has taken Rayner four years to complete.

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ART BY RICHARD PIERS RAYNER

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